AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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SEPTEMBER 1981 $2.50*

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THE GREAT SPARE PARTS RACKET EXPOSED

WEDDING BELLES

INSIDE GEORGE NEGUS: BEING A SEX SYMBOL CAN BE A WILD TRIP

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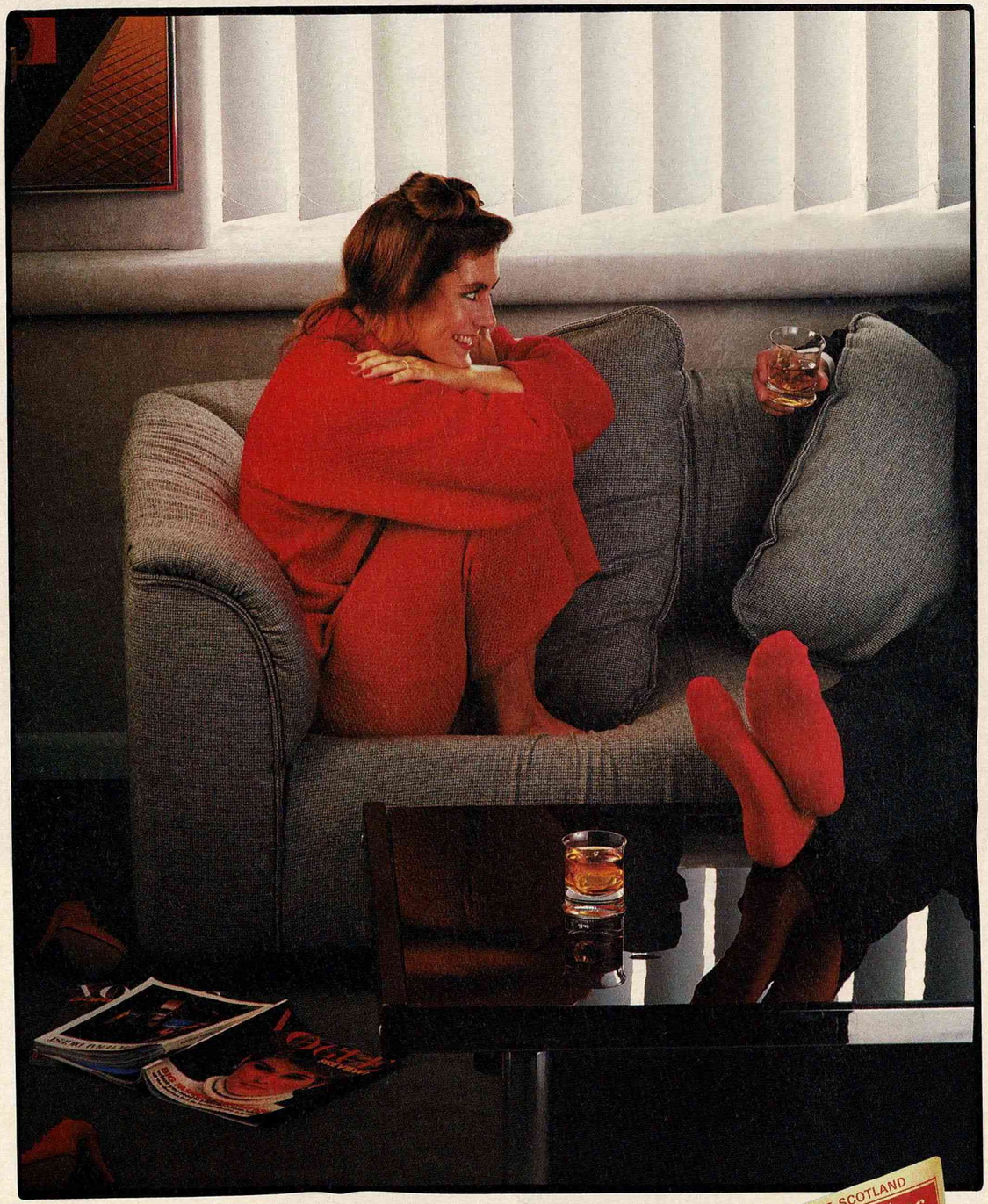

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PLAYBILL

GLORIOUS Bo Derek, the perfect *10,* cinema's dream woman . . . Well, she's back, this time as Jane to Tarzan and a rather amiable gorilla (or is it an orang-utan?). Why waste words when we have these glorious pictures!

We all know George Negus, that current affair's cowboy and recent inmate of a Spanish jail. Since George became a foundation member of the record-breaking program *60 Minutes* he has become a real star. If you walk down the street with George, women want to talk to him, kids want his autograph, and for George, still a journalist at heart, it can be bewildering. George Negus is the PLAYBOY interview this month and the things he told **Paul Dougherty,** especially about their favorite subject — women — proves exceedingly interesting. Interviewer Dougherty is a man to watch, incidentally. He takes over as editor of PLAYBOY from **John Jost,** exhausted and spent after two hectic years. Good luck Paul.

William John O'Meally, author of The Flogging, knows quite a bit about the subject, being the last man in Australia to be lashed to the triangle and then, literally, lashed with the cat-o'-nine-tails. O'Meally's bitter account shows that the scars of the mind last much longer than those on the body. **Ward O'Neill** illustrated.

Staff photographer **Colin Stead** went off to shoot The Girls of Queensland some months ago. Along the way Stead encountered one Elizabeth Chapman, a classic Australian beauty, and the result of that conjunction is Elizabeth's stunning centrefold spread. Of her glorious body, she says: "I do not have too work to hard at keeping in shape, my body is active enough as it is."

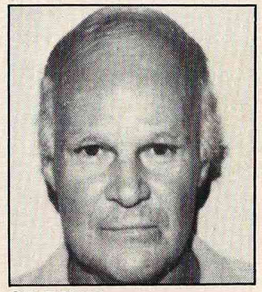
Despite Treasurer Howard, it's all happening in the Oz film business. And one of the big events this year is the Murdoch-Stigwood production of Peter Weir's *Gallipoli.* David Williamson was the screenwriter. With a line-up of stars like that — quite apart from leading actors such as Mel Gibson, Mark Lee (a real discovery) and Bill Hunter — the movie is one very big promise. **Karen Hammial,** PLAYBOY's chief copy editor and resident film buff, reviewed the film and got us a scoop — a rare interview with Gibson (now on the set of *Mad Max II).*

Just before Paul Dougherty interviewed George Negus he felt weary, disconsolate . . . (his girlfriend had gone to America) . . . so he booked himself into "an oasis in the hubbub of modern life, where ravaged minds and bodies can be cleansed and restored." What's this, you ask!!?? To be brutally frank, Paul went to a fat farm. To lose a little bit of weight and have, maybe, some new experiences. Well, it's funny what happens at places like that, and the piece is even funnier. Oh, and yes, he did lose weight! **Scott Kennedy** was responsible for the graphics.

Ben Osczhio is a strange name, reminiscent of Pinocchio. Of course we all know what happened to Pinocchio when he lied — his proboscis extended with each lie. So what do you think happened to the New York delicatessen worker Ben Osczhio? Yeah, that's right, there was just no end to it . . . although, ultimately, there was a very happy end. **Walter Lowe Jnr's** short story is a crude and hysterical masterpiece (so to speak). **Otto and Chris** did the artwork.

This September edition of PLAYBOY is pretty hot stuff: great words, great pictures, some very great laughs. And naturally we've got some very practical material too; motoring editor **Rob Luck** has been investigating the spare parts business — some people might call it a racket. Luck's superb report shows all the pitfalls, pinpoints the dishonest practices, shows how bad the rip-offs can be. **Steve Malpass** was the illustrator.

DOUGHERTY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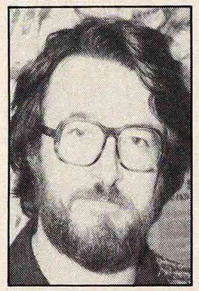
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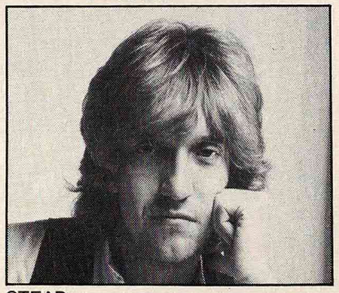
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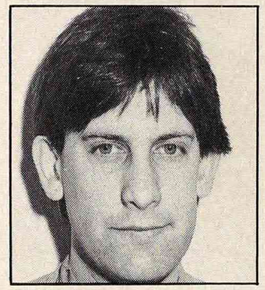
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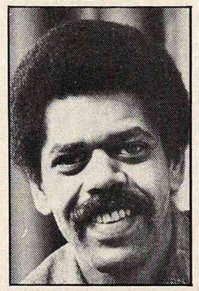
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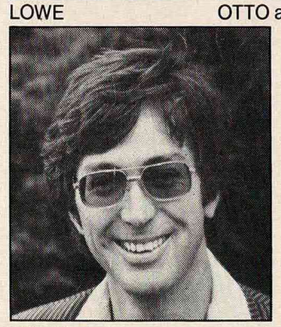
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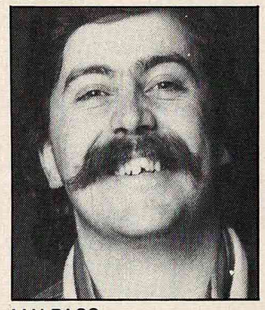
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A playboy's guide to cigars.

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A man who doesn't choose an oversized cigar, but one that gives ample choice of size and shape. Half Coronas. Panatellas. Scooters. Café Crème.

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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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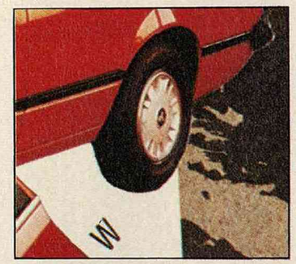

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DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO DEAR PLAYBOY, BOX 4088, GPO, SYDNEY 2001

GOLD COAST GIRLS

Girls on the Gold Coast: a lot of us have been waiting for a long time for a magazine to do something like your great August spread of blonde beauties. The lovely girls, the shots, the lifestyle: all were fantastic. No doubt it will do wonders for the Gold Coast economy, and so it should. That place pumps with excitement and I'm not surprised that it was PLAYBOY which decided to do justice to the Coast and bring its charm to the attention of the rest of Australia.

You can't make a genuine individual selection among girls such as these; each in her own way is really the best there is. As L.P. Kelly wisely wrote to you (PLAYBOY Forum, July) concerning all beauty contests, and I agree with him — one can't rate women in a pecking order. Each in her own way is the best. Also, it depends on the tastes of the men concerned. What one guy likes, another might by-pass. Well for this guy, it was Elizabeth Chapman. I'd like to see some more of her.

J. Morris,
Canberra, ACT.

A reader's wish is our command. See page 74 and onwards — Ed.

Congratulations Australian PLAYBOY on the choice of ladies for Girls of the Gold Coast. Fantastic, every one of them. I was on holiday on the Gold Coast last year, and your pictorial has made me want to go back again this coming summer.

Also, my praise for the idea of selecting a place in Australia and highlighting its beauty. Yes, do some more of that, please. The girls of Western Australia, maybe? You could make a lot of men happy for a long time to come with that policy.

L. Barry,
Perth, WA.

Girls of the Gold Coast. Great! What about Tassie Tigresses next? Eve still lives in the Apple Isle, as I'm certain your photographer and crew would discover if they ever crossed the Tasman.

J.C.M.,
Hobart, Tas.

The Maids of Melbourne?

S. Peters,
Melbourne.

DEBBIE OR HEIDI?

In her many travels, it's a pity that your centrefold

Debbie Boostrom (PLAYBOY, August, pictured) did not get down my way. Or, even worse, she DID and I was asleep at the time. Your centrefolds are becoming the monthly cycle of a young male life. Heidi (PLAYBOY, July) was a blonde bombshell from little Denmark. She now adorns the wall to the right of my bed. Debbie occupies the space to the left. And I, in the middle, have such sweet dreams. Beautiful women. Congratulations to the photographers involved and to the crews who brought them to us PLAYBOY buyers. Which is better, Debbie or Heidi? Both are great, of course, and either would do me fine.

George Wayne,
Sydney.

WILD FOR WELLES

I have been a reader of PLAYBOY for quite some time. The pictorial you did on Terri Welles in June PLAYBOY was fantastic. Terri Welles is an immaculate beauty. I would make her Playmate of the Year and Miss World a hundred times over at least.

I congratulate you for gathering such beautiful specimens in your magazine, something similar ones lack.

J.H.,
Granville, NSW.

ONE MAN'S WAY

A recent visit to Thailand enabled me to do the groundwork for an entirely new sexual position. It's great.

The authors of Kama-Sutra were imaginative and inventive in their pursuit of esctasy, but lacked the assistance of modern technological advances such as skateboards. Here is what you need to do:

First, indulging in this position requires a bed, one very strong wall, a modified skateboard with shoulder straps, one willing female and tolerant neighbors — if you live in a flat.

The male positions himself between the lady's legs and coitus is effected by her moving her legs and relying on the easy movement of the skateboard up and down the wall.

Critical variables are the bed height, the distance between the bed and the wall and also the lady's height. Simply remove the straps from the board when you feel like a run around your local block for exercise of a different sort.

D.A.,
Melbourne, Vic.

PLAYBOY VARIATION

First, congratulations on the fine job you have done with Australian PLAYBOY. I have every copy so far, and I have enjoyed them all thoroughly, especially the fine photography.

But I notice that on the cover of Australian PLAYBOY there are no stars in the "P" like there are on the cover of American PLAYBOY. I have two copies of the September, 1979, issue of the American magazine and one has three stars and the other has four. What do the stars stand for?

D.L. Tucker,
Mornington, Vic.

The stars are used to identify the different domestic and international editions of American PLAYBOY. *Thus far, Australian* PLAYBOY *is starless because we publish only one edition. The stars could well rise on our cover as we begin to spread our wings. — Ed.*

BARE FACTS

Thank you, Albert B. Bear, whoever you are, for coming to our aid with your informative and well-written account in PLAYBOY, Grappling with the Tax Man, in the July issue.

You wrote as one who really knows the Taxation Office. The basis of your thinking seems to be: "Use the system against itself, but always stick within the law." Wise advice, which I for one will do my best to follow this year.

P. Williams,
Melbourne.

PLAYBOY welcomes all correspondence. However, we can only publish letters which contain the full name and address of the writer, plus a phone number where possible.

The Pure Malt Story.

The story of Malt is as old as the story of Whisky itself.

When you drink Scotch today, you're probably enjoying a blend of thirty to forty different Scotch Whiskies. Yet for many centuries before the art of blending was developed, the Scots drank only Malt Whisky – the "Water of Life", first mentioned in the Scottish Exchequer Rolls of 1494.

Such a Scotch is Glenfiddich Pure Malt Whisky. Its pure taste comes from the fact that it is 100% Pure Malt. And from the fact that it is still made the traditional Highland way, under the care and supervision of the fourth generation of the Grant family. Right now, people are rediscovering a taste for Scotch Whisky as it used to be.

The barley is laid out to malt – and turned by men using wooden shovels or "shiels". After germination, it is dried over burning peat, a natural process which lends to Malt its distinctive aroma.

And Glenfiddich, made the traditional way, is perhaps the finest single Malt that the Highlands have to offer. It may cost a little more. But it is authentic. It is Glenfiddich – the Pure Malt Whisky.

Distinctive hand-beaten copper pots used for distilling. This adds to the unique character of Malt.

To develop the full flavour, the young spirit is matured in hand-made oak casks – yet another traditional skill.

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100% SCOTCH WHISKY
Glenfiddich
Pure Malt
Scotch Whisky
BOTTLED & BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND
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750ml 86°U.S. Proof 43° Gay
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The Pure Malt Whisky.

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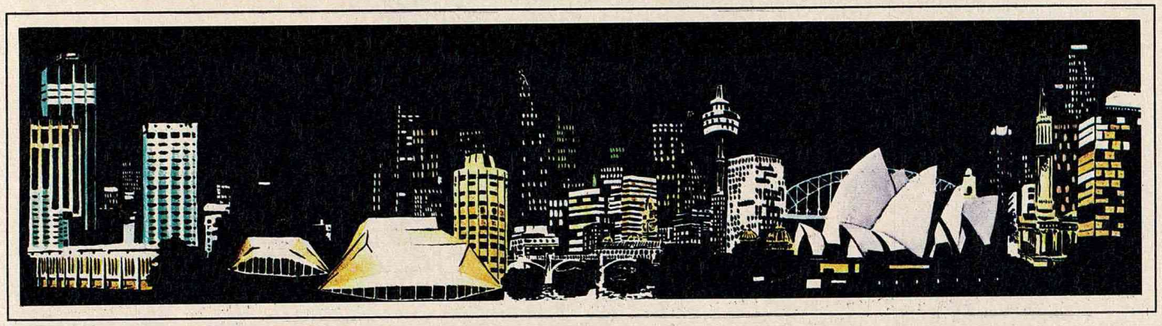
The Glenfiddich Distillery beside the pure "burn" water of the "Robbie Dubh". Glenfiddich is the only Highland Malt to be distilled, matured and bottled at the same distillery.

PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NO BLARNEY . . .

The Irish are never slow to put on a show, and the recent Dublin Boat Show was no exception to the rule. All the visitors were required to enter through a door clearly marked: EXIT ONLY. The number-plates tagged to the boats did not match those in the brochure. The press corps was given one electric typewriter to share (no feuding though, because it was of a different voltage to the wall socket and wouldn't work). Finally, the children of visitors were educated in the joys of boating with a twice daily viewing of the shark film *Jaws*.

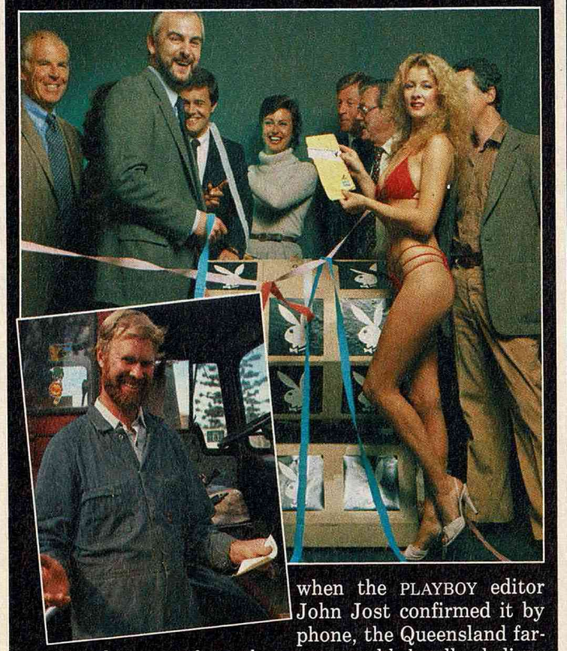
LIFE AFTER DEATH

A 75-year-old Italian was denied his old age pension because, according to the social services department, he was dead. When the man appeared in person at the social security clutching his birth certificate, baptismal certificate, marriage certificate, drivers' licence, passport and a reference from the local parish priest, who had known him from early childhood, he was told he could not receive any benefits until he had obtained a notarised affidavit that he was, in fact, alive.

WHOSE CASTLE?

English civil libertarians, and sections of the home-video trade, are upset over the arrest and conviction of a man for playing pornographic cassettes in his own home. The man pleaded not guilty to possessing "indecent" cassettes, but he was still fined $A574 by a Welsh court. He said he received the cassettes through the mail as a member of a video exchange club. The prosecution based its case on a violation of the postal laws which does exclude any obscene material from the mails. But the raid on the man's home, and the confiscation of his property, angered many civil libertarians as a breach of the longstanding principle: "An Englishman's home is his castle."

MANILA HOLIDAY WINNER



It's a long way from the rural tranquillity of Wooroolin, Queensland, to the exotic Asian nightlife of Manila, and PLAYBOY is very happy to announce that Arthur Semgreen is about to discover how different. From a barrel load of entries for PLAYBOY's fabulous eight-day stay in Manila contest, beautiful Playmate Deborah Gray plucked out the envelope for Arthur and very soon the Wooroolin farmer will be on his way to the Philippines for the holiday of his life. We had to consult the map to find Wooroolin. It is close to Kingaroy.

Arthur received the good news first by telegram and when the PLAYBOY editor John Jost confirmed it by phone, the Queensland farmer could hardly believe in his luck. After all, he's never been out of Australia and the prize is rather stunning. Just imagine it, two first class tickets with Qantas, and being picked up at the airport by limousine to be delivered to a suite in the Silahis International Hotel, home of the Manila PLAYBOY Club. The prospect of being surrounded by beautiful bunnies for eight days and seven nights should be something new for Arthur and with $1000 in spending money to oil the wheels, Arthur should see Manila at its finest. And who is to join Arthur on the trip? Why, his wife, of course.

GAY TV

A homosexual will be the leading character in a new American TV series, *Sidney Shorr*. Homosexual characters have appeared in other TV series, but never in the leading role. The character, George Eckstein, will be played by Tony Randall, who starred in *The Odd Couple* television series with Jack Klugman.

GETTING TOGETHER

A hamlet in England, Norton Bavant, held its first general meeting of all the villagers in 88 years a while back. But the meeting was immediately adjourned because nobody had anything to say.

PORNO MILANO

Milan authorities are concerned about the rapid increase of porn cinemas in their city: from five in 1978 to 27 last year. Authorities say Italian and imported fare is edited by the makers before presentation to the censorship board. Once an "adults only" rating has been granted, the crafty makers then restore hard core sections to the films and then release them to the

The worst place you can put some car stereos is in a car.

They suffer from problems like engine whine and signal interference from surrounding buildings.

But the machine before you is different. It's engineered for the road. You hear nothing but crisp, clear FM thanks to a unique National Panasonic development.

An Adaptive FM Front-End.

This is a sophisticated electronic device, but in plain English it gives you a constant signal so you can hear what you paid for. Music.

Equally impressive is the 4-way quartz Phase Locked Loop tuning. With "memory" you needn't fiddle with dials. The tuner automatically latches onto and holds your station.

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This means no wavering, even if you roll through a valley.

Another on-road bonus is a Dual Flywheel Tape Transport in the Dolby cassette deck. This small wonder boosts tape reproduction as it gives you added stability (less wow and flutter) on even the bumpiest roads.

All told, over 40 electronic features lie behind a console with a gleaming digital read-out.

Panasonic Power is the name we give to all this high technology.

Instead of just car stereo, it results in car stereo that can travel.

National

PANASONIC POWER

It even makes the news sound better.

Dailey/NPA 57

cinemas. Mayor Carlo Tognoli says one neighborhood after another is being "contaminated" with hard porn.

JULIE'S DREAM

Fulfilling fantasies is a nice way to spend part of your time and Mike Lapin of Ron Hodgson Motors out in Parramatta, NSW came to the party on behalf of our June Playmate, Julie King. The dark-haired lovely likes being flash and fast in something of Italian make and so when Mike appeared in a blood red Ferrari 308 GTS, Julie knew it was a fantasy come true.

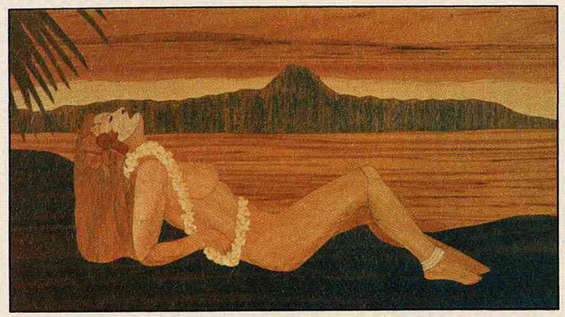
Now, you will get little change out of $80,000 for a new 308 GTS but price tags were hardly on Julie's mind as Mike took her for a red-blurred dash. This particular Ferrari is fitted with gold Simmons wheels and has 22-carat gold badges, and in used condition it carries a $58,000 price.

BOTH SIDES NOW

West German film director, Reinhard Hauff, is planning a movie about a man who compulsively "dashes for freedom" from one side of the Berlin Wall to the other over and over again. In the process he manages to completely confuse police authority on both sides of the wall.

LA BOUFFEE

In the *Arabian Nights*, Abu Hassan achieved immortality by carefully timing his breaking of wind. Today, five hundred years later, we are about to learn why Abu Hassan made such a lasting impression. In an article entitled, "Toward a Social Psychology of Flatulence: The Interpersonal Regulation of Natural Gas" (*Psychology*, 1981), Louis Lippman of Western Washington University examines people's reactions to farts of various "olfactory" (odor) and of "auditory" (sound) characteristics. Farts were rated as *humorous, polite, malicious,* and *obnoxious.* Among his many findings was the discovery that farts are more likely to be suppressed when listeners can localise their source. Lippman also found that auditory and olfactory factors interacted. That means, moderately smelly and moderately loud farts were perceived as more obnoxious (and/or funnier) than smelly, quiet ones or loud, but neutral ones. Who says psychological research is not worth a fart-hing?



CHANGING TIMES

A British airline steward was suspended from his job after a complaint over his "service" was made by a Saudi Arabian passenger. The woman, travelling with her infant child, had made repeated and unnecessary demands upon the steward during the flight from Jeddah to London. The straw that broke the camel's back, as it were, was when she thrust her wet baby at the steward with the command: "Change it." He did. With another infant. Taking her baby from her and dumping the other in her lap, he said, "There. Will that do, madam?" The wealthy Arab woman was not amused and filed an official complaint.

SPECIAL "LETTER"

PLAYBOY receives all sorts of mail, much of it extolling the delights of our beautiful Playmates. Most of it comes in the letter form, but one item our mail room was requested to pass on to March Playmate Deborah Gray. It came from a Sydney reader. It's a woodcut showing Deborah in the same tropical setting depicted by the photographer Peter McLean, who shot the March pictorial and Deborah passed it back to us to photograph. But her *numero uno* fan can rest assured that we've returned it to her as a keepsake from one reader's labor of love.

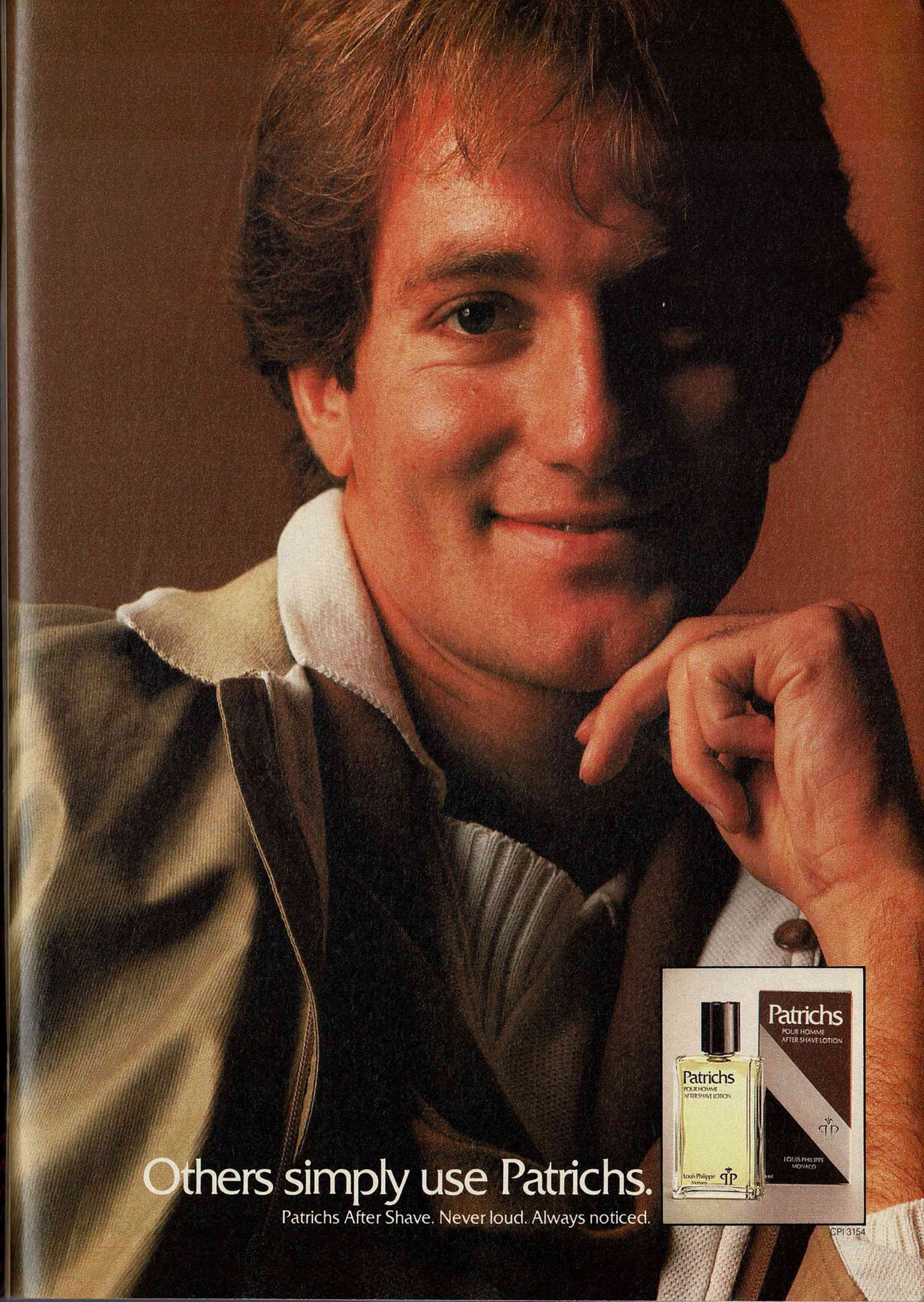
DYE'S BIG APPLE

Issi Dye, who helps with some PLAYBOY promotions, recently spent a raging week in New York. He flashed over to check out promotion ideas for the Australian edition and discovered that the PLAYBOY Club in New York was throwing a party for the latest bunnies. Issi went too. New York City has a beautiful multi-level club including fine bars, a disco, cabaret room, restaurant and "Hef's Disco". Guests can also buy PLAYBOY products there as well. At the party, Issi met one of the new bunnies, Cassie. They're pictured together, and, ever patriotic, he presented her with an Australian PLAYBOY T-shirt. Oh well, some of us have all the luck.

HOT STUFF

Some Mexican restaurants like to print jokey little notes on their menus about the unnamed ancient Latin Americans who outlawed chillis because they were too potent as aphrodisiacs. There's at least one Perth bachelor cook who would be ready to offer a personal testimonial. He wined and dined a very compatible blonde with carefully aged wine and newly prepared *chilli con carne.* He judged the chilli just right, carefully rubbing the little dried up red devils between his fingertips to spread the sizzling seeds through the mixture. The taste and the texture were magnificent. Later, the *finale* was sensational. But not one to rush things, this careful chef is also a careful lover. He believes in the idea that women should have pleasure too, so he took time and care to caress thoroughly. And all the while he was gently massaging into her most totally sensitive parts a fine coating of tiny chilli powder. The climax of the evening is something that they will both remember. So will the medics who treated the girl.

Some guys will do anything to stand out.



Others simply use Patrichs.

Patrichs After Shave. Never loud. Always noticed.

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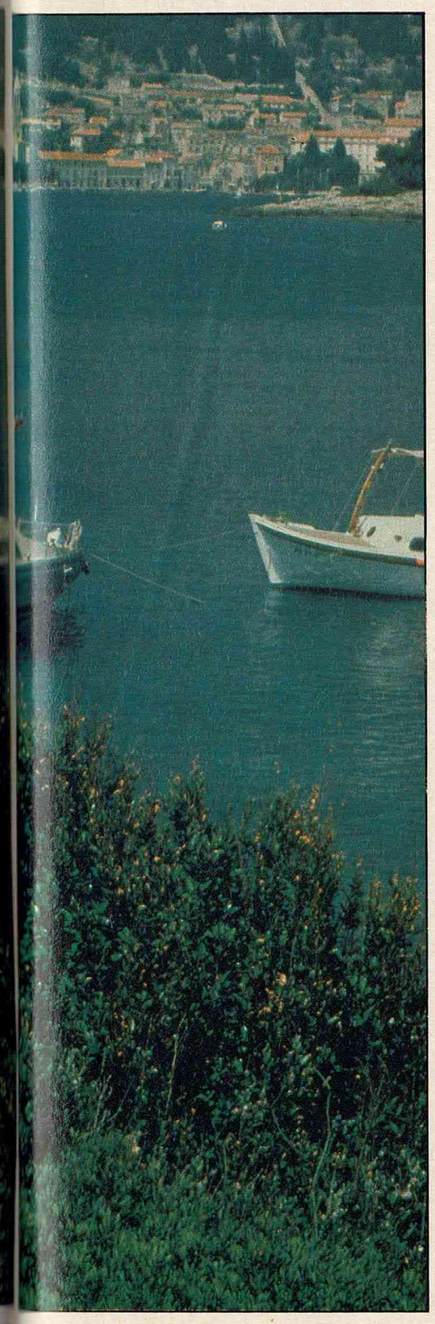
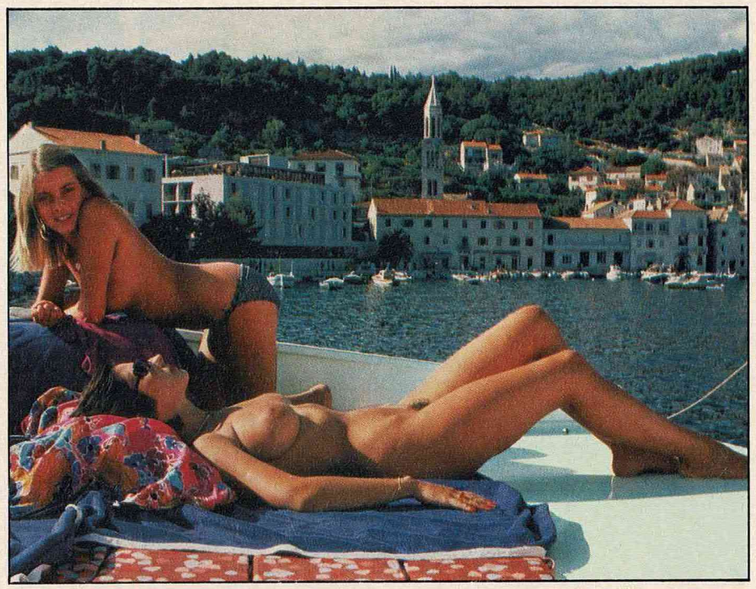
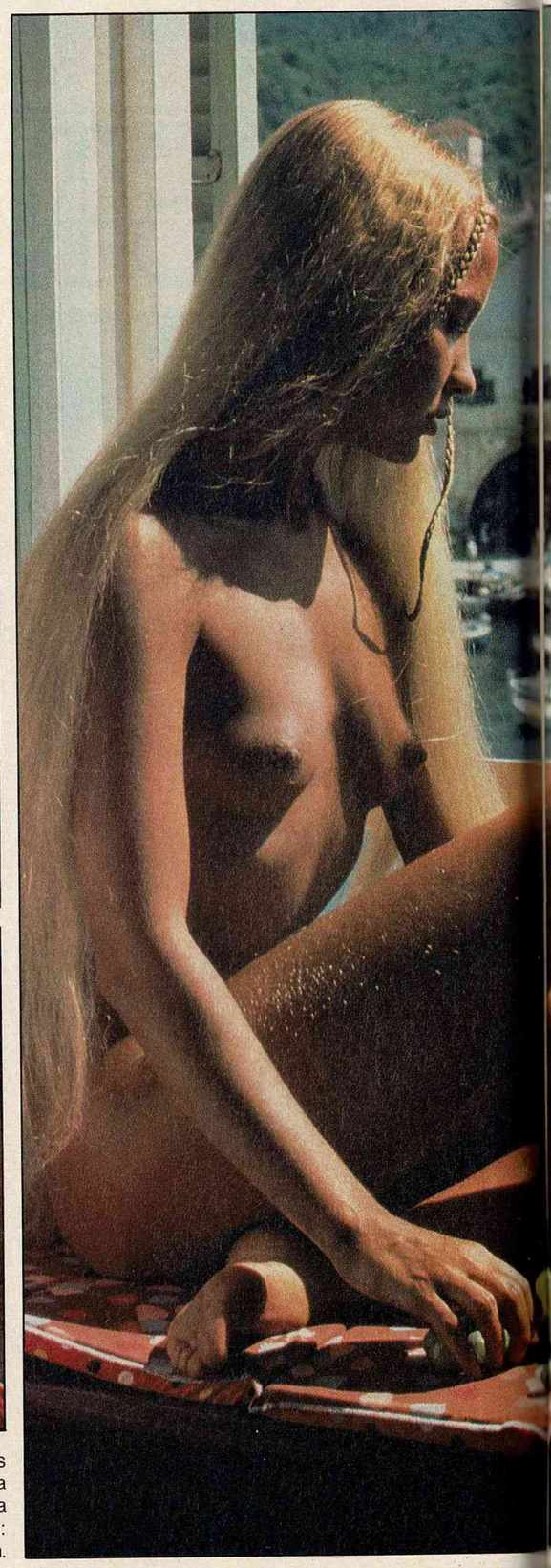
ADRIATIC ECSTASEA

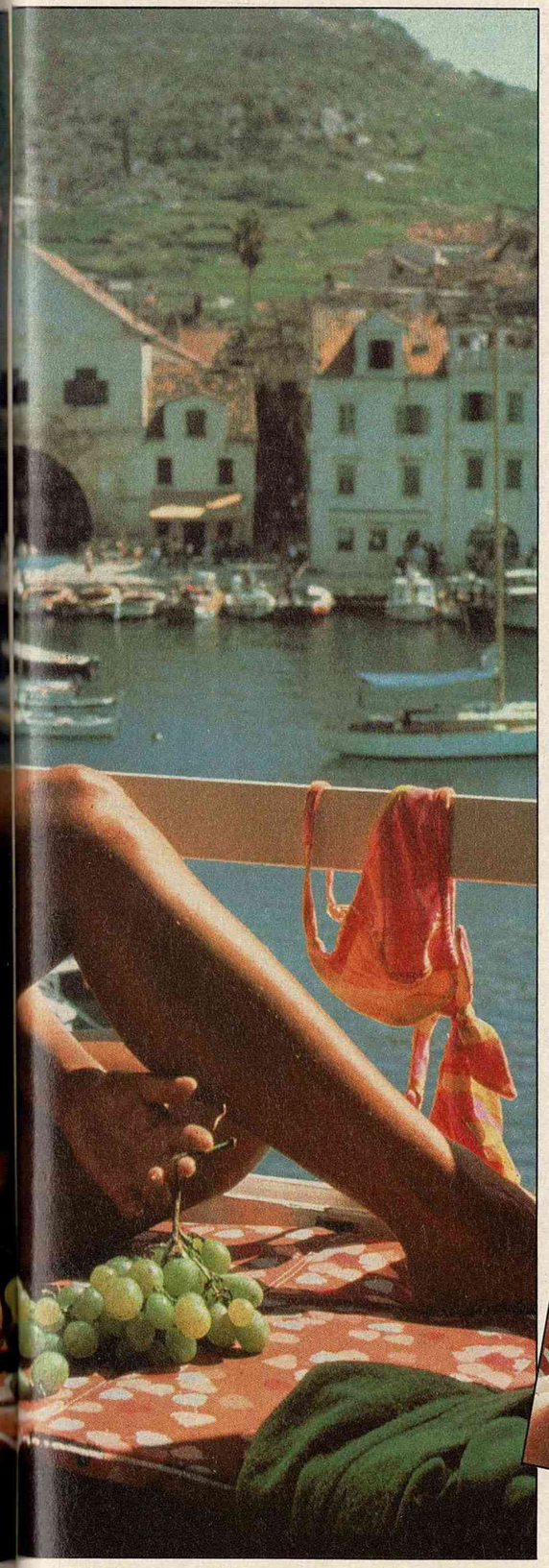




They've been famed since the ancient times: the women of the Dalmatian coast where the sirens entranced Ulysses. Join PLAYBOY now on a modern odyssey . . .

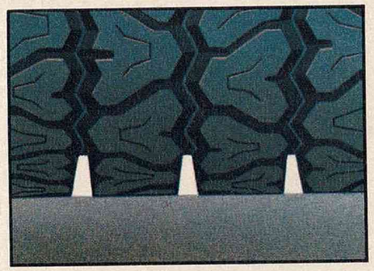
One look at Dijana Becirovic, top, and you can see why she was chosen as Miss Adriatic for three consecutive years. And above is a winsome Belgrade beauty, named Jasna. Far right, top, is Jogoda and, below her, law student Marina. Large shot, centre, is a real siren: Rodika, a promising Rumanian ballerina, taking in the Adriatic sun.



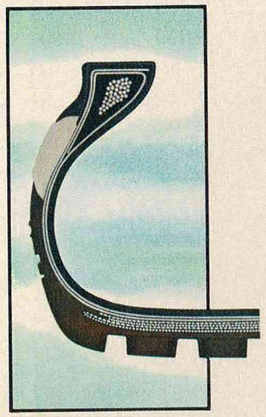


Top left is Biserka, whose name translates as pearly, and next to her is a Zagreb law student, Rajna. Above, it was a naked lunch for Tresnja with the tourist resort of Dubrovnik as a backdrop. Right is lovely Mirjana: your last look at Yugoslavia.

INTRODUCING T/A® HIGH TECH™ RADIALS



The varied pitch ratio of the computer-designed tread minimizes noise patterns and provides a quiet ride.



T/A High Tech radials have a dual compound tread that provides a cool-running tire with excellent wear characteristics.

Unique sidewall styling sets T/A High Tech radials apart at a glance. Four-ply DuroGard® folded belt system and two radial plies provide the incredible combination of strength and flexibility.

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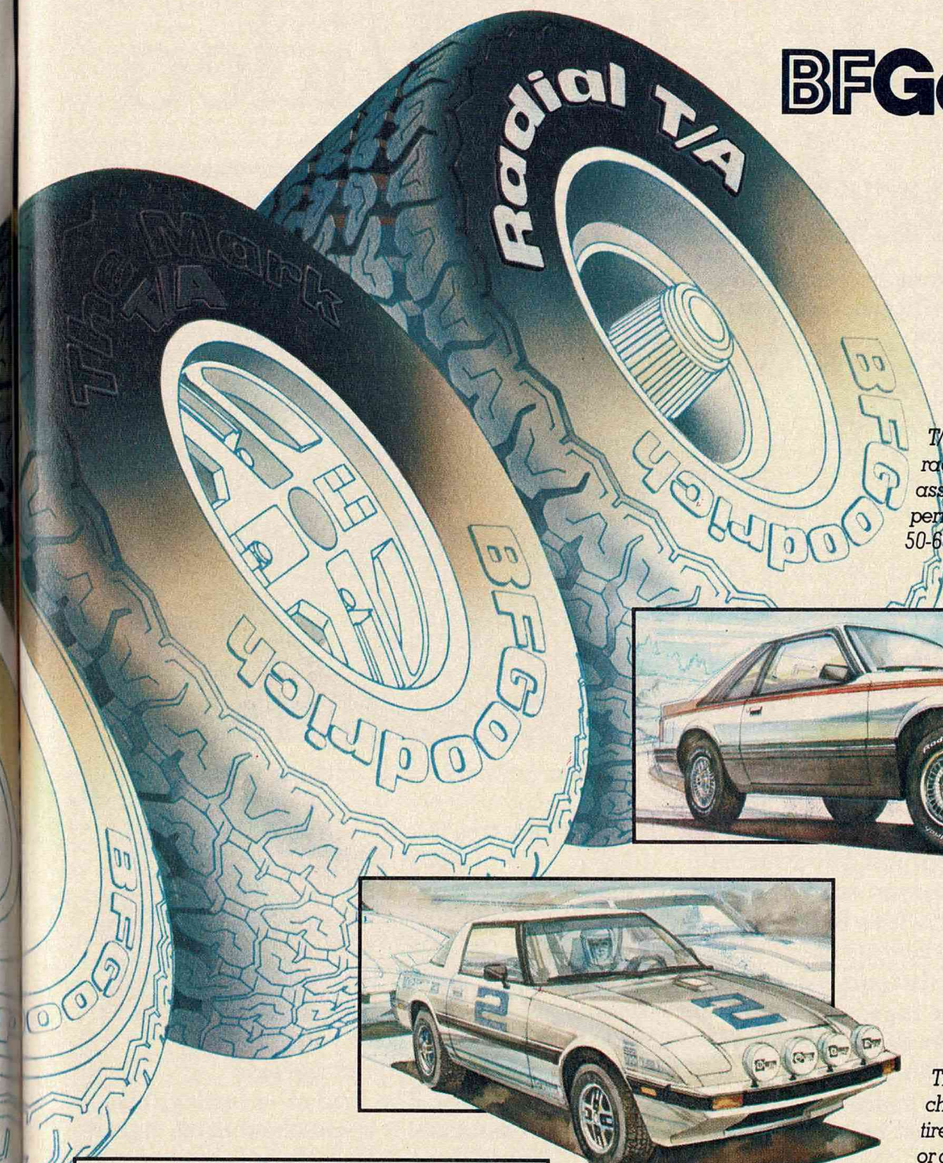
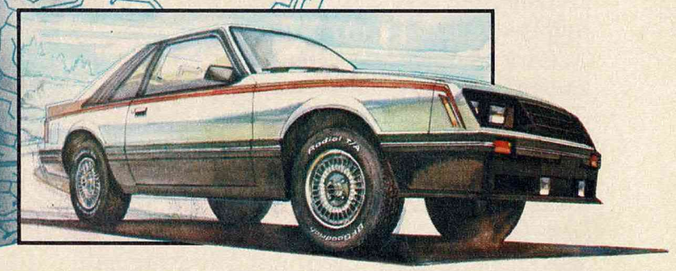
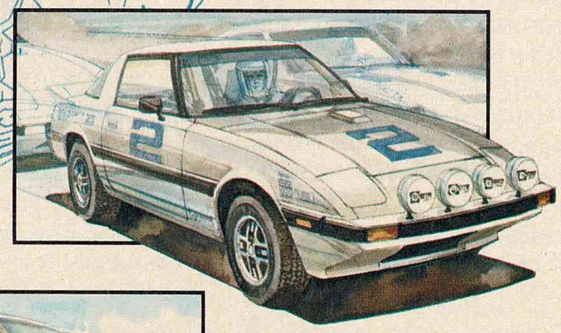


T/A High Tech radials, born of racing-developed technology, assure effective on-the-road performance with every 50-60-70 series tire.





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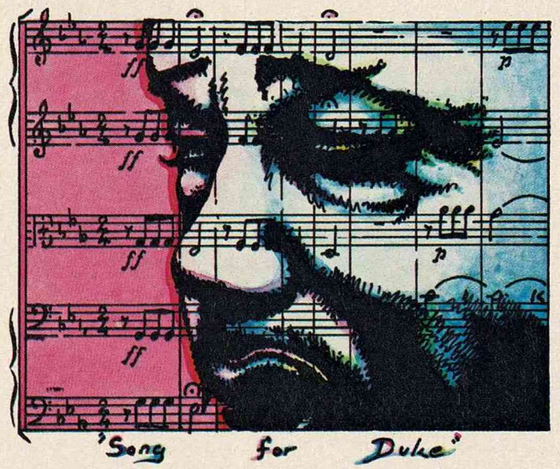
THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

How can I get into porno movies? I have got a better than average physique, and I'm pretty well hung. Most women seem to think I'm a good performer in the sack. I've seen a fair number of hardcore blue movies and I think I could do the job as well as some of the guys they use — in fact, better than most. All I want is the chance to prove it, but I don't know where to start. Do the people who make that sort of movie advertise for performers, or are there talent agents you go to? Also, is it very well paid? — B.R., Vic.

We admire your ambition. However, you might have some trouble getting started, as there are not a great many, ah, openings in the field. The reputable casting agents steer well clear of the heavy porn scene, nor is the Commonwealth Employment Service likely to be of much help. About all we can suggest is that you hang around in some of the places where such films are shown and make yourself known to the management. Any contacts you make in that way could possibly lead further, though for obvious reasons, porno producers tend to shroud their work in a fair amount of secrecy. Time spent in one or two of the town's sleazier establishments for body building might really also lead to something, though we can't help wondering now if it's really worth the trouble. You probably wouldn't enjoy sex very much under those conditions nor could you be sure of being well paid, if at all. Porno film making is a notoriously fly-by-night industry, and you'll be dealing with some people most of us would avoid like the plague. If that's what you really want to do, go ahead, but don't expect it to elevate you to higher stardom: Deep Throats *are few and far between for most.*

On a cassette I have, done by Judy Collins, there is a tune called Song for Duke. I would like to know who is the "Duke" she is singing about? I don't think it could be John Wayne, because I believe the song was written well before Wayne's death, though I'm not certain. The cassette is a "greatest hits" collection, without much information about the songs, although it does say she penned it. — P.E., WA.

The "Duke" referred to in the song was the great Duke Ellington, pianist, composer and band leader extraordinaire. Many modern musicians owe him a great debt, and when the Duke died in 1975 after half a century in the music business, Judy Collins was only one of many to honor his memory in a song. Stevie Wonder's song Sir Duke had just the same gentleman in mind.



I am 20 years of age and still a virgin. All my mates are always bragging about how they are always able to get a screw, and I have every reason to believe they are telling the truth. Sometimes I go to pubs or discos hoping to make it with a chick, but I find it difficult to make the initial approach. When I do finally summon my courage, I get the shakes and act like a blubbering fool — so of course, I can get absolutely nowhere. I am reasonably good looking, though I often notice that some of the ugliest guys seem to get the best looking chicks. A lot of my mates say that I am too choosy. Should I continue in this fashion, or should I just "have a go" at anything that comes along? I don't usually drink much alcohol when I go out, and I wonder if I start drinking more I'd be able to really build up my courage. Also, could you suggest any places to meet spunky chicks other than pubs and discos? Since, now, my sex-life is non-existent and not apparently getting any better, what do you suggest? — K.T., WA.

Forget about your mates' stories of how well they all make out. If they have to talk about it that much there is a good chance that talk is all that they do. Forget about your age, also; otherwise, when you do at last get into bed with a woman, you'll be bound to be disappointed. When next you approach a likely looking woman, do so because you think the two of you might have a good time together, not because you want to prove something. Remember, too, that most women who you approach in social situations will be all hoping that something will happen — that's why they're there. There is no point in being embarrassed, as the worst that can happen is that you'll be refused — in which case you'll just have to try your luck somewhere else. Drink as much as feels comfortable for you, but don't pour the stuff down just for the sake of false courage. You could just find yourself falling over when you most need to be on the ball. As far as places to meet women go, pubs and discos do have their advantages, but they are not the only places to go. If you have particular interests, seek out other people who also share them. Above all, think of yourself as someone women would want to know; if you don't feel that way, they certainly won't want to know you at all.

My problem concerns my girlfriend and my father. I'm 26, and my girlfriend is 33. We've been going together for nearly a year, and have discussed the idea of moving in together, even perhaps of getting married, but I think I'm more keen on the last idea than she is at present. Part of the problem is due to my father, who's 52, looks much younger, and is separated from my mother. He always seems to have a lot of success with the women, and lately his attention has turned to my girlfriend. I made the mistake of introducing them, and now they see each other reasonably often. I don't know exactly what is going on because they are keeping me in the dark. I love her, and I just can't cope with the idea of her and my father being involved — if that is what is really happening. The situation is getting just about impossible, so what do you suggest I do? — F.R., SA.

If, as you say, you are being kept in the dark, then it is time you brought the situation out in the light. At least you will know whether your suspicions have any grounds or whether you are overreacting to just nothing more than a simple friendship. You assume the worst, but it could well be that your father and girlfriend just like each other's company. Try speaking to them individually, without appearing overly suspicious, and give them some idea of how you feel. It

Work out in ÇaVa

ça va

Play up in Biarritz

Biarritz by ça va

Mix up in Biarritz

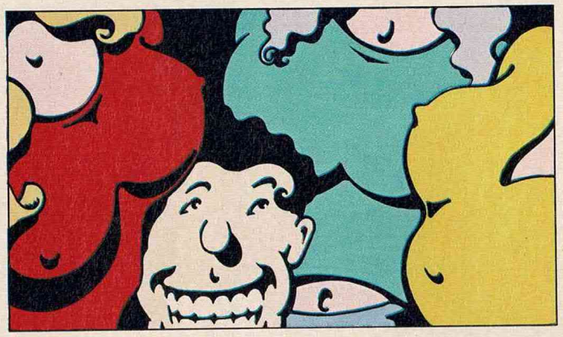
Match up in Biarritz

may come as a complete surprise to them, in which case they will probably put your mind at rest fairly quickly. If not, and your fears do prove to have some basis, there will be very little more that you can do except wait and see. If your girlfriend has any real sensitivity toward you, the signs of your concern may be enough to steer her back in your direction. If not, then you should perhaps consider whether your relationship really had much of a future anyway, and begin to look elsewhere.

I am writing in desperation, hoping that you can provide some answer to my really embarrassing health problem. Since the age of 15, my breasts have developed to enormous proportions, and while I know some women would feel envious, in my case my breasts are making my life nothing but a horror. The trouble is that as soon as I undress, men get so excited by my breasts that they come almost straight away often before they've even had time to enter me. As soon as I uncover my golden orbs they go hard as an anvil and lose control, while all I can do is smile and suffer. For satisfaction, all I have is my tiny hand between my legs, but masturbation is not nearly enough, and I am getting terribly frustrated. What a sex life! Is there any hope for me with this never-ending problem? — Miss M.K., Qld.

Your biggest mistake is to just grin and bear it. You're not just a pleasure machine for other people's use, and when you get into bed with someone, you have a right to expect them to be as concerned with your needs as you are of theirs. You could perhaps be more choosy about your partners. Rather than wasting your time with men who are so thoughtless and crude that all they can see are your breasts, however delectable they may be, look around for someone who's aware of your other less physical attributes. Nobody gets it right every time, and the men you have encountered so far simply may have their own problems — like premature ejaculation. However, neither you nor the man you're with is likely to experience any improvement in the situation until you let each other know how you feel and what you want. Communicate — even, dare we say it? — keep yourself well abreast of your lover's thoughts.

I am 19 years of age, and, people say I'm good looking. The thing troubling me is my height: I am only 168cm (about five feet six) tall, having stopped growing when I was 16. I have tried using a body protractor, but it really doesn't seem to have had any effect on me. My size remains unchanged. Can you suggest any methods that could help make me taller? — S.L., Qld.



There's not a thing you can do to make yourself any taller, so you might as well forget it and learn to enjoy being the height you are. We don't know your specific reason for wanting to be taller, but as you mention the fact that other people regard you as good looking, we assume you regard your height as the one factor detrimental to your love life. There is no reason why this should be the case; indeed, many short men appear to make out unusually well. The main issue in determining your degree of social success is the kind of personality you project, and this has very little to do with physical size and shape.

Whenever I have intercourse it takes me at least 20 minutes to reach orgasm. Even my very first orgasmic experience was, "a long time coming". I do enjoy foreplay more than the end result, because my long-awaited orgasm generally seems rather anti-climactic. Women seem to love my staying power, but lately I've begun wondering if I'm physically or psychologically lacking in sexual sensitivity. What do you think? — N.P., WA.

Many people write in with the opposite problem. They worry about coming too quickly, not having time to enjoy foreplay, or not satisfying their partner. Unless the quality of the orgasm you achieve is really so low that it's not worth the effort, you are probably worrying too much, and that is likely to make the problem worse. People concerned with premature ejaculation tend to climax even more quickly the more time they spend worrying about it. Similarly, for someone who feels it happens all too slowly, the anxiety is going to prolong orgasm even more, and the end result will be even less satisfying. The fact that women enjoy your apparent staying power should enhance your sexual enjoyment: try to enjoy it while it is happening instead of thinking about how slowly you are going. There is no right or wrong speed for sex, and we doubt you'll ever hear a young lady complain that "you should start the party without me".

I have recently broken up with a girl I loved and with whom I had an unreal sexual relationship. It was her idea to break things off and not mine. Not long ago she went out with her new boyfriend and another girl. For some strange reason, the other girl threatened to stab her with a bottle if she didn't go back to me. She blames me for setting the whole thing up, but I didn't do it, and her thinking I did hurts me a lot. I am 17 and she is 16 and while I know we are very young, I still had big hopes for the relationship. I would like to know what I can do to make her believe I didn't set things up, and that I still love her. — A.K., NSW.

It sounds like a play you should be glad to see the end of — rather than begging for an encore. If the lady in question thinks so little of you that she assumes you were capable of manipulating and exploiting her, perhaps it is time you asked yourself what you really see in her. It sounds very much as if the relationship is beyond retrieval, and at 17 you must realise that there is more and better to come, so don't waste your time worrying about her.

At some time in the near future, I hope to go to the United States, but I am worried about getting a visa, and would be grateful if you could advise me. The trouble is I've been busted twice for possession of marijuana and once for trafficking. Since the amounts were really very small, I received suspended sentences on both occasions. What do you think this record will do to my chances of getting a visa? — M.G., WA.

These days, convictions such as yours would be unlikely to prevent your gaining a visa to enter the United States, as attitudes toward minor drug convictions have changed greatly over the past few years. However, each case is judged individually, and no accurate prediction of your chances can be made.

The Playboy Adviser *will answer all reasonable questions about your lifestyle, pub arguments, hangups or fantasies. Send them to* Playboy Adviser, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.*

THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

BODY BEAUTIFUL

Those narcissistic body builders had always given me a pain in the sphincter, but as one of those poor people destined to receive sand in the face, I can grudgingly admit to seeing some wisdom in their folly.

Still, that would not have been enough to induce me into the sweaty confines of a gym to grunt and groan under the weights, until . . .I caught on to the recent trend of introducing girls to the body-building business. There's something about a well-toned female body trying to leap out of a skimpy training suit as those beautiful muscles flex and unflex in all directions.

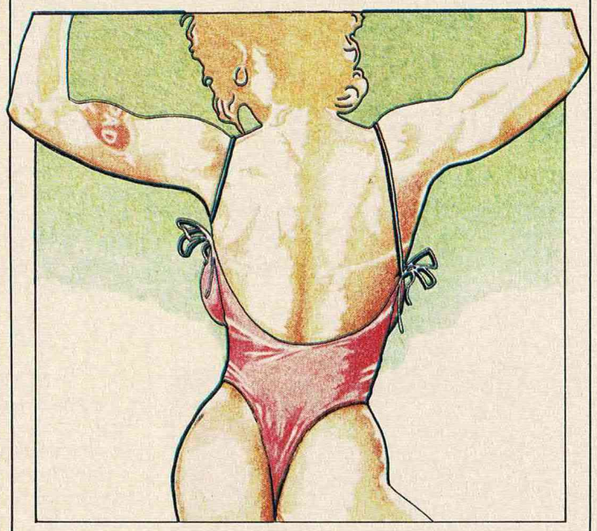
It's a surefire way to knock me right out of my tree. So much so I've started spending a few hours in an inner city gym frequented by the ladies. You might imagine that they do not encourage oglers, so I've taken to lifting the weights myself. As a bonus, this poor frail frame is starting to look slightly better and in a few months I just might have the nerve to ask one of the girls just what she likes to do when she's not lifting weights.

Mark Owens,
East Sydney, NSW.

NO REST IN PEACE

I was naive enough to think the old trick of pulling a dead 'un out of the morgue in the cause of a good yarn had just about run its ghoulish race. But that was until John Lennon cashed in his ticket. Where do magazines, and the general media, draw the line on serious journalism, for they stand accused of picking over the bones of the famous dead. In the few short years since their respective departure, first JFK, then Monroe, Mansfield, Jim Morrison and even Martin Luther King, have been the subjects of microscopic profiling, gross distortion and pathetic exploitation. And all, so conveniently, without the means to defend themselves in any way.

The Lennon "cash-ins" were just about the last straw, but proof that turning over the dead is now an accepted way to generate sales or score in the ratings. In terms of taste, I think it would be better to let the all-too-recently departed seek their own peace rather than be forced to dwell in a media-imposed purgatory. Why not let them rest in peace?



G. Porter,
Armidale, NSW.

AUSTRALIA'S CHOICE

Like Professor Manning Clark (PLAYBOY Interview in July), I am scared shirtless by the latter-day march of neo-conservatism in this country. The tragedy is that most Australians seem unable to see that we *do* have a choice. If we really want to, we can be the masters of our destiny. It is not simply just a matter of deciding whether we do want to be aligned to the military might of the US — we simply have to ask ourselves: do we need to be? The answer is no.

However, standing in the way of such logic is the new conservatism which, in this country especially, feeds on the great pool of apathy. Compare Australia with just about any European country and you will see what I mean. Just before the recent Dutch elections, concerned people were gathering in the meeting halls, pubs and coffee houses all over the country to debate the very pressing questions of nuclear armament and the NATO alliance. No doubt Holland would almost certainly be caught up in the struggle should the East-West tensions erupt into armed conflict. But that very real fear is still not enough to push the populace into giving the government the go-ahead to add its voice to the Cold War ratbaggery of a President Reagan.

Why is it, then, that the political intent of this country concerns itself with international affairs of the gravest concern, but will only touch us if we *allow* ourselves to become involved — such as Vietnam.

Recent disclosures give credence to the case that it has been the ignorance and the apathy of the populace which has allowed politicians to hoodwink the nation into such scandals as the Vietnam war. If we show the courage and concern of our destiny, instead of leaving it in the hands of those fools who would want to "put sport back upon the front page", perhaps this country, like Sweden and Switzerland, could become a model of non-alignment and be a better place to live for ourselves and our children.

P. Bell,
Balwyn, Vic.

TIMELY TRAINS

I recently read a story about an English country town which experienced a surprise birthrate boom. The cause was said to an intercity express which passed through the town each day at 6.10am, sounding its horn and waking the local yokels. As it was too early for most of them to be out of bed to open their shops, surgeries, pubs and prop the village idiot upon the stone wall, there were those couples who obviously utilised their time in the most productive fashion for people: screwing.

The story prodded my memory about a personal experience when we were living in rural Victoria. Work on a massive gasline project nearby always began at an early hour — usually about half an hour before we were due to rise. My man and I put the time to good use and I tend to think that the two fine kids we produced during that period just might have something to do with that early morning "alarm".

Ms R.T.,
Melbourne.

HEAVY METAL

I wasn't too happy with the idea when my girlfriend told me she had scored a job in the metal trades. She had a good education and was well qualified for many office jobs, but she was certain she wanted to work in industry. I opposed the idea on the grounds that it might ruin her femininity and soft looks (and possibly our sex life). She went ahead with the job and a rift in our relationship resulted. I hadn't seen her for a few months and was

missing her badly, so I decided to swallow my pride and ask her out. I called at the work gates on the Friday afternoon and was shocked to notice she was wearing overalls. I hadn't been ready for this. On the way home I asked her what she wore underneath and she proceeded to unclip the front buttons to prove she had nothing on at all. I got so aroused that I immediately drove to one of our old parking haunts and we had it off there and then. Since then our relationship has been hotter than ever.

G.M.,
Westmead, NSW.

TRUMPS AT TENNIS

I enjoyed the strong tennis content of The Big Macs and your fashion section (PLAYBOY, July). With so many people prepared to bury the cleaver in the greatest court game of all, it comes as a refreshing surprise to read an "up" article on those two tigers, McNamara and McNamee. I don't profess to know why the era of professionalism has taken much of the fun out of the game at the top level, but I do know that the Macs are just two of the guys trying to inject tennis with a much-needed shot of humor and sportsmanship. The tennis tradition runs pretty deep in Australia and if Peter and Paul can kick on to score a good slice of the top money and accompanying fame, they just might help to trip off another competitive boom out of which will spring Australia's future hot-shots. All power to their cause.

D. McLean,
Surfers Paradise, Qld.

GOLD MEDAL SEX

Randy Cohen's History of the Vibrator (PLAYBOY, July) fantasised about the idea of a sexual Olympics. This prospect has occurred to me often and if properly run and organised would provide perfect yardsticks for all those fantastic myths we hear about sexual exploits. The sexual field is open to all sorts of achievements including speed, endurance, prolificity and (of course) gender. It would be a brave network which picked up the television rights but, censorship hassles aside, the games would provide great viewing. Think how much easier life would be for sexual researchers and how much more interesting our news coverages would be if we had sex as well as sporting results. I, for one, am willing to compete.

O.Y.,
Indooroopilly, Qld.

NEIGHBORLY SHOW

Some of the tenants in our block of units formed a commune to hire and show blue movies on a regular basis as a way of spicing up our otherwise low-key social lives. The project was a moderate success, with about 10 of us congregating once a month to view flicks which ranged from "not bad" to dreadful. A second-floor occupant offered his unit as a theatrette because his white feature wall made a perfect screen. This arrangement continued for about six or seven months until a rather untimely intrusion from some residents in the block next door brought it to a halt. A petition signed by "concerned residents of No. 48" said that our screenings were clearly visible for almost every occupant on the eastern side of their building and that some of the occupants had been grossly offended.

This all came as a bit of a shock because we thought we had been ultra-careful about keeping it from the neighbors. Under the threat of police intervention we decided to curtail the operation for a few months, but to recommence in another unit elsewhere. This time with the blinds well and truly drawn tight.

P.R.J.,
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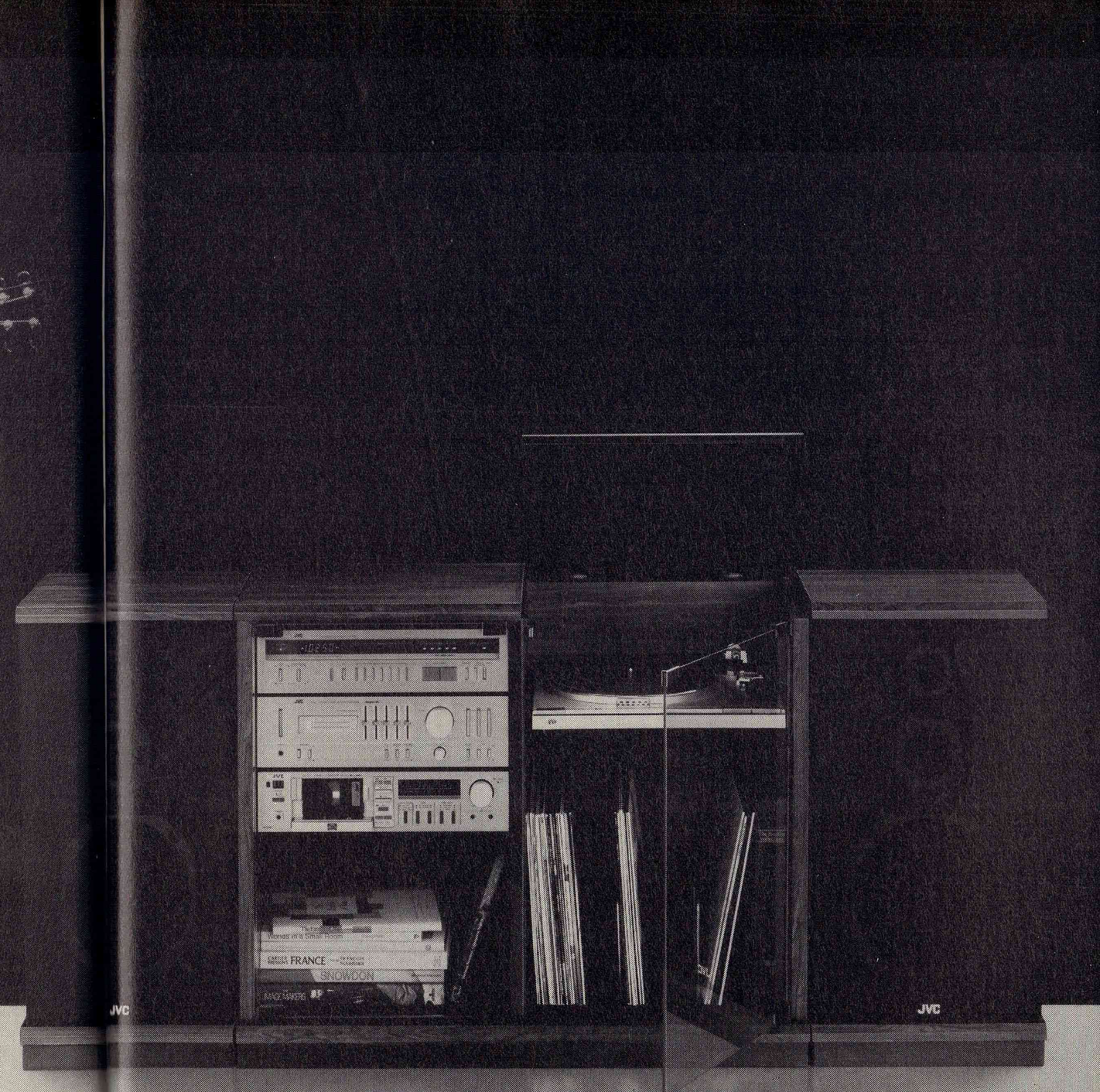

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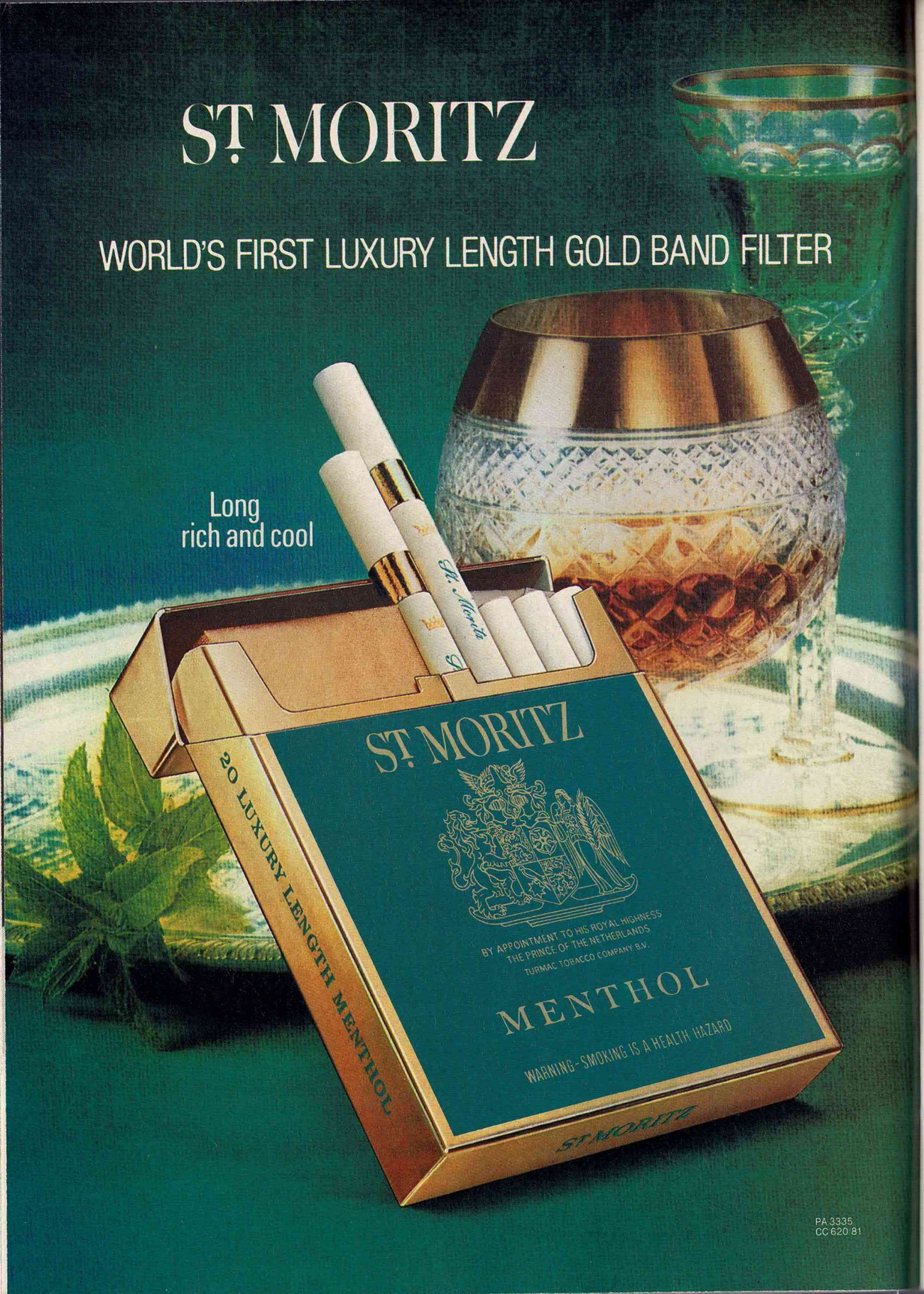


Playboy Interview

GEORGE NEGUS

a very candid talk with the journalist who became a media star in 60 minutes

THE FIRST THING to be said about George Negus is that he's not who you think he is. The bombastic interviewer who stalks into our living rooms every Sunday night behind the ticking 60 Minutes *logo, making mincemeat of prime ministers and defying thugs in Jamaican slums is the public George. The private George is a pussycat. When you talk to his friends they say things like "George is basically a nice guy, sometimes too nice for his own good", and "he doesn't have a mean bone in his body".*

There are other paradoxes: with his trendy moustache and epaulette shirts, he looks like a caricature of the TV newsman, the sort who carries a ruined child's doll in his luggage to milk effects in flood, famine or battle scenes. However George is your basic serious man. He cares a lot about responsible reporting and sees it as his role to topple shibboleths and to prevent the viewer settling for easy complacency. George wants you to know that things are more complicated than you think. He is promoted as a sex symbol, but claims to be no great shakes as a lover.

A great deal of his time is spent flitting from country to country in the first-class compartments of Qantas jets. With a producer going ahead to line up stories and a full camera crew in tow, he is likely to plunge headlong into seven stories in five different countries on a single trip. Sometimes, says George, he literally forgets which country he's in. To wile away the long airborne hours, he writes — this is going to dent his hardnosed image — poetry. Not love poems, though. They tend more toward the topical. He thinks sometimes of publishing them but then asks himself, and with some justification, who would want to read poems about Robert Mugabe, or the politics of Libya?

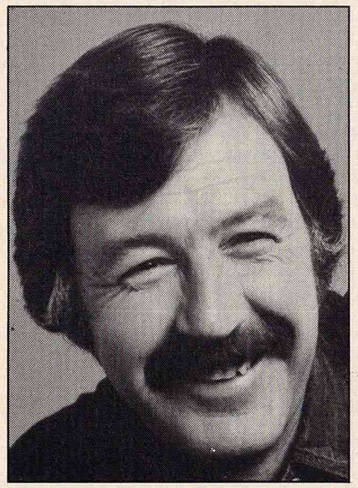
The fact that George does not *write love poetry says something about George. With one marriage behind him now (George and the former Mrs Negus maintain a warm friendship, despite their divorce), he sees a lot of girls, but edges away from major commitment. Confesses George: "Intimacy is one of the very few things that I think would frighten me. Intimacy makes far more demands than anything else. I hate to let anybody down, so I tend to avoid things like love. It's the ultimate four-letter word."*

So when not writing poetry at 40,000 feet or poking his head out of foxholes, the Balmain cowboy leads a classic bachelor's existence. His neat little terrace house in Balmain is lined with books he intends to read some day. They are mostly current affairs, biographies, bestsellers and political works. Wedged in among the books is an extensive musical library and an expensive stereo set. George's current musical passion is for "fusion", the rock-infiltrated jazz style presently blossoming in New York.

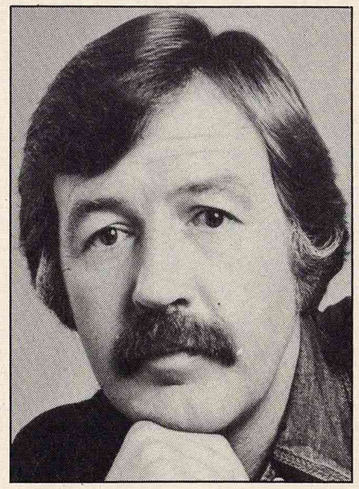
The Balmain house boasts a well-equipped kitchen — George doesn't mind admitting he's a first-class cook — and a fine, free-standing fireplace. It's situated on a cul-de-sac, reachable only by an intricate route, but George says this is not meant to protect him from importunate fans, it just happens that way.

He doesn't have trouble with fans, he says, although the regular requests for autographs do tend to interfere with outside work. The anonymity he achieves overseas is in fact one of the reasons George prefers off-shore jobs. Another is that he feels one of the secrets of 60 Minutes' *phenomenal success in Australia is that the local audience likes to see their own young men out there on the world stage, daring the bullets and puncturing the pompous. The vicarious adventures of a bunch of ordinary ockers, is the way he sees it. "I think in a very real way we take the audience along with us," he says. "It's a trip for them too."*

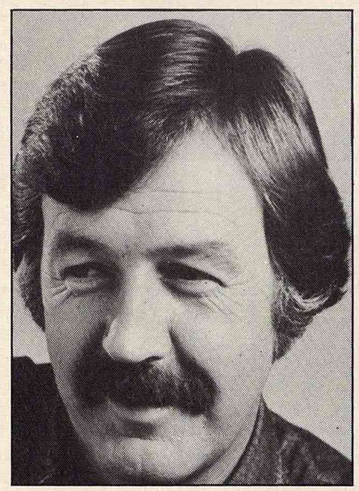
At 39, George Negus has scaled heights he never expected. He would



"Why shouldn't the CIA be involved in Australian politics? They have been involved in every other country's affairs. What's so different about us? Aren't we worth it?"



"And I said how do you know I'm not gay? And she said well, I know a lot of women who are prepared to testify otherwise. And I said maybe they're good liars."



"I'm prepared to make a 'mug lair' of myself for the sake of it (60 Minutes). *Australians are prepared to watch . . . and while those people keep watching, we won't stop."*

have been quite happy to have peaked as a respected A1 reporter (the top grade in the Australian journalistic scale). Instead, he has become — as he himself puts it — "either Australia's highest paid reporter or its lowest paid celebrity."

He likes being a well-known face, and handles it easily. His mates at the Paddington pub he frequents most Saturdays he's in town say he hasn't taken to putting on side. In fact, they tend to scold him for not pushing himself hard enough. They reckon he settles for less money than he's worth. George appreciates their feelings, but he's caught in the classic journalist's dilemma: what he does is who he is and if he were rich enough not to worry about money he'd still be doing it. He'd do it for nothing.

Having been in his time a teacher, a preacher, and now a TV personality, George is at a bit of a crossroads. He expects to fulfil at least another three-year contract at 60 Minutes, *but realises a man can't live the public pressure-cooker existence that the show demands forever. He's toying with going back to live current affairs programming one day, and some book and movie writing, but it's all basically in the future. His enthusiasm for the show is still high.*

One thing that is not in George's future is politics. He has little regard for politicians, disliking their do-it-my-way brand of certitude. PLAYBOY'S ***Paul Dougherty*** *interviewed George. Says Dougherty: "George in fact has the ideal reporter's perspective. For him the only certainty is uncertainty, and anyone claiming to know the truth is a charlatan before he opens his mouth. It is this conviction that enables a basically kind man to thus transform himself into the tough interrogator that we see on the small screen, the scourge of the Malcolm Frasers and the Bill Haydens. This is tough for the politicians but fortunate for George. And it doesn't hurt the ratings either."*

PLAYBOY: Do you think you are handsome, George?
NEGUS: Oh God.
PLAYBOY: Do you think you've got a good voice?
NEGUS: No, I've got a terrible voice.
PLAYBOY: Well, what are you doing up there on television?
NEGUS: I don't think I'm handsome. I certainly don't have a good voice. I mean, if handsome means a nose fractured several times, greying temples and a somewhat less than perfect complexion . . . no.
PLAYBOY: Well, then what's all this sex symbol image about?
NEGUS: I don't know. My professional explanation is that there was a dearth of people to give this label to. If I was on the outside looking at my own professional existence I would say it was because they couldn't come up with anybody better.
PLAYBOY: But there must be something. Why are you on *60 Minutes?*
NEGUS: I wasn't hired for *60 Minutes* because I was a sex symbol.
PLAYBOY: Why were you hired?
NEGUS: I was hired because I'm regarded as a pretty reasonable interviewer who could probably be produced on film, and it's worked out that way. The people who hired me for *60 Minutes* didn't have a sex symbol in mind. They had a competent television journalist in mind. And that's what I remain.
PLAYBOY: Gerald Stone (executive producer of *60 Minutes*) was quoted as saying, "I asked George, Ray (Martin) and Ian (Leslie) to look into their personalities for qualities that would make them attractive dinner guests or else desirable to (female) TV viewers."
NEGUS: Because Gerry Stone has a romantic view of the world. Satisfying his own sexual fantasies through us. If I can't do it, they will and they're my boys.
PLAYBOY: What did you find when you looked for those things? Was he making a serious point?
NEGUS: He was, he was.
PLAYBOY: And it was about the need to communicate?
NEGUS: He was making a very serious point. That was one thing that we did talk about at great length before we actually went into production. We knew there was something in between all the boring pontification of *Four Corners* and the cheapskate journalism of daily current affairs stuff. Both of which have a role to play. But we recognised the lack of a sophisticated, but nevertheless, highly personalised approach. Ian's been around for donkey's years. Ray has been around for donkey's years. I've been around for donkey's years. We knew exactly what we were doing by projecting ourselves into our stories. So we had the documentary approach with a bit of mug lair TV journalism. But we take ourselves very seriously as journalists. We can serve up on a weekly basis highly competent journalism, unmatched camera-work and editing, because we realise that what we are doing is trying to make the ultimate bloody nexus between entertainment and information. And we took it upon ourselves to do that, being prepared to be a fool to make a serious point. That's what *60 Minutes* is all about. I'm quite happy to wear the sex symbol bullshit and the "mug lair" journalism tag because at least it means that on Monday mornings a hell of a lot more people are talking about what we've done than anybody's ever talked about television journalism in this country before. And that'll do me as an acknowledgement of our success rate. I fancy myself as being a pseudo-intellectual, a journalist with academic background pretentions. And if I'm prepared to make a "mug lair" of myself around the world for the sake of this strange television program that many Australians are prepared to watch, then maybe, coincidentally or otherwise, we've hit a bloody nerve. And while those people keep watching, we won't stop doing what we're doing. Half the bloody country watches it.
PLAYBOY: You said before that you will achieve an aim if you can leave an audience in confusion and in doubt. What's your point?
NEGUS: I think that in this climate, internationally and locally, if what I do leaves people confused, I feel as though I have achieved something, because I'm sick and tired of people saying they're right and somebody else's wrong.
PLAYBOY: In other words you think if we're confused maybe we won't get into another, say, Vietnam?
NEGUS: Exactly. We have already committed ourselves to Pol Pot and to the American intervention in El Salvador, so there's a long way to go. But I'm out there to stir a little bit more confusion. We will have failed if people are still prepared to cop recognising a homicidal maniac or are prepared to support a non-elected government which murders its own people. So in among all the froth and bubble there is an important point to be made. The important point is that you don't prove anything by killing people. It's a contradiction in terms. Nothing, nothing can justify killing. If after all these years I've become nothing more than a pacifist then I'm thankful. And this is how absurd the *60 Minutes* lifestyle becomes: you're in a back street of San Salvador on any morning in the week and you stumble across the entrance to a cemetery, you see five dead bodies and you begin to wonder what has this got to do with Sydney, Australia. And

"The Khyber Pass was rough . . . covering Pol Pot's trail was undoubtedly dangerous. Journalists have been ambushed and killed."

then you also remember that the government of this country has supported whatever action led to the death of those innocent people. While the Australians are agonising over whether the banks ought to merge, people are being killed at the behest of our government, because we are supporting the policies that cause all of those things. I stuck my neck out over Pol Pot and I'm prepared to stick my neck out again.
PLAYBOY: That sounds like a defence against the criticism that a lot of people make that you spend too much time overseas?
NEGUS: Funnily enough, I think that Australians have to go overseas to find out what Australia's all about.
PLAYBOY: In what sense?
NEGUS: In that we don't realise what the government's priorities are until we see just what they are supporting overseas.
PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever be drafted by the Establishment?
NEGUS: I can't imagine it.
PLAYBOY: These words may be held against you.
NEGUS: What has the Establishment got to offer?
PLAYBOY: Adulthood perhaps?
NEGUS: Being boring, tried, true and successful is being adult? I don't think that's being adult at all. I think that being adult is continuing to be questioning.
PLAYBOY: What did it mean to you becoming TV reporter of the year in 1980?
NEGUS: The acknowledgement of the work of a lot of other people.
PLAYBOY: It must have been a bit of a blast personally?
NEGUS: My usual response to that is I didn't believe in the Logies until I got one. I used to say what a lot of old bullshit, until they gave me one. Suddenly they took upon themselves a much more important status. I know how little of my work was represented by the Logie. It was a cameraman's work, it was an editor's work, it was a producer's work. This sounds like "now we're going to thank everybody without whom none of this would . . . " but it also happens to be bloody true. I viewed the award as an acknowledgement of television journalism. And it was a peer group award which gives it a little bit more clout.
PLAYBOY: Tell us some of the tight spots you've been in. The tightest one, there must be one that really sticks in your mind?
NEGUS: You wouldn't believe me if I said that all these things started to run into each other after a while? But, in the slums of Jamaica, in Kingston, with Bob Marley's mates, that was pretty tight.
PLAYBOY: You mentioned on the commentary, that they had demanded $1000 protection for taking you in and you decided to do without it. What followed from that?
NEGUS: Well, I believed that we were there for a good reason, that we wanted to do a story about the kids and, by the way, the two guys in the story had .38s on their hips. That was rough. The Khyber Pass was rough. The problem you face is that if you go into these situations and you come out unscathed . . .
PLAYBOY: Therefore people think it wasn't dangerous?
NEGUS: If you try to tell somebody that it was dangerous, nobody believes you. So you don't talk about it. The Khyber Pass was undoubtedly dangerous, driving by road from Ho Chi Minh City into Phnom Penh covering Pol Pot's trail was undoubtedly dangerous. Journalists have been ambushed and killed. El Salvador was dangerous, being in the western Sahara with the guerillas was dangerous, being in the back streets of Naples with thugs was undoubtedly dangerous, being in the subways of New York with the Guardian Angels

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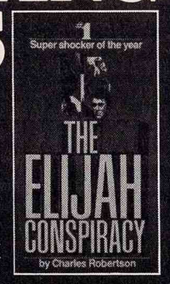

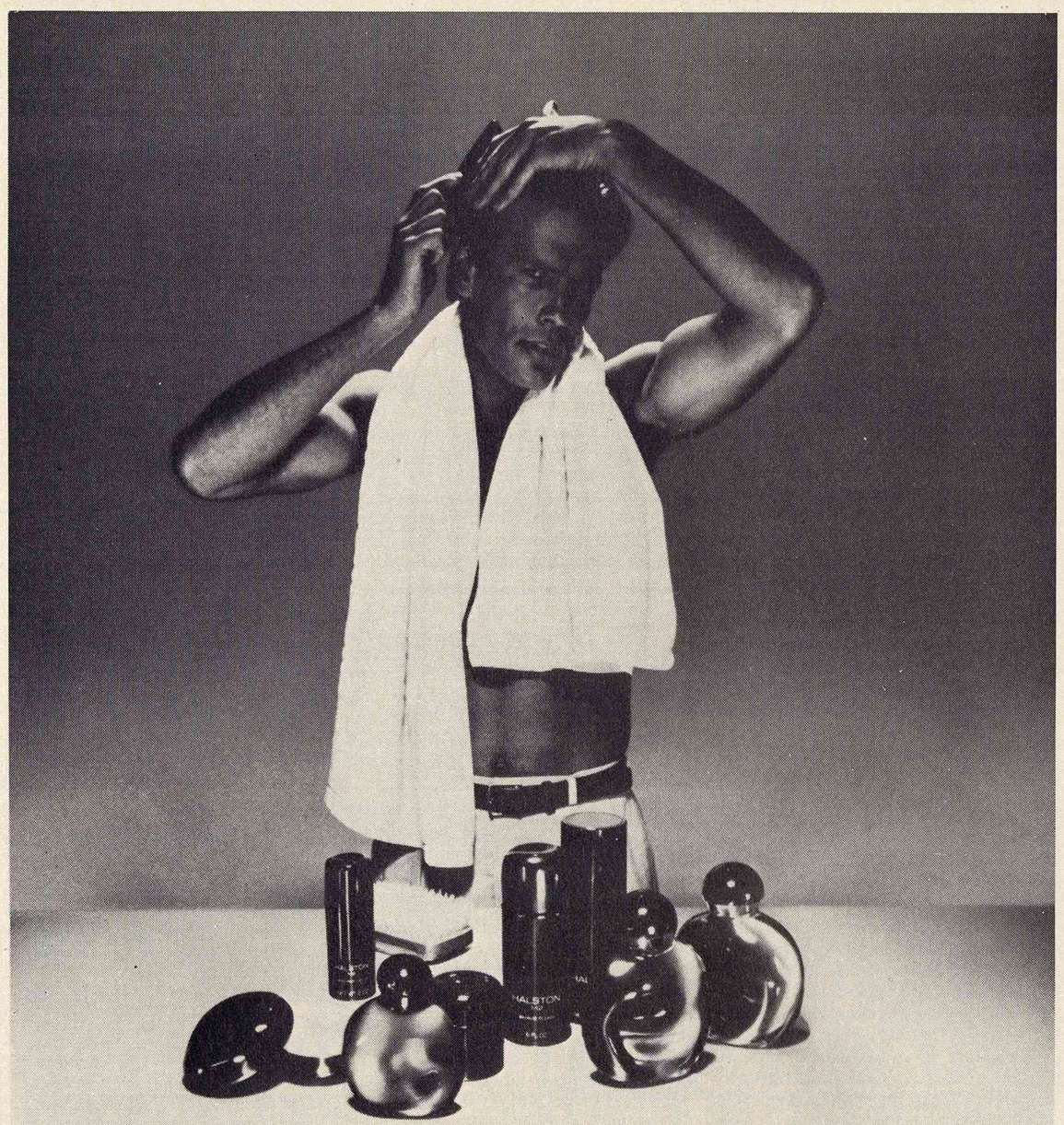

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was potentially dangerous. But you just try to convince somebody that where you have been was dangerous when you came out without a scratch. I don't know. I've climbed down North Head (Sydney) with a stunt man. That was probably more dangerous than anything I've ever done.

PLAYBOY: Let's just establish at this stage who George Negus is and where he's been. You were born in Brisbane?

NEGUS: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Where did you go to school?

NEGUS: In Brisbane, at Indooroopilly which is a sort of mixed suburb, both working class and quite toffy.

PLAYBOY: Your father died when you were young?

NEGUS: When I was four.

PLAYBOY: Any brothers and sisters?

NEGUS: No, only my mother and I. Probably the reason why my mother and I are so close. I went to high school and then to teacher's college, then did university arts and journalism while I was teaching. Went overseas in the middle of it all. Taught both primary and secondary school. Then came back and taught secondary school and got pissed off with it. Wrote letters to about four or five different newspapers and got the no thanks from all of them except one. That was *The Australian.*

PLAYBOY: How old were you then?

NEGUS: 26.

PLAYBOY: Let's go through part of your career in journalism to get it on the record. In 1974, you were working for Senator Lionel Murphy, and then where did you go?

NEGUS: *The Financial Review.*

PLAYBOY: How did you leave Murphy?

NEGUS: Badly.

PLAYBOY: You had a falling out?

NEGUS: It was an experimental thing for me, and I just got tired of him screwing his own best experiments. I went into the direct political area because it was a way to find out how politics worked.

PLAYBOY: You didn't think the millenium had come when Gough Whitlam was elected?

NEGUS: No, I thought it was the beginning, not the end. I thought it was an interesting phase in Australian politics, which revealed that the Australian electorate was very conservative and not about to easily accept change, let alone quickly. I think that the electorate scared the hell out of itself by voting in a Labor Government, and tried very hard to rectify its error in 1974 and couldn't jump quickly enough at the opportunity provided by Sir John Kerr in 1975, who helped get the country back on the road to the 1850s very smartly.

PLAYBOY: You don't seem to have a very high opinion of Sir John Kerr?

NEGUS: I wonder about a man who would allow himself to be placed in that position. Sir John Kerr is a lawyer. He must have known how totally undemocratic, and indeed anti-democratic, is the position of the governor-general in Australia. I have spoken to enough people closely associated with him who say that he was a man who thought he probably should have tried to become prime minister of Australia. Sir John Kerr made a mistake. He chose the bench rather than politics. Had he chosen politics he probably would have been Gough Whitlam's rival for prime minister. He chose the bench, and having chosen it, he then found himself in the position to put down his rival. And he did.

PLAYBOY: You feel then that it was a political act?

NEGUS: Yes, I do. It's presented as pseudo-legal. For a lawyer to presume the truth of something like the Constitution is a contradiction in terms. Lawyers don't presume truths. They try to prove them. But Sir John Kerr, for reasons best known to himself, chose to believe the letter of the Constitutional law, which as he knows, as well as anybody, was never intended to be carried out the way he carried it out. None of the fathers of the Australian Constitution intended that the governor-general should have power and authority over the voter. But he took it. I hope he's enjoying it.

"Intolerant, racist, anti-democratic, subservient, it (Australia) is the most unfree free country in the world."

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's destroyed John Kerr?

NEGUS: I think it was the saddest day in Australian politics. A day in this country's political life where the Constitution had the power over the ballot box.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling about Australia now?

NEGUS: It's a great place to live, but you wouldn't want to think here.

PLAYBOY: That's a harsh one, George.

NEGUS: No. I mean you're allowed to live here but watch out if you do any thinking. There is an Australianism, an Australian manner which seems to take precedence over everything else. You're extremely popular and you're extremely well received so long as you appear to be toeing the correct Australian line.

PLAYBOY: Which is what?

NEGUS: Intolerant, racist, anti-democratic, subservient, it is the most unfree free country in the world.

PLAYBOY: There have got to be some good sides to it?

NEGUS: Yes, the same kind of free spirit which causes people to want to ride the waves. If we could transfer that kind of thinking into the legal area . . . Australia could build other than the two party system. I think the best that could happen to Australian politics at the moment would be if its political parties rent themselves asunder. If we did blast ourselves to pieces and come back together again we might get closer to a political truth. It's ridiculous to assume that in a country of 14.25 million people you can divide your thoughts into two parts. That's bullshit. A tiny country like Belgium has managed to stay alive with dozens of political parties. But for some obscure reason we Australians think that all the political thoughts that exist in this world can be encapsulated in two, maybe three, political parties. The best thing that could happen to this country right now would be for the Liberal Party to become the Andrew Peacock party, the Malcolm Fraser party, the Doug Anthony party, the Roman Catholic-Bob Santamaria party, and all those funny Right-wing things. And for the Labor Party to stop pretending, and deceiving its trade union members into believing that there is a one-thought Left-wing party, and for Bill Hayden to say I don't see the world the same way Bob Hawke does. And for Bob Hawke to say he doesn't see the world the same way Bill Hayden does. For this country to blast itself into just about two dozen different political parties so that the rest of us are forced to work out what we really believe, then we're going to have a very exciting country politically. But meanwhile we've become a very, very tame version of Britain.

PLAYBOY: So you say that the politicians who think they have the answers are wrong?

NEGUS: Exactly, and it's all about compromise and coalition, and that is tough. You see compromise and coalition regarded as taking the easy way out, but to my mind compromise and coalition is taking the hard way out, because it is really difficult to do. It's very easy to adopt a position and say that I am right, everybody else is wrong. That's shit easy. It's very tough to say I don't know, but I'm prepared to talk to a lot of other people about it. The radical middle, the extreme centre, and I don't mean

Don Chipp, I would not want the radical middle of Australian politics to be identified with the politicians of this world like Chipp.

PLAYBOY: What is it about Chipp?

NEGUS: The only reason the Australian Democrats exist is because Malcolm Fraser did not give Don Chipp a ministry many years ago. His reasons for being where he is are wrong. Had Chippy got a ministry the Australian Democrats wouldn't exist.

PLAYBOY: You must be an admirer of the United States?

NEGUS: I'm an abhorer of the US.

PLAYBOY: But they are the classic practitioners of the art of politics of compromise, aren't they? Where there just isn't necessarily any right or wrong, but they have to work out a deal.

NEGUS: That's wrong, because they have a basic premise. Their basic premise is that the American system is right.

PLAYBOY: The system being what?

NEGUS: Oh, free enterprise, welfare, capitalism. I don't happen to be a subscriber to that point of view. I do think that European democratic socialism, or social democracy, is really where the world is at.

PLAYBOY: Why do you think that the Americans are wrong? They're in favor of liberty, in favor of . . .

NEGUS: They're in favor of liberty so long as you're prepared to be an American. They're quite prepared to have you be as liberal as you like, so long as you're an American liberal.

PLAYBOY: Let's retreat from politics for a second. You left Murphy and then you went to *The Financial Review?* As what?

NEGUS: A feature writer.

PLAYBOY: That was in '74. Then . . .

NEGUS: In 1975 I joined *This Day Tonight* on the ABC.

PLAYBOY: As a political reporter?

NEGUS: As a reporter. And the Loans Affair broke and they sent me on to Canberra.

PLAYBOY: What do you think that was all about?

NEGUS: A set-up.

PLAYBOY: A set-up by whom?

NEGUS: Liberals and all that lot.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Khemlani was a creature of the Liberals?

NEGUS: Yes. It was the Watergate of Australia.

PLAYBOY: In what way?

NEGUS: It was a deliberate campaign by those people. Don't forget that most politicians have only their own welfare at heart. They are about getting into power by whatever means, and the Phil Lynches and the Malcolm Frasers were about doing one thing — just getting rid of the Whitlam Government, by whatever means they could.

PLAYBOY: Are you suggesting that the Liberals sent Khemlani along to offer the loans?

NEGUS: I'm suggesting that there was a juxtaposition of a lot of mutually beneficial circumstances. Khemlani had something to gain by being used by those people. I think that there is a great conspiracy of Australian politics of the 1974-75 era which is yet to be unearthed.

PLAYBOY: What was it in your view?

NEGUS: My answer would be put as a question to you : if the CIA were not involved in Australian politics in the '74-'75 era, why weren't they?

PLAYBOY: Why should they have been?

NEGUS: Because they'd been involved in the politics of any other country that elected something even vaguely resembling a Left-wing government. Why shouldn't they be involved in Australia's affairs? I can't say that they were. I wonder why they weren't. If the CIA were not involved in Australia in that period, they weren't doing their job.

PLAYBOY: But did they have anything to fear from the Whitlam Government? Anything?

NEGUS: Of course they did.

PLAYBOY: What?

NEGUS: Pine Gap, North-west Cape, South-east Asia generally. Whitlam's attitude towards ASEAN.

PLAYBOY: But he was committed to the American alliance.

NEGUS: No, he was not. Yes, he was committed by law to ANZUS, but Pine Gap and North-west Cape have got nothing to do with those things. They exist in the real world that's got nothing to do with treaties.

PLAYBOY: Are you saying, George, that the CIA had a hand in bringing down the Whitlam Government?

NEGUS: I wouldn't know. But given the way that the CIA behave throughout the world, I'd like to know why they weren't involved in Australian politics. It is an obverse question. Why shouldn't the CIA be involved in Australian politics? They've been involved in every other country's affairs. What's so different about us? Aren't we worth it? They have to be involved. By definition. And do they ignore Australia? Answer — no.

PLAYBOY: Going back to your career, you left TDT after a fight with Fraser, is that right?

NEGUS: Yes, in the '77 election.

PLAYBOY: Were you removed politically or . . .

NEGUS: Well I say no. Others say yes.

PLAYBOY: What was the context?

NEGUS: I talked to Fraser about Phil Lynch and did two interviews about that and I went away on a holiday and I came back and the ABC department told me I was no longer required to do current affairs for the ABC in Canberra. And I ran around telling people that this was coincidental. I moved to Channel 9, subsequently on a trip to London I ran into an ABC man. He said: "I hear you're saying that you were not removed for any political reasons". And I said: "No, I'm saying that it's spineless ABC bullshit". He said: "Let me tell you that you're wrong, that Malcolm Fraser and Tony Eggleton had several conversations regarding yourself and it was agreed that you would no longer be the TDT correspondent in Canberra.

PLAYBOY: That is an unusual ring you are wearing, does it have any special significance?

NEGUS: It's my wife's wedding ring. We swapped them when we split up.

PLAYBOY: Why did you do that?

NEGUS: It was an acknowledgement of the fact that just because the marriage wasn't working didn't mean we didn't like each other. We liked each other enormously. We liked each other more and more as we got further and further apart. Well, that's not quite true. But this is a fact that I feel really chuffed about. She got married again recently and turned up on my doorstep with the new husband and asked me if I had a bed they could use for a

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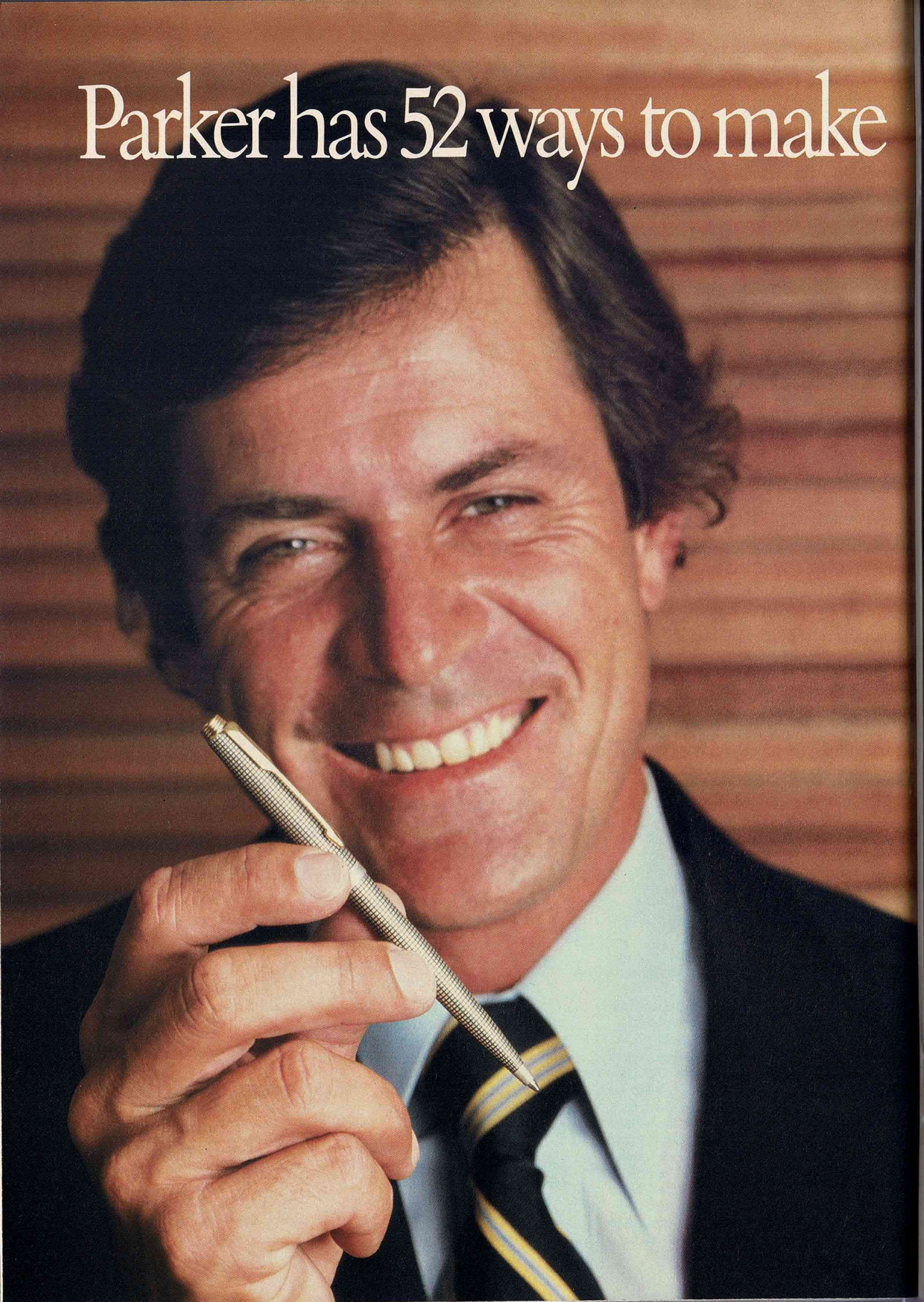

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couple of days because they wanted me to be the first to know. And that proved a point because we talked for years about being good mates even though the marriage hadn't worked. That sounds terrific, very admirable, a contemporary morality ideal, but it's different altogether from actually making it happen. I was also asked to check out the new husband a couple of years before, to see whether or not she was doing the right thing.

PLAYBOY: Just how long ago did you break up?

NEGUS: 1973.

PLAYBOY: Who left whom?

NEGUS: We left each other.

PLAYBOY: How does that happen?

NEGUS: I think I made a lot of noises about not expecting her to sit around knitting while I played political and journalist games and she took me at my word and didn't. And I came home one day and she wasn't there, but you can hardly argue when you've said what you've said. It was a bit messy for a while but I think it's worked out.

PLAYBOY: That sort of thing seems to happen in this business, doesn't it?

NEGUS: Well, I am not possessive, that is my bloody problem. I think that a lot of rather wonderful people have slipped away from me because I just can't find it in me to be jealous or possessive. I've tried, and I make a bollocks of it. I can't. I don't act like a jealous male. That's admirable. They all love that for a while. They think it's terrific. "Gee, look at him. He's not making any demands upon me whatsoever". I guess it's when they're in the arms of somebody else that you say God, maybe if I had . . . I just have to admit that I'm not possessive.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel women require you to be jealous?

NEGUS: So I've discovered. Much to my own chagrin because I'm really no bloody good at it. There are some women that I would have liked to have hung around for a little longer and I'm sure they would have had I started jumping up and down and banging fists and saying don't do that, or I'm jealous. I can't do it. I've tried. If I knew the answer, I'd probably be happily settled with some woman right now. But the interesting thing is that the women who appeal to somebody with my philosophy are truly independent. Too many think that because you're not jealous, then you don't think they're important, and the only way their importance can be signified is if you express jealousy. In fact, it's quite the opposite, if somebody else is attracted to the woman you like, then you completely understand, because *you* think she is so beautiful and intelligent that any normal male would want her.

PLAYBOY: Well, that doesn't sit with your sex symbol image, does it?

NEGUS: It doesn't, does it?

PLAYBOY: That doesn't bother you?

NEGUS: I feel very strongly about it. I do. I think the sex symbol image is very funny because any woman who knows me knows what a lot of old tripe it is. That sounds like a cute sort of thing to say except that I've got very, very strong feelings about all women and about feminism, women's individuality. I think that I believe in it more strongly than most of the women I know.

PLAYBOY: That's not the image that you give is it? I mean the image people pick up.

NEGUS: It's the image that I've been given. In fact, I would be upset if, because some television magazine decides to use phrase words such as macho, and sex symbol, to describe me, this was taken by women to mean that I'm a sexist. I'm anything but. And there are a lot of very, very free

"I thank the women of this world who sleep with me for tolerating what might be less than perfect performance."

women around the world who are all prepared to testify to that because had I been a little more sexist, they might have stayed with me. Far be it from me to say that I'm sexist just because I know where the woman I'm living with is tonight.

PLAYBOY: Is it because you do talk aggressively on TV . . . that sort of driving approach?

NEGUS: I make no apologies for my demeanor and my manner. But if my demeanor provokes other people to use words like macho and sexy, well, that's their bloody business, but it's not me. I would like to think that the women in my life would testify that I don't behave like some sex symbol. Anyway, being called a sex symbol really raises people's expectations of your sexual performance. And I'm not that good.

PLAYBOY: Come on, George, you must be good in bed?

NEGUS: Ask the women.

PLAYBOY: You're going to say "some of your best friends are women"?

NEGUS: I'm proud to be able to say just that. All of my best friends are women, or men who feel the same way that I do about women. I detest and abhor the macho sex symbol. Because I know I'm not like that. And I don't think there's a woman who knows me who would say otherwise.

PLAYBOY: That takes care of the macho sex symbol image, George.

NEGUS: You'd have to be pretty hard-pressed, wouldn't you, to give me that label. I'll tell you a funny story. A newspaper rang me up, *The Sunday Telegraph.* This chick said to me we're doing a series on eligible people and we've included you in it. I want to talk to you about your appeal and why you're eligible. Why me, I asked her. And she replies — because you are male, because you're single and as far as we know you're not gay. And I said well how do you know? And she said, Know what? And I said how do you know I'm not gay? She said well, I mean I know a lot of women who are prepared to testify otherwise. And I said maybe they're good liars. Maybe it's just a front. Ever thought about that? And she then just said gee. I said maybe you've got a better story than you thought. So she went away saying she'll come back. Then the phone rang and it was Ken Hooper, the news editor, and he said will you leave my damned reporters alone. Telling my bloody reporter you're gay. I said I didn't tell her that I was gay. I just said how do you know I'm not?

PLAYBOY: So how far does your not-jealous attitude go, George? If somebody goes off to bed with your girlfriend it must tee you off?

NEGUS: I've lived with that in the past. I mean, if you do have a working definition of freedom, you've got to accept that. And let's face it, we've all slept with people we were not intimate with, so why should it be the case that because "your girlfriend" sleeps with somebody else, therefore she's more intimate with that person than she is with you? I also have absolutely no illusions about myself at the sexual level. I am no world beater. I am a rapidly ageing trier! And I thank the women of this world who sleep with me for tolerating what might be less than perfect performance.

PLAYBOY: It must be your personality.

NEGUS: It's pretty rough you know, when you get to 40. You say why don't we stop this and have a bit of a chat. You might enjoy the conversation a lot more than the sex.

PLAYBOY: Of all the things that you've done, George — you're 39 now — what are you the proudest of? Is there something that sticks out?

NEGUS: *60 Minutes.*

PLAYBOY: No particular story?

NEGUS: No particular thing. I'm more than proud to be associated with something that's as good as it.

PLAYBOY: What is so good about this

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60 Minutes? What gives the program its consistently high ratings?

NEGUS: Because of my privileged position I do know that a lot of very talented people work very hard. It's not accidental it is good.

PLAYBOY: When you say good, there's a question about *60 Minutes,* and the question is that it's the first time that journalism has been made into mass entertainment. Perhaps it's not the first attempt but it certainly is the most successful. Are you proud of the fact that it works, that it has the ratings, or what?

NEGUS: I'm proud that we've managed to make the compromise successfully between our own professionalism and what causes people to watch. I'm quite happy to have my name and my face with anything that goes to air under the *60 Minutes* logo. I'm not ashamed of anything I put to air. Now if my own professional needs are satisfied, and at the same time a lot of other people's viewing needs are also satisfied, then what more could you ask for?

PLAYBOY: What's frustrating about it?

NEGUS: It'll come as a great shock to Gerald Stone — but the amount of material that we throw away can be frustrating. In fact, I often cry tears of blood at what we throw away. We throw away stuff that's good enough for everybody else to put to air. That may sound immodest but it's true. It's because of the style . . .

PLAYBOY: The style?

NEGUS: The format of the program. We don't run straight interviews very often, and we never run any long interviews. Most of it is arresting, short snappy grabs and that means a lot of very interesting stuff, the stuff that's interesting, but not in the *60 Minutes* style, never gets to air. A really classic example is the Peacock interview where I wrote a story for the Sydney *Sun* using stuff from the *60 Minutes* interview that never went to air. It was one of those intuitive things. I remembered when we did the interview I got a transcript made and tucked it in my drawer and left it there. I knew that that interview had a lot more clout and a lot more mileage left in it than what we put to air.

PLAYBOY: Do you find you are still improving as an interviewer?

NEGUS: I'm pleased that there is a greater flexibility in my style; I can be aggressive and then laid back.

PLAYBOY: A woman asked me to ask you why you must always take the aggressive approach.

NEGUS: That's nonsense, absolute crap. That person's remarks upset me because interviewing really is a horses for courses thing. So far as politicians and celebrities are concerned, they're really open season. Anybody who sets themselves up as arbitrator of right or wrong, good and evil, deserves to be got at, I reckon. Politicians, religious leaders, academics, celebrities — they fall in that category.

PLAYBOY: Do you find it hard to psych yourself to take on people like that?

NEGUS: Psyching is what it's all about. But I mean, you don't just psych yourself up to take on somebody. You psych yourself to adopt the right approach to whoever you're interviewing. So after all the research has been done, all the reading has been done, and you throw it away and let your intuition go, you allow yourself to react to the person. But I really do get steamed up when people suggest that I'm aggressive. Being direct is quite different from being aggressive — or abrasive, which is the bloody word that critics often use to describe me. My mother gets very upset when she reads that.

PLAYBOY: Has anybody cried?

NEGUS: Hawke. Hawke's cried. But the toughest, most difficult interviews are with ordinary people because there is no prize for being a smart arse with somebody who's scared of the camera and doesn't know what it's about.

PLAYBOY: When did Hawke cry?

NEGUS: It was about the family and uranium and he was taking a very different stance on uranium from his family. He was saying he thought it was an inevitability and his daughter was getting dragged off by the cops at demonstrations. And he cracked up . . . he got through the questions, and then he just cracked up. And he muttered a four-letter word.

PLAYBOY: He did?

NEGUS: The tears were really streaming down his face.

PLAYBOY: Was that on TV?

NEGUS: This is a sort of indication of the man — I said there's going to be a lot of pressure on me to use as much of that as I possibly can. And he said I trust your judgement, you do what you've got to do. And we put it to air with tears and things like that. We just cut out the magic word.

PLAYBOY: When you say that you use all the tricks in interviewing, what sort of things are you talking about? What tricks do you use?

NEGUS: Oh, inverted questions, creeping up from behind. Being not entirely frank when you tell them what you're going to talk about. My favorite anecdote on that score is Gough, who once asked me what are we going to talk about? If I can possibly avoid it, I never tell anybody what I'm going to talk about. Usually say something like, oh, unemployment or inflation or leadership. You know, absolutely meaningless nonsense. And in this case Gough asked me what I was going to talk about and I said Life. And he said that sounds like a sufficiently specific topic for me.

PLAYBOY: Have any of them ever beaten you? I mean, have you ever found yourself sitting there with your mouth open with an interviewee who's slipped out from under you?

NEGUS: I can't remember ever sitting there with my mouth open, but I can indeed remember not getting from the interview what I wanted to get.

PLAYBOY: What's the basic pleasure in your interviewing?

NEGUS: The great intellectual buzz, if I can be so pretentious about interviewing, is hoping you can make all the questions as interesting as you'd like the answers to be.

PLAYBOY: That's tackling a hard one, isn't it?

NEGUS: I said that to Jane Fonda actually. She had asked me what my approach to interviews was — the only two people to ever ask me that were Fonda and Jack Lemmon. And I gave them both the same answer. I said, Christ, with people like you who've spent half your life answering questions, you try even harder to make your own questions a little bit different and interesting.

PLAYBOY: How do you do it though? How do you make every question interesting? It's all in the reaction, you get, isn't it?

NEGUS: Yes. You know what you'd like to ask, you keep that in the back of your mind and then feed it in. So you're getting through what you want to get through, but you are also responding to what they say quite easily anyway. You divide your mind into what you want to ask and the reaction to what they've got to say. I do feel quite strongly that as a reporter's art, interviewing has never been investigated. I've talked to a publisher about it. He wants me to write a book, called something like *The Dynamics of the Interview.* It would be partly autobiographical and partly a somewhat serious attempt to work out the incredible psychology that goes on during an interview. I've been offered heaps of money over the years just to teach people how to be interviewed by people like me.

PLAYBOY: What sort of people do this?

NEGUS: Politicians are one example. I know that press secretaries and the like try to put politicians through their paces and say now when Negus says this, you say that. And when he says this, you say the other thing. This happened in the 1977 election when I had an enormous blue with Fraser on

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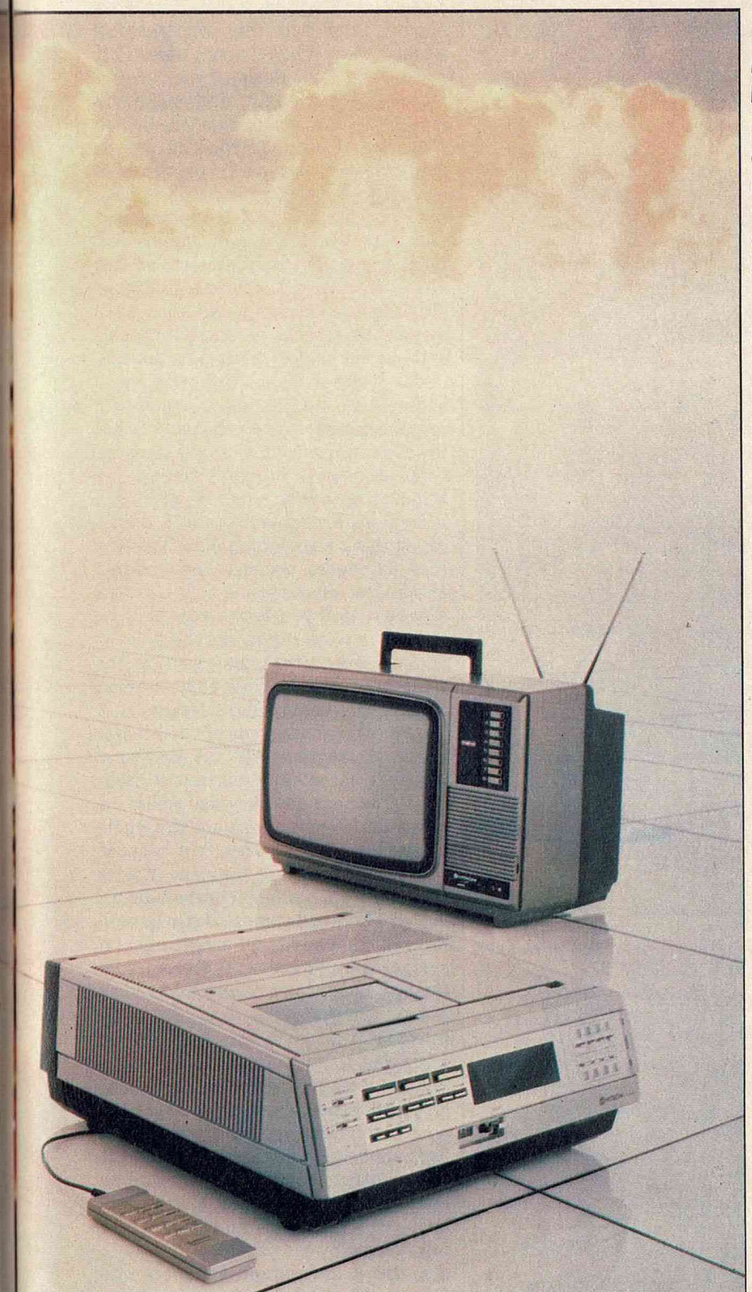

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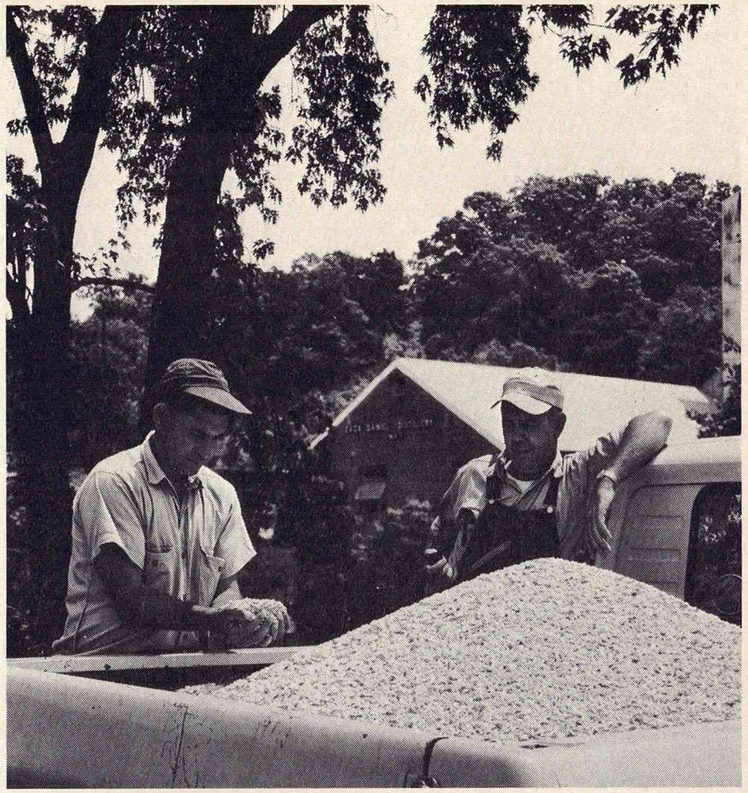

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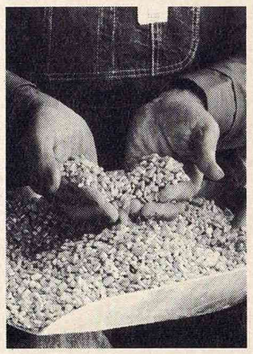

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camera that we have already talked about. They had this whole thing worked out. When I mentioned Phil Lynch and land deals, Fraser would attack me personally and make me look like such a shit that the whole issue would be diverted. This was a deliberate political tactic on the part of the Fraser strategists to dissipate the entire issue — to turn it on me and make me look like a nasty person mentioning Lynch's personal affairs at the time when Lynch was ill. Fraser did it all so perfectly. As soon as I mentioned Lynch, he went "whack" and abused me for about five minutes and I just sat there. But what they hadn't done was anticipate what my response might be. At the end of this tirade of abuse from Fraser about me being a nasty, horrible person for bringing up Lynch's private affairs, I looked at Fraser and said I didn't really think that's the point. Then he just fell apart because they hadn't anticipated my response.

PLAYBOY: Had you been aware that he was going to go at you like that?

NEGUS: Well, I was just waiting for something. And as soon as he started abusing me personally, I twigged. It is interesting that some of the Liberal Party strategists told me privately that, yes, there was a plan and it backfired. The next day they had to have a press conference to explain the whole thing. Not the interview, but because they didn't dissipate the issue, Fraser had to have a conference where he revealed his own business dealings and his own company trust arrangements, everything. I went to the press conference and just sat there and didn't say anything.

PLAYBOY: That gives you a real charge, I imagine, to get out ahead like that?

NEGUS: Yes, it does. Because for so long, television was regarded as the poor second cousin. We were accused continuously of only following the newspapers. I think the boot's rapidly going to the other foot. Our scrapbooks are full of *60 Minutes* stories followed up by the papers.

PLAYBOY: I understand you were into religion. How did that come about?

NEGUS: Because everyone was then, at school, in Queensland. There was no Vietnam war, there was no cause to fight. We were too young to be angry young men. It's what you did. It was damn near trendy. I regard it as my own self-righteous period but, funnily, thinking my way out of religion led to a set of political values and then a set of philosophical values, I suppose.

PLAYBOY: When you say religion, were you an adherent of any group?

NEGUS: I was into born-again stuff without being born-again and just the fundamentals of Christianity. I preached as a Methodist lay preacher for a while.

PLAYBOY: Really? At 18?

NEGUS: No, at 17.

PLAYBOY: How did you actually get into preaching?

NEGUS: Other kids at school. They were all into it and you were out of step if you weren't. The Billy Graham crusades came on at about that time, so we jumped on that band wagon. It gave us something to do other than just school work and sport, you know. Prayer meetings, Bible readings and all that sort of nonsense and I think it's because at that age you need to feel or to be competent to know what the hell life's all about.

PLAYBOY: Do you still think you were right then?

NEGUS: No, I think I was completely wrong then, but it was an invaluable experience, the thought process. It sparked off thought processes that I don't think ever stopped. I think it was probably the single greatest experience of my life in that it forced me to think, to think my way through religion. And once I thought my way through religion I let myself move from there to all sorts of things.

PLAYBOY: I understand you're also a poet. What's your latest about?

NEGUS: It's not called *Oh Zimbabwe,* as Stevie Wonder would put it, but it's called *"Oh, oh Zimbabwe.* Another recent one was called not *Trans-Atlantic Man,* but *Trans-Atlantic Madness.* And the third one I wrote on the last trip is called *Cruel to be Kind,* which is all about Master Sergeant Samuel Doe's rather bloody coup in Liberia — but who the hell wants to read poetry that is about Liberia anyway?

PLAYBOY: Nobody.

NEGUS: Or, for that matter, Robert Mugabe. Or, for that matter, my version of Tom Wolfe?

PLAYBOY: What do you mean — your "version of Tom Wolfe"?

NEGUS: Well, *Trans-Atlantic Madness* is sort of about sudden transition. I mean, let's face it, the *60 Minutes* lifestyle is culture shock turned into a lifestyle.

PLAYBOY: What's your feeling about the world? Do you think we're going to blow each other up?

NEGUS: I hope it's in a state of flux. It is a question of whether or not the people who do appear to handle all the power recognise it as being in a state of flux. If I could throw as much doubt and confusion into people's minds as possible, I'd be very happy because what worries me is being definite, being absolute, being convinced, being prejudicial. If I can upset a few home truths, knock a few ideological attitudes around a bit, I'd be very happy.

PLAYBOY: Some people think, George, that the natural progression after teacher to preacher to TV journalist would be politician. What do you reckon about that?

NEGUS: I know too much about politics to ever get involved in it.

PLAYBOY: Australian newspapers today are offering less and less overseas copy, whereas *60 Minutes* is looking more and more overseas. Who worked that out?

NEGUS: Well, I think for a start it's the essential romantic ingredient of the program. It's the adventures of three reporters rather than a current affairs program, and Australians like the idea of Australian reporters being seen in exotic, or ridiculous, international locations. But for so long the only international stuff we ever saw, the only reporters we ever saw in war zones, or trouble spots, or refugee camps, or interviewing international celebrities had British or American accents, so Australians are getting a huge kick out of the whole idea that local lads are doing it. That is, I think, one of the essential aspects of the program's success.

"I went from Sydney to Miami, to El Salvador, to New York, to London, back to New York, to Zimbabwe, to Liberia, to London and home."

PLAYBOY: It is sort of a vicarious experience for the viewer, like he's there with them?

NEGUS: Yes. We deliberately involve ourselves intimately in the story. Instead of doing, say, a *Four Corners* or a documentary-type approach, and standing back and pontificating, we actually do involve ourselves quite consciously in the story so that the audience can identify with us because of our recognisability. I mean, what would be the point of doing a program like ours, spending the money we've spent, if it's just a hollow Negus voice somewhere in the background from a soundbooth talking over the top of film that anybody could have shot? Whereas if you actually are climbing up the bloody mountain or ducking behind the barricades or stepping over dead bodies or poking your tongue out at Jane Fonda, Australians can see that it's you, it's actually us doing it. The other aspect of the international input is a totally practical one. When we work overseas, we work so much more easily. I mean you hit a place and you're totally preoccupied by the story so you work like a maniac for four or five days, finish, send the stuff home and you're on the next location. Whereas here you've got diversions like different producers wanting your time at different times and at the same time. Working on three or four different ideas simultaneously, other intrusions like what is laughingly called your private life. You can't work with the same obsessional fervor on a story idea. I mean, if we hit a place — say when I went to El Salvador — I was only there for two reasons. One, to find out what El Salvador was all about and, two, to find out enough about it to do the story. So you eat, sleep, breathe, walk, talk the story. You're living with the guys you're doing the story with, so you're not boring the pants off your intimates and your friends, and their associates, by talking just about your work all the time, because the people that you're with are also talking about their work all the time, and it's the same work. On that last trip, I did seven stories in six weeks overseas, and that included going around the world one and a half times in six weeks. I went from Sydney to Miami, to El Salvador, to New York, to London, back to New York, to Johannesburg, to Zimbabwe, to Liberia, to London and then home.

PLAYBOY: You wouldn't know what town you're in, would you?

NEGUS: No, not half the time. But we did seven stories in six weeks. There's no way in the world I could do seven stories in six weeks here in Australia. There are those little factors, like overseas we're just another television crew; nobody has a clue who we are. We become so recognised while here in Australia that people are interested in what we're doing because they know who we are, and that can occasionally be a time-wasting thing which you've got to put up with if . . . you've got to wear, if you like, the repercussions of the success of the program. If *60 Minutes* set up its cameras in an Australian street, or a building, or an office, or anywhere, people immediately know who you are or what you're doing and that does get in the way because all the usual bumph goes on, you know, saying gidday and signing autographs and stuff like that.

PLAYBOY: What do the audiences think about it? I mean there're good reasons for you blokes liking to do all the overseas stories, but do you get any research on whether people would prefer more local ones?

NEGUS: Most of the reaction to the current balance is favorable. And let's face it, no matter how original you like

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to think your thinking is, it's not easy to come up with original local story ideas. What we like to think is that when we do it we do it differently and we occasionally do break through a barrier that nobody's been able to break through ever before. Like the Peacock interview, the repercussions of that haven't finished yet.

PLAYBOY: You mean his statement that we should withdraw recognition of the Pol Pot regime in Kampuchea?

NEGUS: Yes, it all stemmed from that. The blue that he and Fraser had over Pol Pot hasn't stopped yet (after the resignation) and that was just a result of a quiet fireside chat with Andrew Peacock on his property one Sunday afternoon. It's just harder to produce the same goods locally.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a quota?

NEGUS: Yes, a very simple quota. We each have to get a story to air every single week.

PLAYBOY: Tell me, do you have any trouble talking to the camera? What techniques do you use?

NEGUS: I don't know. I do not know what is going on in my own head. I think what has happened is that I now write so close to the way I speak, because television journalism is so much about the ease of conversation, because you've got to write for people, to watch and listen to what you're saying, not read it. There's very little difference now in the way I talk in a normal conversation and the way I deliver a television piece. Therefore, when I get up to it, I write my stand-up (talking directly to the camera) out in longhand, and for the producer's benefit, I reproduce it in lettered form, and by the time I've done it a second time it's in here and I'm buggered if I know how. It's an aspect of my own thought process that I still just do not understand.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by you "reproduce it in lettered form"?

NEGUS: Well, I print it so they can read it because when I write it in longhand nobody can understand it. So that he can put it in his file for the structure of the story. After I've written it and I'm satisfied with it in longhand, I'll reproduce it in print and by the time I've finished printing it, 90 percent of the time, I can stand in front of the camera and say it. I am fascinated to work out how that happens because I don't really know. Other reporters do it differently. Ray ad libs and ad libs until he can get just the ad lib that he wants. Ian learns it all by rote, I understand. And takes a long while to get it and then gets it. I write it, then do it. I'm not suggesting that it's a better way. It's a sort of an amazing marriage. When I say amazing I'm not saying the performance is amazing, it's a fascinating marriage of conversationalese and journalese, so I just don't understand it. It's just wonderment to me.

PLAYBOY: Then you're very lucky, because it worries the hell out of most people, doesn't it — speaking directly to the camera without a script?

NEGUS: If I had to go through what most people had to go through to do a stand-up I wouldn't do them. I've seen blokes panicking and walking up and down. In El Salvador there was this Yank with his little notebook, bloody mortars going off all around him, blokes yelling and screaming, military manoeuvres, and he's walking up and down learning his stand-up. Now that's one situation where a bit of natural ad lib might not have gone astray. And here's this dickhead marching with his bit of paper, "And today in El Salvador," he says. The cameraman was saying "Come on, Bill, we've got to get this done, mate. We've got to get on the plane." "Just a minute I haven't got this right yet."

"I'm getting a little bit tired of people telling me I'm the highest-paid journalist and the lowest-paid celebrity in the country."

PLAYBOY: So you're not one of these guys who needs a few swift drinks to ease into it?

NEGUS: Definitely not. In fact I'd say that alcohol is debilitating. The older I get, the more aware of this I become. I certainly don't need booze as a stimulus — maybe as a comfort on occasions. But anybody who pretends that being pissed or being hung-over doesn't make your work harder is lying.

PLAYBOY: The demands of your job — working for 24 hours at a stretch, hurtling across the world at a moment's notice, and being gone for weeks — is it a worthwhile trade-off? It must screw up the rest of your life.

NEGUS: Probably I have placed my private life in a state of suspended animation. I mean I wouldn't expect the other people in my life, be they the women I'm involved with, or friends, or anyone else, to put up with the way I live. I'm pleased that there are enough women and enough close friends who can understand what *60 Minutes* is about and can wear the intrusions that it's made into my life and, therefore, in theirs. I've drifted apart from some old friends, which worries me a little. I'm hoping that those who remain are good enough friends for them to weather the *60 Minutes* storm, if you like. I just can't see how you can do it any other way. I think we realised when we went into it that it was as far removed from a nine-to-five occupation as you can ever imagine anything would be. But quite frankly, there's nothing I can think of that I prefer. I would hate to be taken to the bloody brink and asked to make a choice between what I'm doing now and any person. It would be a very difficult bloody decision to make.

PLAYBOY: But obviously, you're not thinking of forever being on the road, flying around the world as a reporter?

NEGUS: Well, I don't know about that. I mean at this frenetic pace, although it works because it is frenetic, if I fulfil my three-year contract now, it will be six years with *60 Minutes,* which will be a world record for me because I've never had a job for longer than three years. But I've already begun thinking about what happens next. And I don't think that will come as any great shock to my colleagues or my employer.

PLAYBOY: Where are you heading personally? And do you have any big ambition left?

NEGUS: No, I guess I don't. I couldn't give a stuff. I'm not driven by ambition, success, money, or competition. I'm driven by whatever accumulated set of characteristics make up my own being, which happens to be me. People keep telling me how you've got to be driven by competition and money motives and so forth. I've apparently succeeded in my chosen profession without being driven by those things. I'm quite sure I'm being ripped-off right now, quite frankly. I'm getting a little bit tired of people telling me that I'm the highest-paid journalist and the lowest-paid celebrity in the country.

PLAYBOY: Which brings up the big question of just how much money you are earning?

NEGUS: That is the only question I will avoid answering, because I just don't think it's fair, because of other people involved. I would assume the three reporters on *60 Minutes* are earning the same money, I don't know. I know I'm earning more money than I ever imagined I would earn as a journalist. My aspirations as a journalist were that if I could ever achieve the super-A grade salary then I would have been in a pinnacle situation. I never did imagine for a moment that I would be sitting down in the Grill at the London Hilton with Kerry Packer horse-trading over what I could earn.

THE FLOGGING

Illustration by Ward O'Neill

the astonishing account of a man who was tied to a triangle in melbourne's pentridge jail and flogged with a cat-o'-nine tails until his back was raw and the blood pooled at his feet . . . . as told by william j. o'meally

THE MORNING of April 1 dawned bright and clear. Although I could not see the sun or sky, I could feel a warm breeze filtering through the narrow opening in the opaque window high up on the back wall of my cell.

The sound of approaching footsteps along the corridor outside the cell made me halt and listen. Muted voices floated in. Then keys rattled and the thick bolt of the door was slammed aside. Five prison guards crowded the doorway. "Get your shirt off!" one of them ordered.

I took it off. The guards then fell on me. I was half dragged, half carried along the deserted corridor to a small room in "A" Division. There before my eyes was the triangle, the devil's instrument of torture. Not until I was actually face to face with it had I ever really believed that such a thing could still exist. It was bigger than I had expected and had the menacing look of something designed solely to inflict pain. I shuddered as I gazed at the medieval apparatus and I thought, "My God! I wonder how many have died on this thing!"

Rough hands lifted me off the ground. Both my hands were thrust upwards and then manacled at the wrists to the triangle. My ankles were then strapped to the base, with my toes just clear of the floor. A leather belt was put around my neck and a wider one around my body to cover the kidney area.

The cat-o'-nine tails with which I was to be flogged was composed of nine lengths of whipcord, knotted and weighted with leaden tips. The tails of the cat are about a metre long and the handle some 50 centimetres. The total weight is supposed to be 250 grams, but when it's soaked in vinegar and weighted with lead, it weighs well over half a kilo.

When I was secured firmly to the triangle, the governor of the prison read the court's direction: " . . . you will be given 12 strokes of the cat-o'-nine-tails by the order of Mr Justice Hudson." He stopped reading and gazed around the small room at the seven guards and doctor. He then went on. "Are you officers prepared for the flogging which is about to take place on this occasion?"

They nodded.

It was a strange moment. I think the prison officers felt, as I did, that the normal laws of time had been suspended and we were back in the barbarous past.

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In May 1952, I had been framed for a crime I did not do or take part in and was sentenced to death. However, the death sentence was later commuted to imprisonment for "The Term Of His Natural Life". From that moment my life was geared to one thing: escape! I failed to see why I, an innocent man, should have to spend the rest of my days in prison. The shocking part about the whole matter was this. I could establish proof of my wrongful conviction, and I could show where perjury had been committed and evidence that could have freed me suppressed. But the doors of the courts were closed to me. Therefore, I looked for a way out of that grim bluestone fortress called Pentridge.

During the first year of my incarceration, I was thrown into the medieval cages of the punishment section no less than 20 times for possessing escape equipment. And despite the fact that I was bashed and starved, this did not deter me.

In the abnormal world of which I was part, nothing changed but the date on the calendar. I paced the tiny bare cell thinking and looking for a weakness. I tried the bars of the cell, the walls, the ceiling and the floor. I dug tunnels and hid, but was caught on each occasion.

Theoretically, of course, nobody is ever starved or beaten in prison, but the probes into warder brutality in 1970, '72, '76 and '78 by Royal Commissions have shown quite a different story. Nevertheless, the turnkey has the right to use whatever force he thinks is necessary. The assaults on my body were constant and bloody.

My punishment cell was a cold, bare dungeon without lights, toilet facilities or water. I was in irons for months. There was no such thing as a change of clothes or bath. My hair was knotted, unkempt and a hairy growth covered my face. I smelled like an open sewer and looked like the devil they had branded me. I did not know the time, the day, the week, the month or the year.

During those dark years in the cage I really don't know how many times my mind reached the stage of depression. I often wondered what I would do if I couldn't escape. One day I had a very deep depression and I began to think about the kind of life I was living. I was only existing in body form. My soul was dead inside me. I was a puppet moving on command, without purpose. I began to think of death. I hated myself, my existence. I took out my secret blade from my anus and looked at it. I could escape, but it would not establish my wrongful conviction. No! I had to fight on. I had to escape to tell the world what they had done to me.

The morning of what was to be my last escape dawned dark and rainy. In the prison workshop my friend Jack and I had already donned specially made trousers and shirts under our prison garb. An automatic was tucked neatly in a strengthened jockstrap under Jack's trousers. I stole a small lock and key from the overseer's office and pocketed it. I was hoping it would not be missed until after we had left the workshop.

The hour of mid-day was striking when Jack and I were impatiently waiting outside of the governor's office to see the visiting magistrate when the nearby main gates swung open. This was a moment in a million! We would not have to take the governor and magistrate as hostages after all. I looked at Jack. He nodded. His thoughts had run on the same pattern as mine.

Jack ran for the grille gate just as the gatekeeper was about to lock it. At that precise time I stepped forward and grabbed at the guard who was standing in front of me.

"Don't make a move!" I hissed as I dug a finger into his back.

"Don't shoot!" he begged. "I'll do as you say!"

At the gate, Jack demanded that the gatekeeper open it and give him the key.

"What ortority you got?" came the thick Central European accent.

"This!" snapped Jack, poking the automatic into his ribs.

"Well now, dat's different," the gatekeeper said.

The next moment he had pushed the heavy gate into Jack's face, and, for a brief moment Jack was thrown off balance by the sudden attack. It was time enough for the guard to throw the key out on to the lawn, not far from where I was standing. Jack quickly recovered and brought the butt of the gun down hard on the man's head. The guard fell forward,

grabbed Jack's gun hand and tried to wrest it from him. There was a flashing of light and a loud crack. The guard crumpled, holding his leg.

Meanwhile, I pushed the guard in front of me aside and ran to the grille gate which was now open. I quickly closed it and snapped on my own lock and locked it. We were now between gates with 10 guards. Every second counted. We would really have to act quickly, otherwise we would come in for crossfire from the guards on the two gun towers facing the main street.

We herded the guards into a small room and locked the door. We next dismantled the telephone junction box and ran to the arsenal room, but found it locked. Jack then hurried to the visiting boxes. He was only gone a few seconds when he returned with a big fat guard.

"Open up the front gate," Jack demanded, "or you're dead!"

"Don't shoot! I'll open it!"

The man lost no time in doing as he was told. He soon had it open.

"You — you won't tell anyone, will you?" he begged. His blue eyes were wide with fear, naked fear.

"We won't. Now get back to your hole and shut up. If you put your head out I'll put a hole in it!"

The guard did not need a second telling; he scuttled back along the passage like a rat.

We stepped out of the prison into a blaze of sunlight. The escape had taken no longer than a minute. Jack looked at the right side gun tower and I took in the left tower. The guards on both paced up and down, unaware that an escape was in progress.

Casually, but ever alert, we walked down the path to the main road. Then without hesitation, we crossed the road to the garage opposite. There was only one car there and it was being serviced by a mechanic with his head under the bonnet. I grabbed him by the shoulder and pulled him away.

"We want the car!" snapped Jack.

"It's not mine!"

"Shut up!" snarled Jack, "or I'll ram the barrel of this thing down your neck!"

"Okay! Take it! But just don't hurt me!" he begged.

"Jump in, Jack!" I urged.

We were well underway in just a couple of seconds, but the guards were now right behind us. The bullets came whizzing, zinging, thudding. At that precise moment, it became a very elementary proposition: escape, kill or be killed. We had no intention of ever being recaptured.

Just up ahead were the railway lines. We hit them hard and the utility shook from bumper to bumper. The rear end whipped around and we went into a convulsive spin. Jack fought desperately to bring the vehicle back under control without result. We slid sideways and came to a grinding stop.

But, in seconds, we shot forward again with a roar. The bullets kept coming. One bullet smashed the rear window. Other cars on the road gave us right of way.

"Give me the gun!" I demanded. "Maybe I can hit the tyres or radiator of the nearest car!"

He gave me the automatic and I quickly let several shots off without result. "Turn it, Jack! Get around the first corner we come to!"

"Okay!" He jerked the steering wheel savagely to the right and the vehicle fish-tailed, smashed into a fire hydrant and turned over . . .

"Our gazes locked . . . I formed an impression of eyes burning with a lust for flesh and blood, suffering and torment."

Several seconds later, I crawled from beneath the utility, wiping the blood from my face, to see that Jack and I had been surrounded by prison guards. We were quickly searched, thrown to the ground and hog-tied with thick rope. Once again I had failed to escape.

Almost a year later Jack and I were found guilty of armed escape and occasioning actual bodily harm. On the first charge we received four years and on the second charge, six years with a flogging of the cat-o'-nine tails.

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There was a deep silence in the small room. The turnkeys who had been talking and laughing among themselves looked toward the door which was on my left and a little behind, so that I could only catch a glimpse of the person who had just entered. But by straining my head sideways, I managed to catch a glimpse of the flogger.

He stood a little to my left and gazed intently at me from behind a black mask which covered his eyes, nose and the upper part of his beefy face. He was a tall man, weighing roughly 100 kilos. He ran the strands of the "cat" lovingly through his thick fingers and, weird as it sounds, he was smiling. In the brief instant our gazes locked I formed an impression of eyes burning with a lust for flesh and blood, suffering and torment, and I realised there would be no limit to this man's behavior. This was definitely no anonymous civil servant. I became aware that making one's flesh creep was no idle figure of speech. Mine was. This monster could strip the flesh from my body and kill me.

"Is the prisoner secured?" asked the governor.

"Yes, sir!" came the reply.

"Then let the punishment begin."

"Stroke one!"

The flogger did not need a second invitation. He was, indeed, very eager to begin. He balanced himself on both feet and then his arm shot diagonally across his body. The tails of the cat whined for a split second and then exploded on the right side of my rib cage. I gasped loudly as the savage blow knocked the wind out of my lungs. The blood oozed out and began to flow freely down my side. I bit my tongue and my mouth quickly filled with blood. I vomited.

"Stroke two!"

The flogger set himself again, ran the bloodied tails of the whip through his fingers and wiped his hand down the side of his trousers. Once again the cat hissed as it came down. I tried desperately to brace myself, but it was useless. The cruel talons found my ribs and I screamed in agony. My body felt as though it was on fire. A great weight seemed to be crushing my chest. Again I vomited. The blood mixed with vomit splattered on the screws standing nearby.

"Don't put the cat on my ribs!" I bellowed. "Put the damned thing on my back!"

For a brief sweating moment after my outburst there was a tense silence. Then the man actually laughed. It was like something out of a bad movie about the Inquisition.

"Don't try and tell me my job!" he snarled. "I'll put it where it will do the most good!"

"You animal!" I fumed aloud. "You weren't born! You were hatched by the sun!"

"Gag him! I won't take that kind of talk from anyone!"

Several guards rushed forward. One stuffed a piece of cloth into my bleeding mouth. I fought desperately but my efforts were futile. The cloth filled my mouth, almost choking me. When they were satisfied that I could do nothing more than mumble, they stepped aside. The doctor then looked at me for a fleeting second and having satisfied himself that I could breathe, nodded to the flogger.

"Stroke three!" came the order.

The cat sang as it flashed through the air. Its tormenting tips bit deeply into my now fully exposed side. I felt the flesh being lifted, pulled viciously away. My body trembled with the violation. I whimpered and groaned.

"Stroke four!"

I closed my eyes as the lash bit deeply on raw bone. I winced as it clung and refused to let go. The right side of my trousers was scarlet, a large pool of red blood and pieces of flesh covered the floor at my feet.

"Stroke five!"

The flogger was really enjoying himself. Again and again he ran the talons of the whip through his fingers, pulling the pieces of flesh away. Then with all the strength he could muster he brought his beloved instrument of torture down on my bloodied side. The nerves in my side rebelled at this violation and sent wave after wave of pain pulsating through every fibre of my crippled body.

"Stroke six!"

The cat smashed into my ribs. It lingered a while as if to satisfy its thirst. I began to float in a delirium. I could still feel the agonising pain but the caring was gone. Maybe death wouldn't be so bad after all.

"Stroke seven!"

Down came the punishing tails of the lash to bite deeper and deeper into my side. And as I hung there with my arms and legs suspended from the triangle, my mind receded into an infinity of misery.

"Stroke eight!"

I had now passed through the threshold of suffering. I no longer felt the smothering in my lungs, the choking in my mouth. I no longer felt the weight of my body pulling me down. I no longer dreaded the touch of the cat.

"Stroke nine!"

My fears were completely gone. I drifted on a level of unconsciousness where I lost all concept of myself. Only the steady rhythm of the lash had any real meaning.

"Stroke ten!"

The whip came down and took its toll of flesh and blood. I did not know the flogger as a man any more. He was a force of evil, and the cat-o'-nine-tails was his messenger of destruction.

"Stroke eleven!"

The cat hissed as it flew through the air. But I was beyond it, I was beyond myself.

"Stroke twelve!"

I drifted through an endless ocean of nothingness as the cruel fingers gouged their way into the gaping, crimson wound. And in the darkness of my mind I became one with myself.

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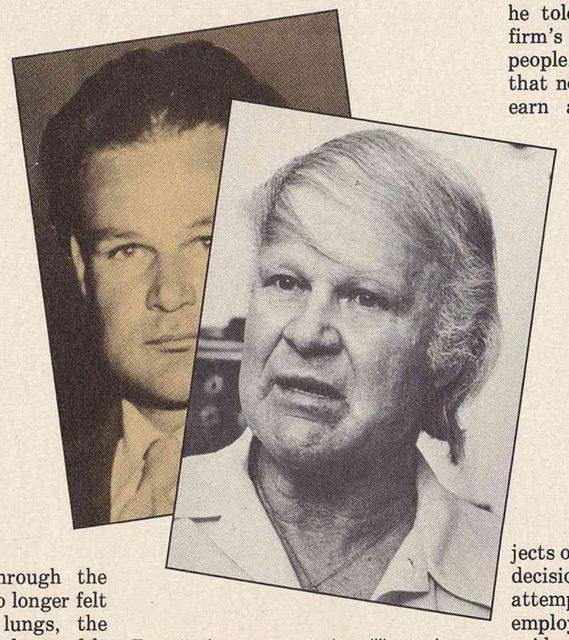
In my opinion there is no such thing as a deterrent. Time itself has proven this. Only a few decades ago criminals were hanged and flogged to death for trivial offences, but that did not stop others from committing similar offences. The explanation is simple: pain and suffering cannot be transmitted from one person to another. So that today whenever I hear the courts speak of deterrents, I shake my head with disgust. The only way to deter men from committing further offences is to understand their motives. Treat them with decency and understanding, not as animals.



Twenty-three years and a million ugly memories separate these two pictures taken of O'Meally in 1952 and 1975.

During my long years in the punishment section of Pentridge's "H" (Hell) Division, many inmates passed through its doors of torture. There were quite a few who didn't make it: they killed themselves. Some maimed themselves while others went mad and finished up in the asylum. However, most of those who eventually gained their freedom committed further violent crimes against a society which had allowed them to be brutalised, and filled with hatred.

When I was first released after a lifetime of imprisonment, I had literally forgotten what the outside world was like. I was completely disoriented, unable to cope with the simplest aspects of everyday living, like producing the right change on a bus ride. Even crossing the street was fraught with danger. On one occasion I was almost knocked down by a car. Even my clothes felt odd and it was a long time before I became used to them. Mixing with and talking to the opposite sex made be very embarrassed.

I think my worst experience took place when I applied for work. The manager of the business seemed very eager to employ me. That is, until I informed him I had just been released from prison. His dark eyes narrowed. "I don't employ bloody criminals," he snarled. "Get off my premises or I'll call the police!"

From then on I learned to hide the invisible stripe. I applied for and got a good position, but when the owner found out that I was an ex-prisoner, he told me politely it was not the firm's policy to employ convicted people. I was staggered. It seemed that no one wanted an ex-prisoner to earn an honest living. The word "rehabilitation" echoed in my mind with a hollow sound. Instead of helping me, everyone was putting me down! I felt it deeply. Nevertheless, I persisted and finally found work, but at the same time I realised why so many ex-prisoners turn to crime again and again.

Police are conditioned to perceive some classes of people as being potentially dangerous and go about their work accordingly. Laws are broken by many people for many reasons. However, those suspects who fit the current social type of criminal are the ones who become objects of police suspicion and of judicial decision making. A policeman in attempting to solve crimes must employ, in the absence of concrete evidence, circumstantial indicators to link specific crimes with specific people. Police are influenced by such factors as unusual clothes, hair styles, any deviation from the norm.

I suggest the best way to prevent youngsters from becoming hardened criminals is not to put them in jails but to put them in foster or small group homes where they can get the love and understanding they so badly need. The cost would be very small compared with keeping them in an institution, so that society would gain in the long run.

Today, as a free man, I am still endeavoring to clear my own name. However, the dark years of my life are behind me. I've forgotten the torture, the pain and the ones who wanted me to remain. The sun shines and the birds sing especially for me and I am happy with my new-found freedom.

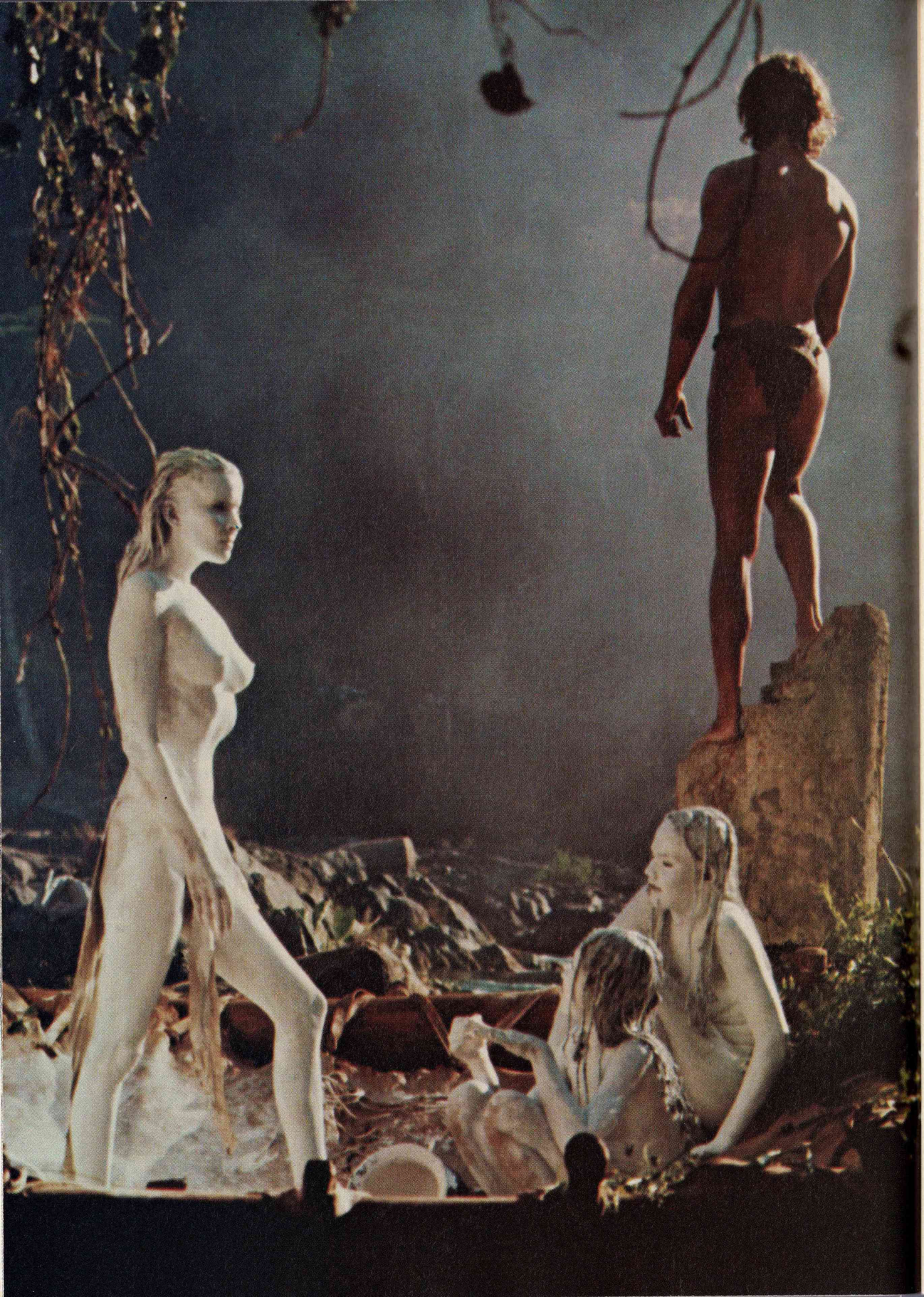
You Tarzan, me BO

SHE DID IT did to Dudley Moore *10* times over, so it is no surprise that Bo Derek has the king of the jungle falling out of his tree in the re-make of *Tarzan, the Ape Man.* Even the local orang-utan gets excited at the sight of Hollywood's latest Jane. Out of view, but in no way of mind, is Tarzan's real-life rival, Bo's husband, John Derek, who set up the deal for the picture, not without some hassles, and directs it. One problem was that the producer, Bo herself, wanted the ex-boxer Lee Canalito to play the Ape Man. "Too fat," said John. He plumped for actor Myles O'Keefe for the part. You can see O'Keefe and Bo above waiting for a scene to be shot. Says Bo of the role of Jane: "I don't act, I pretend and react. And Myles doesn't speak much in the film. So that makes it easy to pretend you're in the jungle with this beautiful thing who doesn't speak and who you don't know. You're getting to know each other through emotions and expressions." Getting to know each other brought the jungle couple into a close encounter with a jealous orang-utan, CJ, who didn't like the idea of Tarzan and Jane having

Photography by John Derek.

any fun without him. You can see the sequence of events from bottom left and across the top of these pages, as CJ drags Tarzan off of Jane. John Derek let the cameras roll and later fitted the sequence into the finished film. Meanwhile, Tarzan and Jane cooled off in a nearby stream, bottom right. The movie was shot in Sri Lanka, with a cast and crew from MGM. Many didn't stay in Sri Lanka long: they were sacked by producer Bo for not being able to meet the pair's standards. Bo: "Everybody kept saying, 'You can't get rid of these people, you're in the middle of nowhere.' But whenever we let responsibility out to someone else, we found we should have done it ourselves." When a lot of key crew members streamed back to Hollywood, Bo and John either filled the spots with loyalists or did the jobs themselves. Bo signed every cheque and accounted for every cent spent. John did his own camerawork and set

up the lighting. Those who didn't agree, or didn't share the Dereks' penchant for long working hours, soon found themselves out of work. One sequence in the film required Jane to be captured by hostile natives and painted white as a sacrifice to the evil Ivory King. You can see Bo left and bottom right preparing for the scenes. Right and bottom left are shots from the movie. It took three days to shoot the white paint scenes and at the end of each day the cast would head for the river to wash up. "No one wanted to go back to the hotel covered in white paint," says Bo. Stories revolve round the firing of the first Ape Man, Canalito. He won't talk about it, but one report says he was out because he became too enthusiastic during the sex scenes with Jane. Derek denies this: "If an audience can be aroused to some degree, then I think they should be. I do not think what goes on up there is coming into our bedroom. I have a fatter ego than that, a better relationship with her than that." Bo still refers to the hiring of Canalito as her biggest mistake. She says he had a year to get in shape for the film. Nonetheless, both are happy with O'Keefe. Says John: "He has this glorious, glorious body. Nobody can deny his body — man, woman, dog, priest or anything. You've just got to flip over this guy's body." And both are adamant that they will work together only as a team in future, nor do they plan to change the way they work. John will



direct, Bo will produce and star, and woe betide any crew member who doesn't understand the Derek method of making movies. In fact, the only change that either Derek can see is that someday, Bo will step totally behind the camera and produce, while Derek directs other actresses. Bo: "Filmmaking interests me a lot, a lot more than acting, that's for sure. Like John says, I'm hot now and that brings power. With me in films, if they are no good, then that's my fault. I can't blame it on a producer or on a studio." John also sees her future as a producer. "Everybody says, 'Gee, she talks back to you now.' And she does because she has got the credentials to talk back. She comes up with things that for me are fantastic. She is not just bouncing bosoms anymore." *Tarzan, the Ape Man* will be released nationally at the end of September.

FINDING THE NEW YOU:

The hard (and the easy) way to do it

humor by Paul Dougherty

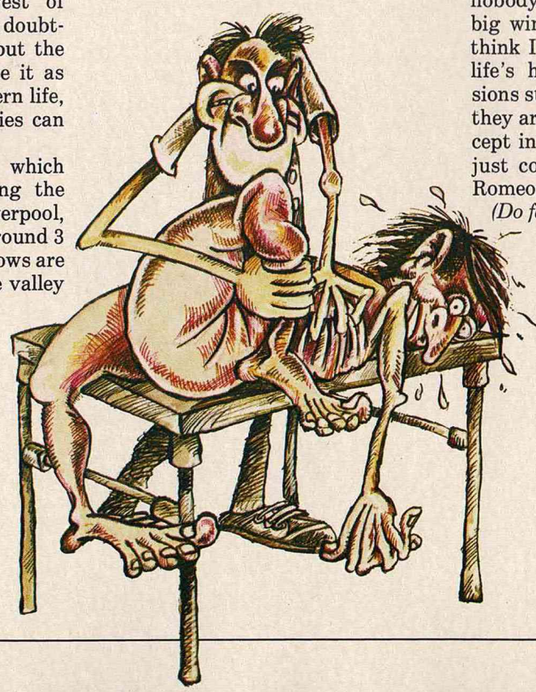
FRIDAY NIGHT: I return from the airport to find dishes in the sink still unwashed from her breakfast. Now this may not sound to you like a very poignant sight, but it is. It is so totally uncharacteristic of the girl I have just seen fly off to New York that I am flooded with realisation of what a horribly tense day it must have been for her too.

I wake the next morning to an empty flat. Emptiness, I am very quickly aware, is not just a negative term. It is a presence, a very unpleasant thing created by the absence of something that ought to be there. But let's get off this kick, quick.

So with some confused notion of creating a new self to cope with the chapter of my life now opening, I book myself into the Hopewood Health Centre, at Wallacia, just west of Sydney. It is what the uncouth doubtless describe as a Fat Farm, but the Hopewood people prefer to see it as an oasis in the hubbub of modern life, where ravaged minds and bodies can be cleansed and restored.

I hitch a lift to Wallacia, which nestles on a ridge overlooking the Nepean River just beyond Liverpool, with an obliging friend. It is around 3 pm when I arrive, and the shadows are beginning to lengthen over the valley and the white blockhouse that houses Hopewood's 48 beds. A cheery lady called Pat ("I'm your Hopewood hostess") shows me around the premises, including the billiard room, a gymnasium full of arcane equipment, and the nude sunbathing areas, genteelly segregated by high walls. I notice the women's enclosure is bigger, reflecting the balance of about five men to 30 women.

The place is laid out like an old guesthouse (it is an old guesthouse), with the bathrooms and toilets at the end of the hall — although some rooms, I'm told, have en suite facilities. My first stop after being shown to my spartan chamber at the end of the building is a visit to the natural health practitioner. In answer to his question, I tell him I had a meat pie for lunch. He winces visibly and then sniffs: "No comment." I decide I'd better hold back on the four Scotch finger biscuits and sweet tea I had for my breakfast. He takes my blood pressure (normal) and my weight (110 kilos; I don't believe it, seems like only yesterday that I was 101) and prescribes fruit salad for dinner — and then on to the juices, of which more later.



For the rest of the afternoon I'm on my own. I don't particularly want to talk to any of the fat ladies I see sitting round in clucky little groups, so I get in the big pool and start ploughing up and down. My mind, for some reason, drifts back to my last relationship before this one. I was ready to go all the way with it, but she couldn't quite bring herself to make the break. You can't blame anyone for that, but I still regret it. We could have been a great act, we could have unlocked the energy of the universe, etc. But that's almost always the way of the world, isn't it? One or the other isn't ready.

It's like poker. Mostly when you draw something like a royal routine, nobody else has got any cards, so the big win doesn't come off. Actually I think I may have stumbled on one of life's hidden laws here. Grand passions strike one person or another, but they are not designed to be mutual except in the rarest of cases. The world just couldn't function if we were all Romeos and Juliets.

(Do fat farms make you philosophical?)

I sit next to a lady at dinner who's leaving tomorrow. She's lost eight kilos in eight days and learned to make sultana health bread on top of the stove in 12 minutes (people at these places tend to talk about one thing and one thing only). Looking round the dining hall, I note with interest that my fellow guests are by no means all fat and frumpy. There are several good looking women here, and a couple of stunners. I offer this observation without comment, because at this early stage I don't know what to make of it.

I retire early, feeling a few slight hunger pangs, although the fruit salad felt filling at the time. My room is panelled with friendly knotty pine and it has a lamp, a basin and a heater. It reminds me of a good cheap hotel I once stayed at in Hong Kong and the fact that I have lived a large portion of my life in rooms other people own.

(Do fat farms make you self-pitying?)

SUNDAY: The first item of the day is not breakfast, but a nurse with a thermometer knocking on the door at 7 am to take temperature and pulse. I immediately feel I must be ill. I'm also asked for a urine sample. I never knew losing weight has been so taken over by the technocrats. According to the bathroom scales, I've taken off about a kilo already, which does seem a bit excessive, but I'll take it.

Breakfast is a weak mixture of grapefruit juice and water delivered to the room. Oddly enough I am not hungry, though I expect it will come. I spend the morning sunbathing and reading (eat your hearts out, fellow slaves). It is unimaginably boring and I don't know how I'll last out a week.

At least you can sunbathe in the raw. They have separate enclosures with high walls just for this. I hear occasional giggles coming from the ladies enclosure, but have no desire to go across and chat.

(Do fat farms cut your sex drive?)

Lunch, to my surprise, is a salad made up of a lot of raw things — all those tests this morning must have shown them I need sustenance. It's a bit of a shock to the system, as I've adjusted to the idea of starvation. Anyway, it tastes better than any salad I've ever tried — you mean cucumber actually has a taste?

After lunch I work on my snooker game a while and snatch 40 winks. I wake just about drowning on a throat really filled with saliva. Maybe there's something to all this "eliminating poisons from the system" they keep talking about here. How do I feel? Bloody tired.

I read in the glossy brochure that "guests on water or juice fasts must not swim." This gives me a terrific idea. I get out my togs and hit the pool. It's cool, but not too bad. I do 10 laps and get out feeling brisk and sinful. It occurs to me I have no desire for a beer. Obviously, I'm not an alcoholic despite my long years of heavy investment in the Australian brewing industry.

But lonely! It occurs to me that you don't know what the word means until you start spending time locked away with 40 people you don't in the least want to know.

(Do fat farms turn you into a misanthropic grump?)

Dinner is just another glass of grapefruit — this time with warm water. Afterward, we sit around the living room, all 40 of us, and hear a lecture about hydrotherapy.

The lecture meanders on, and so, around nine, I break and call New York. There's no one home. I finish my thriller, curse it, and I don't have the energy to work on a piece of writing I had brought with me. I go grumpily to sleep.

MONDAY: I wake up with an agonising bad back. Must have been all that unaccustomed hunching over the snooker table. I've also got a crook throat and feel like I'm getting asthma, of all things, which I haven't had a trace of in 20 years!

Breakfast is — you guessed it — grapefruit juice. Oddly, I am not feeling even slightly hungry, which is hard to understand. Maybe they were feeding us subliminal messages under the hydrotherapy lecture last night. If so, they reached my tummy but not my brain. It keeps on conjuring up images of hot continental sausages, of all things.

After breakfast I see the nature therapist. He just about dies when I ask for an aspirin and tells me the touch of asthma is not surprising on the cleansing diet I'm on.

"You've come a long way along the track to get here," he says, "and now your body is retracing the journey, so it's not surprising you stop at some old stations. That's part of the process." I hop on the scale and we find the old body has retraced its way back to 109 kilos.

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

Afterwards I meet this man who comes here twice a year and loses six kilos each time. I ask him how he keeps it off, and he tells me the weight goes back on, but slowly. When he arrived this time he was only one kilo up on when he left six months ago.

It's overcast today so I sit around reading Scott Fitzgerald's *The Diamond as Big as the Ritz* and other stories. This is a very good cure for any tendency toward self-satisfaction among magazine writers. I can still feel my tummy pushing at my belt, but perhaps not so insistently.

I am starting to get an uncomfortable feeling that this "retracing the stations" may be mental as well as physical. I keep catching myself wincing at the memory of awful deeds and omissions I have perpetrated on various people in my previous life (so many years ago in the outside world). Ouch! Yes, I promise to do all those things I should have done. And as soon as I get out of here, to tell everyone I love that I love them.

It is 1.30 pm. I take it back about not being hungry. This place must have softened my brain. I'm starving! I feel my stomach's caving in. At 2 pm I break again and phone New York. I swore I wouldn't do it, but I do. I say jump on a plane and come back immediately. She says well look, I'd love to, but it's a three-month assignment, and . . .

Oh well, that didn't help anyone except Telecom. Still, I feel better. Hungry, but better.

Pasta! My mind is suddenly filled with pasta. Ravioli with piquant meat sauce. Tortellini in cream and butter. Aarghh! as Charlie Brown would say. I walk down to the store for aspirin after the grapefruit juice, and when I get back I'm called for a massage. My legs are twisted one way and my body the other by a stringy old coot who looks like Perce Cerutti, but knows where the kinks are. The backache departs. Whether it was the massage or the aspirin I don't care.

The masseur tells me I have light bones and could be four stone lighter. I know this is a lie. Even when I'm thin I fit the "heavy build" schedule on the height and weight chart.

After our grapefruit juice dinner we have another lecture. The lecturer, a fit young man in a blue tunic just like dentists wear, explains that the reason we are fat is that we put poisons and unnecessary things into us. Mother Nature can't use these

things or dispose of them, he tells us, so Nature turns them into fat and stores them as far away as possible — on the outside of us — to avoid clogging the works. I find this a comforting image. It's nice to know the old girl's still in there trying.

But we can't leave it all to her, the lecturer tells us. We built the self we don't like; now we have to build the one we do. But forget about the beach next weekend. If it takes a month to undo each year of harm we'll be doing well, he says. Life is basically unfair.

After the lecture I walk down the half-mile hill to the Nepean. It is still and black under the new moon, and looks bunyippy. More deep thoughts. It occurs to me that I love five women. It seems a bit excessive, doesn't it, when you come out and say it? I can't think of any form of social organisation that would easily accommodate such prodigality of feeling. With some unease I face the thought that I might be different to other people. I have always thought that what I think and feel are pretty close to what the mass of men think and feel. But here's this awkward fact.

It's not that I'm IN love with them all, or have relationships of similar intensity with all of them. Not at all. But there's no doubt that I love them. What a strange thought to face, and me a sexually monogamous man. I can't honestly say I feel in any way bad about it, except perhaps for idly wishing I could be five men while still being me — a sort of not-very-holy quinity. Sheer existence has a lot of loose ends about it, doesn't it?

Monogamous. The word opens up a whole recent chapter of our social history if you look at it from the currently unfashionable male point of view. Remember in the '60s, when we all convinced ourselves that the old one-to-one relationships were somehow perverted, that the natural thing to do was to sleep with anyone you could. But that felt wrong almost before it got under way. So then it became anyone who made you feel good, and then anyone you liked, and then — for most people — only people you liked a lot.

And now we seem to be back to love again. People are falling in love and pairing off, and talking about the additional rewards they get from the commitment to making their relationship work.

Of course monogamy still doesn't mean what it used to mean — one man and one woman for life. But at least we seem to be back to exclusive relationships, for as long as they last. It wouldn't surprise me to see the divorce rate starting to fall next.

TUESDAY: Today at the morning exercises I manage to manipulate the teeter-totter board without falling off, but I'm darned if I know how some of the fat ladies do the one where you stand on one leg and rotate the other one out in front of you. Must be a low centre of gravity.

Walking down the road after the exercise class to get the papers, I suddenly flash on the expressions on the faces of the good folk of Wallacia as they motor past in their Holdens and Falcons. It's superiority! Here's a poor bastard, they're thinking, who can't afford to speed along in a '64 EH like they can.

(Does fasting make you paranoid?)

I'm doing this for exercise, you fools. And because I don't have a car.

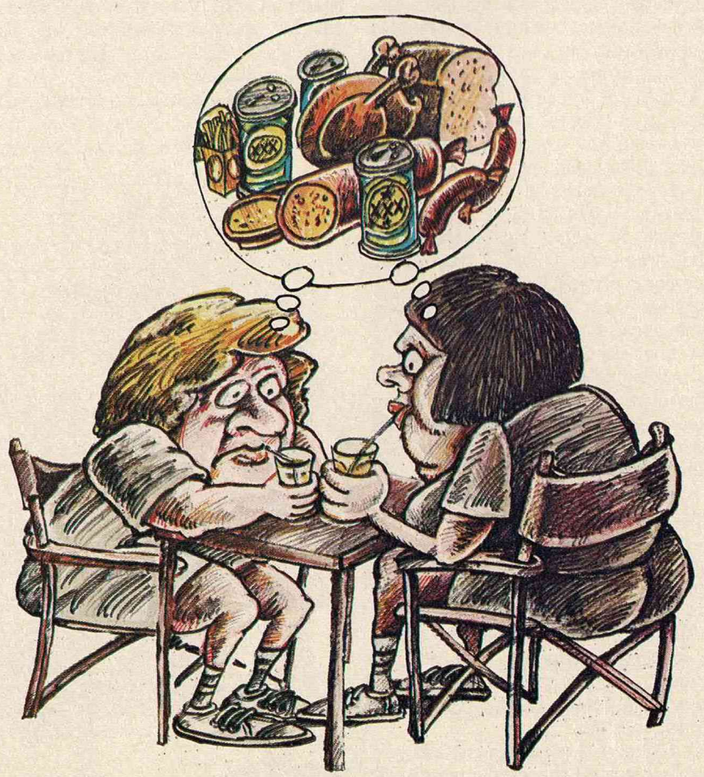
Come to think of it, I have rarely had a car. I think of all the roads I have walked down, from Toorak Road to the Old Tokkaido. Strewth, I've even walked right down Sunset Boulevard, where it's practically illegal! And to think all this time, arseholes in cars have been looking down on me.

It's because I've always lived in the inner parts of big cities, isn't it, where you don't need a car, where a car would be an embarrassment? No, you're right, Wallacia. I mean, Rupert Murdoch and David Rockefeller live in town, and they have cars. It's poverty that puts me here on shank's pony today. How cruel to face these truths about one's self.

Of course, if I'd stayed away from the beer I could afford plenty of cars. That's just what the natural health consultant told me yesterday when he impolitely suggested I might be just a tad overweight. "Beer's silly stuff," he said. "You should give it up." Give it up! Like bloody hell. I know a few blokes who have given it up. And with all due apologies to them, it's turned them into miserable bastards.

Beer makes me feel good. Which is not how I feel right now. In fact I had some more to say about beer, but I just can't be bothered. Brain slowing down. They say your whole human metabolism shifts into a lower gear when you're fasting, and I can believe it. Just weighed myself and found I'd taken off three bloody kilos since yesterday. I should be amazed, but I'm too tired. It's hard to get a thought straight. I don't advise anyone to ever come to one of these places thinking they're going to write the great Australian novel or work on their computer programs. This station is now closing down transmission . . .

WEDNESDAY: Slept all yesterday afternoon and was back in bed by 9 pm. Losing 2.7 kilos in a day hurts,



and the therapist says it must have been liquid that I'd been retaining in my tissues, probably because of a too-high salt intake. All I know is I'm starting to feel the deepest sympathy for the Irish hunger strikers.

This morning on the way down to exercise class I find that my mind is re-running snatches of conversations I had four years ago (when I was last this weight?). There's no doubt not eating does funny things to your head.

Shocked the daylights out of the therapist this morning. I step on his scales and am 4.5 kilos lighter than I'd been two days ago! That's another 1.8 kilo loss on top of yesterday's three. His amazement is so total that I point out I am wearing shorts today instead of long pants. Can't let the guy lose faith in his own system.

Nonetheless, he's put me back on food tomorrow (if you can call a paw-paw food). Today I don't feel even slightly hungry, and I have stopped thinking about continental sausages. Now it's fried chicken and hot bread. No, it's tortellini and cream sauce, maybe a large fried rice on the side.

But getting back to beer (and boy would I like to). It's not that I'm an alcoholic, you understand. Alcoholics are my friends who are off it. It's like Gough Whitlam's VSOP press secretary, Eric John Walsh, used to say, going off the booze proves you're an alcoholic; you're afraid of it. Those off it claim you don't miss it, until you press them. And then they admit they miss one thing about it. They miss the camaraderie of the pub, standing around for a few hours bullshitting.

Well hell! Of course that's what they miss. Isn't that what it's all about? And especially valuable for reporters is the simple truth that you can get to know more about a person by getting drunk with them twice than by spending three months with them otherwise. I have done my courting in pubs. There is no quicker way to get inside a person's head — leaving aside other places — than getting fuzzy drunk with your heads close together in a bar.

Whenever I go to a new town, I take the trouble to hang around the bars patronised by others of my trade and get drunk with a few people. Invariably I've made friendships that have lasted until I moved on — some that have lasted to this day. Of course you collect a few bores, too, but I guess you get a sort of radar after a while that lets you differentiate between drinkers and drunk-outs.

Apart from all such utilitarian matters, I am what I'd describe as an orgiastic, or perhaps a Dionysian, drinker. I seek not oblivion, but vision; and surmounting barriers between souls. What I like to do is get down to the pub once or twice a week with someone whose company I enjoy, and give it a good solid nudge. "See you down the road for 20 or 40," I'll say. Not that I actually drink 20 or 40. But I feel comfortable with about 10 foaming Foster's stretching before me into the evening. And the bullshit I'll talk. The great international and the philosophical issues I'll solve. When I get rich I think I'll pay someone to come and sit on the sidelines and take it all down. Lord knows, I can never remember all the pearls that get cast.

Well now, I'll let you into a little secret. I don't really quite believe that. I've had the experience of going into the pub sober, when I'm off the grog (excuse me, Eric) and hearing my usually perceptive mates talking the most arrant garbage — and saying it over and over again.

Now, of course, while I could never be that bad, I'm prepared to admit the possibility that sometimes I might not be making a hell of a lot of sense up around the twelfth middy or so. To a sober person, that is. Other drunks will understand perfectly.

One of the reasons I am prepared to entertain the latter possibility is that the terrible case of an old friend comes to mind. He gave up the drink, but wanted to stay within the group. So, he drank only soda water. This lasted for about three weeks. He's since drifted into public relations or something.

Wouldn't mind leaning across a bar looking at the fuzzy outlines of a good-looking woman right now. Sod the grapefruit juice!

(Milk arrowroot biscuits with rich butter on them, takeaway chicken and hot chips, quiche lorraine, Vogel bread and vegemite — stop, stop!)

Now for the poetry. I've set myself the mad task of writing a series of seven-stanza poems while I'm here. So far I haven't been able to summon the attention span to get through one. But at least it does stop me thinking about foooo — stop it, I say!

THURSDAY: The sixth day. I feel great. How mysterious! No food since last Sunday, and who needs it. Maybe this is the answer to inflation.

But seriously, all of this is truly amazing. I find myself prepared to believe all that stuff about driving out the poisons.

It occurs to me at exercise class this morning that there really aren't as many people in the world as we think. Different individuals, I mean. The trigger of this thought is standing across from me during the exercises, and at the distance she is a dead-ringer for an old girlfriend of mine. I had noticed this similarity before over the past few days, and for that very reason I'd mostly stayed away from her. Well, you had to know my old girlfriend. But the same long caramel hair, deep brown eyes, unusual height, even the same complex curve of the upper lip, kept pulling me up short. Every now and again I'd have to get up close to her to make the illusion go away.

But seeing her now, in shorts and in motion, I am struck by the fact that she even moves the same. I'm prepared to bet here and now that if I probe further I'll find the same ball-crushing personality under that same layer of sweetness. Not that I'm going to and, anyway, that last observation is probably wrong. It's experience at least as much as predisposition that shapes our characters. Every chance this one is a nice version.

On the way back from the class, I can't resist walking up to her and saying casually: "When you lived in X (I already knew she had lived in that particular city at the relevant time) did you ever see a girl who looked exactly like you?"

She looks at me with what I interpret as a slightly wounded expression — it has been my experience that women hate, hate, hate you to tell them that they remind you of someone else — and then she says: "No, never."

I say: "Well there was one."

And then she says, and I swear my hair damn near stood on end: "Maybe it was me."

(I should explain here that the first girl to the intense regret of everyone, including her victims, had made the Big Decision just about 18 months previously, and opted for whatever alternative to this life there may be.)

For a frozen second I just stare at her. I don't know whether I am expecting to see some devilish, undead glow in her eyes, or what. But I know I am teetering on the edge of unreality, of entertaining thoughts that cannot be. That are not.

I manage to stammer, "No, I knew the other one," and remove myself from the scene. It is undoubtedly the eeriest moment of my life.

[I am happy to be able to report that I later got to know the unwitting object of this strange episode a little better, and she turned out to be a genuinely sweet person and not at all like the other one. But I took care to leave without finding out her last name or where she lives.]

Yeeaahoo! Just weighed myself. Down to the same weight (101) I was just six months ago. Actually I should

have known this because — more mysteriousness — my utterly undisciplined mind is right now re-living the events of the past five months. This is, in fact, a lousy deal, because I went through a particularly bizarre love affair at that time, and I don't particularly like having it laid out before my wincing consciousness like re-runs of some soap opera. Some things are best forgotten, but tell that to the old train. It will just keep calling at these damn whistle-stops.

At night we walk along the road, me and five fellow shrinkers. I am out walking with two professional kvetchers ("For the money we pay, you'd think the beds could be better"; and "Yes, and they insist on their expertise but forget that there are others — why haven't they had a professional lighting designer in?"). As I listen to this burble, three women walking in front turn their heads up to the fiery expanse of the Milky Way and then sing softly, right through: "Twinkle Twinkle, Little Star". I am reminded again that there really are no such things as grown-ups, just grown-biggers.

For the last week, at least, we had reversed that process, in my case to the tune of nine kilos (from 110 to 101 kilos, counting the clothes I came in). It has, in some ways, all been an unsettling experience. It has cost $37 a day. It could have been as little as $29 (in a three-bed without bath) or as much as $54, for a single with bath.

FRIDAY: I'm up early to pack, then it's off to my last exercise class. I feel quite nostalgic about it now. I'm feeling so great I don't want to leave. I do the funny exercise where you close your eyes lightly and turn your head from side to side while gazing at the sun, and I get a definite message about this natural health stuff. It's seductive. I now really believe, after just under a week here, that health is the body's natural state and that if you just give the poor bastard a chance it'll keep you humming like a top. Boy I certainly feel it now.

I have the great satisfaction of flooring a new therapist this morning. John, the guy that checks me out, hasn't seen me before. He looks just a little disapproving as he has to keep moving the counterweight up on the scale until it eventually balances at 101 kilos. I can see he thinks I've been one of the goof-offs. Until he looks at the book and finds that I checked in at a gentle little 110. That's nine kilos off from Saturday afternoon to the Friday morning. Suddenly he's showing a lot more respect; he thinks that could be a record. Do I eat a lot of salt or something? No, I tell him modestly, I'm just good at things like this. But I'm impressed, too. Imagine what a month of this could do. I'd be back among the beachboys.

John warns me that the diet of juices will have slowed down my metabolism, so I should watch my intake for a while or I'll put weight back on easily. Alas, poor John; he doesn't know me well. Because what I'm about to do would shock these gentle souls out of their sunflower seeds.

The first thing I do is cruise back to the office and take a beautiful blonde to lunch. I know she has a deathless passion for Veal Parmigiana, so I take her to Italian. This particular Italian joint just happens to have the world's best tortellini alla crema, so I have that. The taste of the fresh sorrel they sprinkle across it just about lifts my head off, my senses are that tuned. But I manage to eat it. I'm going to need the stomach liner, I figure, because of what I'm about to do.

What I'm about to do (forgive me, Hopewood!) is one of those classical journalistic exercises known as A Junket. This particular one involves a weekend trip to Surfers Paradise, where a company called Alpex has just opened a fine apartment hotel called the Monte Carlo, and is about to make some big further announcements that it wants the press properly primed for. This is in line with the oldest and most reliable rule of public relations, which is "get the press pissed". I'm sorry to have to tell you that this tactic works. It's not that we're more easily swayed then other people by food and drink; it's just that people try it on us more often, so the law of percentages is on the side of it working. And while sumptuous dining will not change a man's mind or subvert his principles, it does tend to give him something of a warm regard for the people who are doing it, always provided they have a legitimate case to propose in the first place. (That square-off to my fellows out of the way, let us proceed.)

The first thing we proceed to is a massive airport reception, at which my resolve not to drink for the whole weekend lasts a solid 90 seconds. A couple of quick gin and tonics, and we are in the air. There we are greeted with champagne. I have NEVER been able to resist it. The die is cast.

An hour after landing in Surfers we are at a cocktail party. Warmish beer and punch, thank God. I drink less than seven.

And then it's dinner. Oh no. The swines have piled the tables with some of the better works of that subtle tempter of the vineyards and blending cellars, Mr Wolf Blass. During the meal of saddle of lamb or barramundi (I hit the lamb for its health-giving fat content), my two companions and I polish off five bottles of red. I fear it is I who does most of the polishing. Thence on to a disco, and who knows what concoctions? And so to bed.

The following day (I cringe to report all this) the company is entertaining its VIPs to a luau on Stradbroke Island. We go along to make sure the pig roast is performed properly. After numerous tests, lubricated by much champagne, we decide that, yes, it is. I won't bore you with the details, but my waistline is now beginning to swell like plasticman's.

Is this how you journalists live, I hear you asking? Yes. We'll do anything to keep bringing you these reports from the frontline trenches of modern life. Obesity, cirrhosis, worse things? Forget it. We'll risk them for you. Someone (hic!) has to tell it like it is.

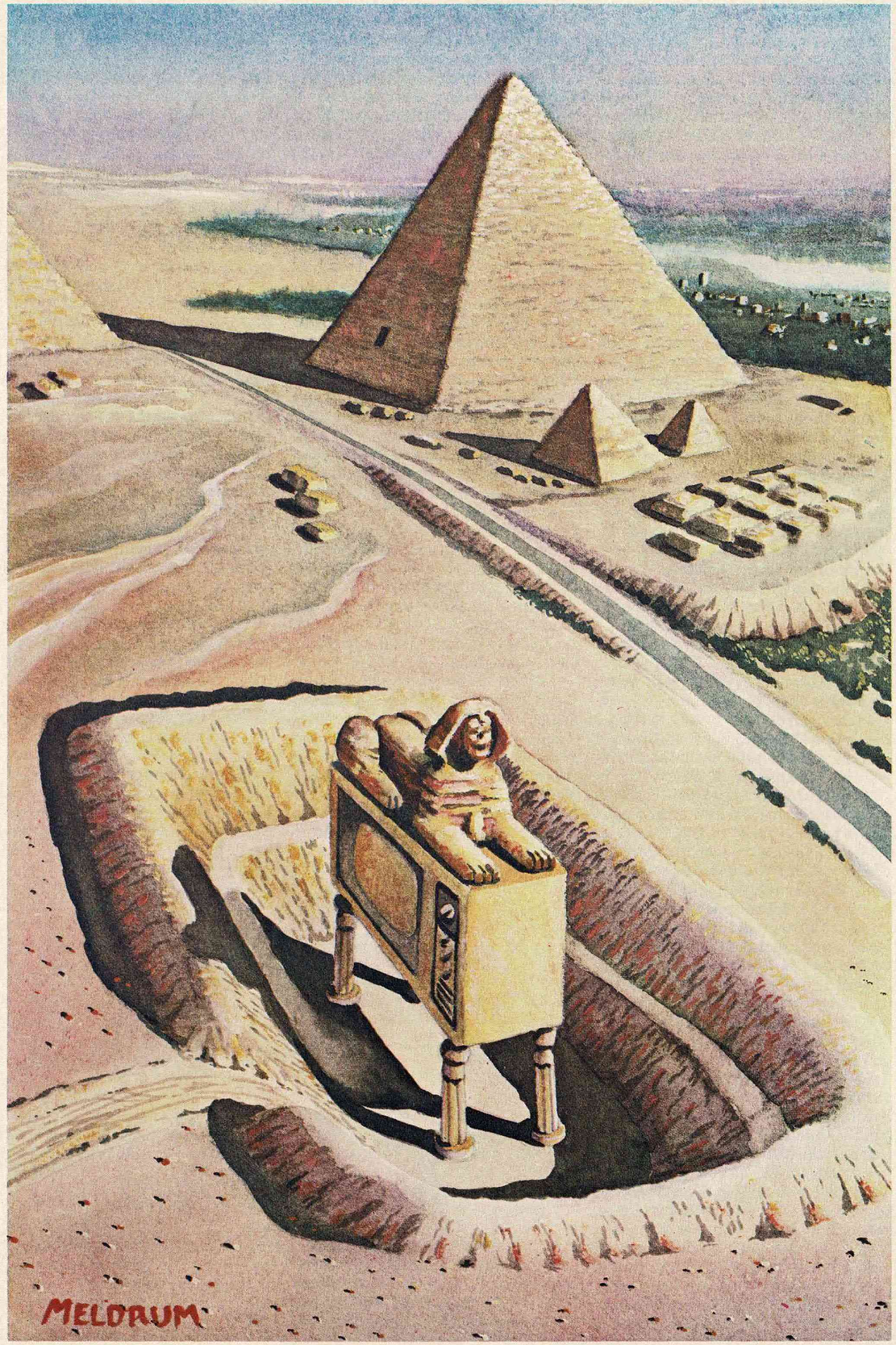
Somehow, we make it to Sunday morning and fall on the plane for home. I celebrate my return with a prawn omelette at Mr Chow's, and retire to my solitary cot to await (shudder!) the Return to the Fat Farm. I'll bet I've shown them how swiftly a man can claw his way back to the status quo. I feel lousy.

But I've undertaken to report on both the spartan and the sumptuous in fat farmery, so tomorrow it's off to the top end of the market . . .

Berida Manor — culture shock! I rise early on Monday morning, girding myself for a return to spartan living. I eat an apple for breakfast, the way they told me I should at Hopewood and set off down the pike. It's a totally marvellous autumn day, and as the Hume Highway climbs gently into the highlands, the russets and yellows of autumn begin to appear on the foliage.

Berida Manor is nestled well away behind a thick grove, on the far edge of Bowral, about two and a half hours from the centre of Sydney. As I drive through the gate and up the curving gravel drive, I notice a group of affluent-looking citizens walking across the lawn carrying wine bottles and glassware. Have I come to the wrong place? No. As I walk to the check-in desk, the receptionist exclaims, "Oh good, you're still in time for lunch." As I grit my stomach muscles at the thought of a return to the grapefruit juice and shredded lettuce, she adds, "Lunch today is a barbecue."

I walk out on to the lawn, as directed, and it's true! There's a lady in a chef's hat and a couple of helpers over at the gas barbecue, and about a



dozen citizens sitting around tables on the lawn, hoeing in.

I know this must be some mistake, but who can resist? I am unresistingly served a bowl of tomato soup, and then the lady in the chef's hat comes over and asks me how I like my steak!

I feel like repeating the famous remark of a former prime ministerial press secretary that we've met before. When asked the same question at a restaurant he considered too toffee-nosed for its own good he replied: "Wipe its arse and bung it on a plate!" But I refrain in the interests of getting a meal I never expected would come my way. I settle for medium.

The steak is small, but tasty. And, wonder of wonders, it comes with a thick topping of creamed onion gravy and a gigantic accompanying roast spud. Thank you Lord, and what a surprise! For if this is diet food, then I have surely died and gone to heaven.

Later it is explained to me that this is indeed diet food: it is cuisine minceur, the French style of gourmet cooking without using fattening ingredients. Thus my steak had been trimmed of fat, the potato roasted without any of same, and what I took to be a rich cream onion sauce had in fact been based on low-fat yogurt.

I certainly feel well-fed. Can this be a weight-loss regime?

After lunch, a charming lady called Veronica shows me around. Berida Manor is indeed a totally different ballgame. The rooms are large and plush, with en suite bathrooms positively Romanesque in size. There is TV in each and radios with bedside controls. The pool is indoors and measures out at just over 16 metres. "Forty-five laps to the half-mile," another smiling staff member informs me. Outside the pool there is a sundeck with a hot-tub spa at one end. At one end of the pool is a gymnasium, filled with the familiar strange devices, and beside it, a mixed sauna, massage facilities, beauty shop and sundry other services.

She asks me have I seen any other spas. I tell her that I have just been to the Hopewood Centre. "Oh them," she says with a toss of her elegant blonde coiffure. "There the people just sit around. All they get to eat is juices, and they're too exhausted to do anything.

"Here we like people to get three square meals a day and plenty of exercise. Keep on the go. Some guests, especially ladies, come to us sometimes and say well we didn't lose all that much weight, but we shaped up marvellously."

I decline to tell Veronica that sitting around is part of the principle at Hopewood, that they claim, with some justification, that on their diets you lose more weight that way.

Later, at the pool, I meet Lewt Elich, the sports director. He's a cheery bloke with a Kaiser Bill moustache. He asks me if I'm part of the Honeywell convention and I say no I'm here for the torture treatment.

"Oh, we have none of that," he assures me brightly. "You don't have to do a darn thing here if you don't want to — and if you want to go into town to the pub, we won't stop you. Although, of course, you'd be cheating yourself if you did."

At their prices, I heartily agree. Berida charges $560 a week ($80 a day) or a single day rate of $85. For couples, it's $140 a day or $910 a week ($130 a day). On the other hand, you can easily pay that per day at a good resort, so whatever turns you on.

To pay for the lunch, I hit the pool and swim 50 laps, then laze around in the hot tub on the terrace taking in the autumn leaves. Hot, bubble-toned body and cold nose — this is the life. I decide I am a natural-born sybarite. This is confirmed when Lewt gets me on the scales. I scale in at 106. The Surfers Paradise debauch has put back five kilos.

Later, manager John Parche, a hotel man of 20 years experience in pubs like the Grosvenor and Hilton in London and the Sydney Hilton, explains the dietary regime in a little more detail. Basically, guests are classified as dieters or non-dieters, and fed accordingly. If you're not on a diet you get a princely 1500-1800 calories a day spread over three meals (and believe me, it feels princely, but more of that later). Men who are on the diet get about 1000 calories, women 800. On this regime, they have had people lose as much as seven kilos in a week, or as little as two.

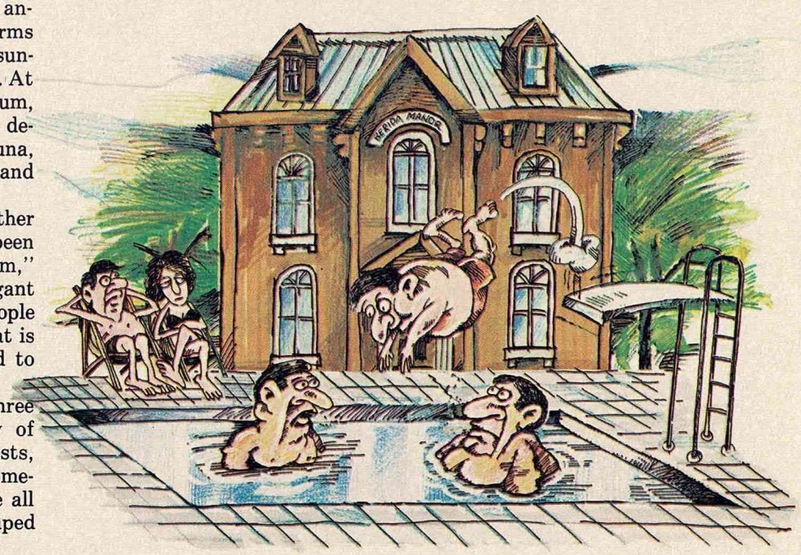
For dinner, I opt for the dieter's regime. It begins with honeydew melon and smoked salmon, served on a plate with a yellow flower and a decorative piece of pineapple, then comes chicken breast in a coral sauce with beans and pumpkin and other vegetables I fail to identify, then a dessert of baked apple in a sauce with half a passionfruit. I am amazed yet again. I feel full, but I am assured I'm within the diet. It's done, says staff dietician Jean Raphael, by cooking with no fat, flour, oil or cream. That way, she says, you can get far more bulk for the calorie content. Enid the staff masseuse is sitting at my table. Enid is not dieting and certainly doesn't need to. She tells me to have faith. "It doesn't have to hurt to be good for you," she says. "Some people think that about massage, too."

"I hope you're not one of them," I ask with the first stirrings of disquiet since arriving here (I am booked for a massage with Enid tomorrow).

"No," she says. Enid is a fine looking Nordic blonde in her 20s. I find myself looking forward to tomorrow. A few moments later, I mention that I am a fanatical but sidelined runner (because of a swollen knee.)

"Quadriceps," says Enid firmly. I am stunned. I have just spent $60 a visit (two visits) plus X-ray fees to find out the same thing from a leading orthopedic and sports medicine specialist in Macquarie Street.

Dinner convinces me of one thing. I have been unfairly rubbishing cuisine minceur all these years. The stuff is delicious. What has been blinding me to this, I realise, is a natural antipathy to paying the same price for less, which is of course what happens to you when you are served this style in a restaurant. But judged objectively, it tastes great. The millenium is here I think, with my usual restraint.



This place even lets you drink. They just adjust your portion out in the kitchen — one glass of wine, they snip 80 calories off your plate.

"It used not to be this free and this easy," says Parche. "When I took over two years ago it was a very strict operation. There were rigid dietary restrictions, urine samples were taken daily. If you were seen smoking twice, you were asked to leave . . . but Australians just won't accept that kind of regimentation. It didn't work. We've adopted a freer policy, everything in moderation. And 90 percent of our people do lose weight — and even the few who don't lose inches."

The folks at Berida feel they are something like weight-watchers. They don't cut you back radically, but rather try to put you on a routine you might stick to.

"Places like Hopewood get great scale results, but it's a short term thing. Sure they have their place in the market . . . if you want to get off a quick 4.5 kilos for a special event or an overseas trip, or something. But you can't live on a regime like that. We try to foster a lifestyle you can stick to."

If you're starting to get the feeling there is some kind of rivalry between these spas, you are right. But as Parche says, with eminent reasonableness, they are literally chalk and cheese. Hopewood says Purify Yourself, Change Your Rotten Ways — at least as much as you can, being a poor weak mortal — and the great forces of self-healing will give you a better life. Berida says Eat, Drink and Be Merry — just show a bit of moderation, won't you? And come and see us when you go off the rails.

Other things being equal, I know which message would have the mass audience by the ear. Of course they're not equal: at Hopewood you lose more weight and learn more. At Berida, you have a marvellous time and pay more. Why does life have to be so difficult?

TUESDAY: Time to eat my words. I step on the scales this morning after all yesterday's splurging — and find I've lost two of the five kilos I put on in Surfers. I re-check the equipment, but there it is in black and white — 104 kilograms. Mirabile dictu!

The day begins at 7 am with a wakeup call on your bedside phone, and then it's off promptly at 7.15 on a fast three-kilometre walk around the golf course next door. At eight we troop in to breakfast, where I find no difficulty in polishing off two poached eggs, juice and a slice of toast.

At 9.30, it's off to see the spa doctor. Like everybody else at Berida he's a cheery chap, and congratulates me for having the sense to start preparing for the next 40 years of my life.

The doctor tells me he wants me to remember only one figure — that a pound of fat equals about 3000 calories. "So just up your activities by enough to take off a pound or two a week — sex is 250 calories, an hour of swimming 500. Those are two of the important figures to keep in mind."

Then comes the exercise class. It goes on for 45 minutes, in which time the indefatigable Lewt Elich demonstrates and leads the class in about 40 exercises. The break is, you don't have to do them all, and most people spend a lot of their time lying prone on the exercise mats.

I round out the exercise class with a few laps of the indoor pool, and then it's time for my massage with the delectable Enid. This takes one hour and costs $18. Although she leaves out the muscle that gets most attention in a massage parlor, it's a landmark experience to have nearly all the 600 or so muscles in your body located and tended to.

Lunch is some sort of fish wrapped in spinach, flanked by about five vegetables and followed by strawberries. The fish is in a delicious sauce, and the strawberries are floating in something suspiciously like grog.

After lunch it's a brief rest, a bike ride, another rest, and then an hour of tennis followed by a whirlpool bath. Are you starting to get the picture? What they do in fact is feed you well, and then work you like a racehorse. The calories-in side of the equation doesn't seem to be cut back so much (although it obviously is, by culinary cunning), but the calories-out side is probably doubled for most of us sedentary folk. Result — weight-loss.

Dinner? You don't want to hear about dinner, do you? Okay. Dinner is a delicious vegetable cream soup, roast lamb with the customary five vegetables, and a custardy dessert with passionfruit and bananas in it. I get up from the table f-u-l-l.

The next morning is my departure time. I rise early and sneak down and weigh myself — 102 kilos, 0.9 of a kilo more than I was when I left the spartan confines of Hopewood. However my pants fit perhaps a fraction better.

What does all this teach me? Alas, not what all the experts hoped.

It teaches me that being thin is for ascetics and sub-editors. Not for on-the-road reporters. It demonstrates to me with some clarity why we have such ludicrously short lifespans (I read somewhere where it's around 55. Only one occupational group gets to the wire ahead of us and I forget who that is — probably cropdusters). And it proves to my satisfaction that we should all get a great deal more money to compensate in some slight way for our brief, meteoric appearance on the magazine scene.

It also teaches me, however, that there is some hope for those of us — and it's not only reporters — who are thrust into this world with great appetites and a taste for the high life. The hope is in the fact that you CAN undo the damage, provided you work on the undoing as you go along.

I don't know about you, but I know I'm always going to feel like 30 or 40 beers at regular intervals; and when I go to banquets, I'm going to eat, and I mean EAT, dammit. I don't know how many doctors' offices I've walked out of with "change your lifestyle, change your lifestyle" ringing in my ears.

Well, some of us can't, so stuff it.

But I am going to incorporate a few things into it — or intersperse them between chunks of it, to be more accurate. I will follow periods of indulgence with periods of relative abstinence. And I will exercise, for the excellent reason that it will enable me to eat and drink the way I like more often. And I will stop trying to be a thin guy. I'm not right for the role.

The scheme makes sense when I think about it. After all, man was designed originally for feast and for famine. It goes right back to the story of the Creation — first the Garden of Eden, then the Land of Nod. And think of the old caveman. The one that survived happened to be the model that could stuff his face like Gargantua whenever he managed to run down a dinosaur or take out a sabre-tooth with his stone club, and then cruise through a lean period until the chance arose for more face-stuffing.

And that's the same equipment that got handed down to us, I mean the scientists tell us our metabolism hasn't changed that much since then. If it was good enough for great-grandfather Oog, it's good enough for me.

And whether all that's true or not, one thing's certain. I'll be back at the pub next week. And, thanks to this pair of exotic spas, I'll be less of a man than when last they saw me.

SUMMERTIME FUSE

live-wire elizabeth: hot enough to set the summer afire . . .

Photography by Colin Stead

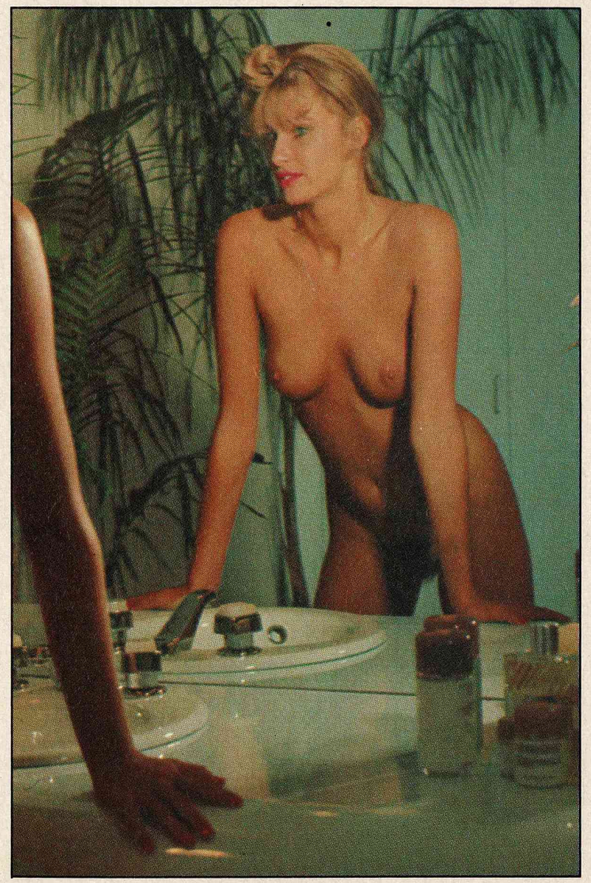
Elizabeth Chapman's blue eyes and blonde hair make it easy to believe that the sun never sets on her little empire. Since bobbing into the world just 19 years ago, Elizabeth has spent a good part of her fun-filled life chasing sun and surf. And it is clearly evident from her long-legged, golden looks that the lifestyle agrees with her. PLAYBOY discovered Elizabeth among the bevy of bombshells who fronted up for our Girls of the Gold Coast pictorial (August). Maybe it was her effervescent personality or simply her extra special good looks, or a combination of both, that did the trick, but the minute photographer Colin Stead clapped a shutter on her,

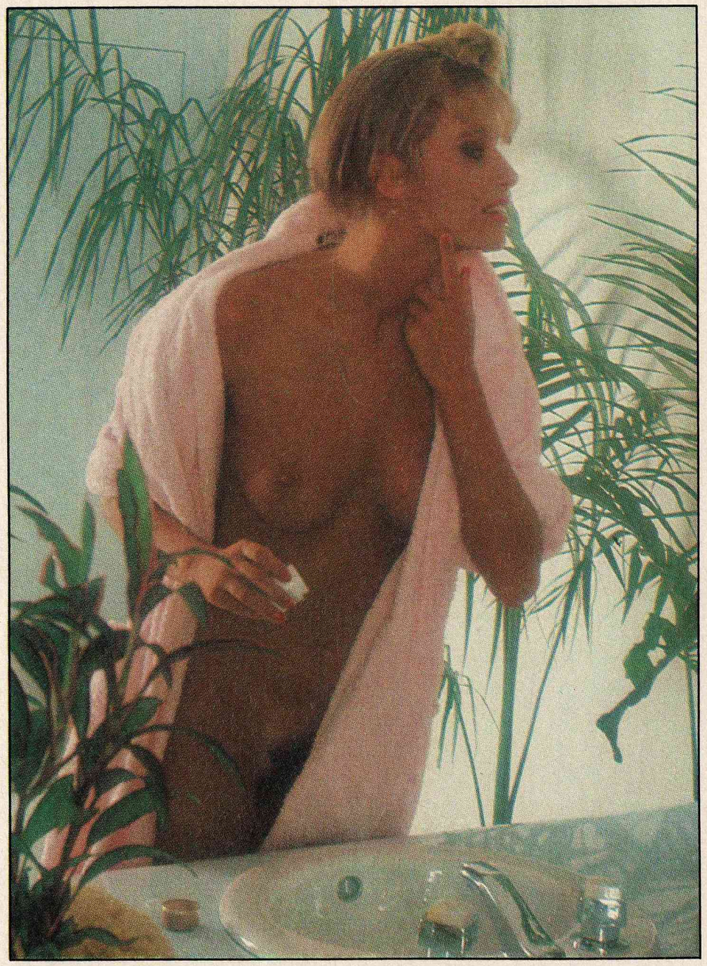
"You do not get a tan like mine by locking yourself in a solarium."

"I spend most of my time on the Gold Coast, especially on the beaches south of the city."

he knew that she warranted Playmate status. "Let's just call it luck," says Colin. "If a friend hadn't gone to the trouble of talking her into it, Elizabeth wouldn't have appeared for the test shooting. As soon as we realised she had the personality to match the looks, we knew that we had someone special." Born in Sydney, raised in Port Macquarie and now living within a stone's throw of the New South Wales-Queensland border, Elizabeth is

"I do not have to work too hard at keeping in shape — my body is active enough as it is."

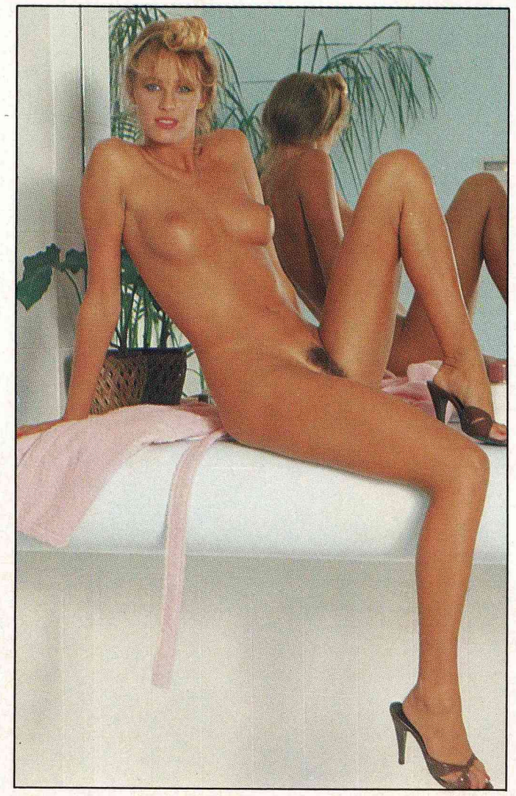




"The Gold Coast is a terrific place . . . so many fun things to do with a body."

anything but a borderline case. Sure, she is nutty in the Goldie Hawn sense and is, at a moment's notice, likely to have a burst of hilarity, but you can put it down to a great sense of humor and an outgoing personality. Elizabeth, second eldest of seven kids, has worked in a childcare centre, as a receptionist and has done some modelling work. The next chapter in Elizabeth's life will open later this year when she and a few kindred spirits will board a yacht in the Philippines to sail back to Australia via New Guinea and the South Pacific islands.

"When I was a kid I was a typical surfing girl, always at the beach and never in school."



MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Elizabeth Chapman

BUST: 36 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8½ WEIGHT: 9st SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 26-1-62 BIRTHPLACE: Sydney

GOALS: To travel and meet lots of people. Be happy. Party on in Brazil. Keep on having a good time

TURN-ONS: Everything RED (except stop lights) good food, good wine, good friends and good times.

TURN-OFFS: People making judgements of each other.

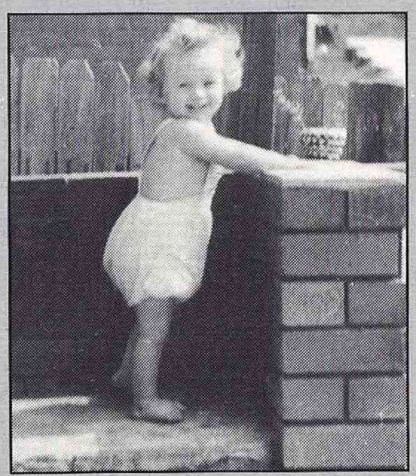
RELAXING: Crashing on the beach after a hard night out, Reading, Enjoying the company of friends.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Basketball, Netball and swimming, plus Jogging and Body-Surfing

FAVORITE FOOD: Seafood, Mexican, Baked Dinners, Freshly Baked Bread, Chocolate, Mangoes - Everything!

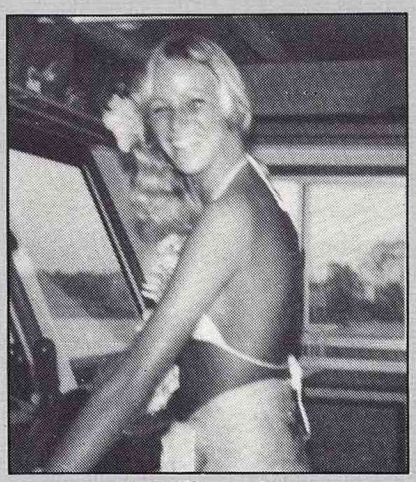
FAVORITE BOOKS: All of Sidney Sheldon's books, Once is not Enough, The Stud

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Rodriguez, Neil Young, Christopher Cross, Bob Dylan, Steely Dan.



Wife HAD to look = better

-Eleven- and very cheeky



-at Fifteen- not your average surfie girl.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

For naivety, we couldn't go past the little old lady who believed her job at the condom factory involved making sleeping bags for mice.

There is dissatisfaction among the females who are being interviewed by His Serene Highness to fill vacancies in the sultan's harem," a eunuch informed the grand vizier.

"Why are the unworthy ones bitching?"

"They say many are balled but few are chosen."

The divorce hasn't changed our relationship one bit," trumpeted the single male. "I'm still dropping around once a week and she's still writing 'your dinner's in the oven' notes."

As he listened to the troubled young lady reclining on his office couch, the psychiatrist realised with a start that he had the same problem she did — a crazy urge to tear all her clothes off!

Now I know," the secretary confided to a co-worker after taking an extra-long dictation session with the chairman of the board, "what 'a corporate giant' really means!"

Deep in the maze of intelligence offices, two spymasters were reviewing the debriefing report on an agent who had barely managed to make it back from a perilous mission. "By God," exclaimed one, "this chap Smithers must be one tough son of a bitch! They kept sticking a cattle prod up him, they repeatedly used electrodes on his balls and they beat and beat his dong with a rubber hose — and he lasted for an incredibly long period of time before finally cracking! I suggest that we put his name in for a special commendation."

"Let's hold off on that," countered the other supervisor. "I've had separate word from a double agent that Smithers ultimately broke down when they threatened to stop."

A colleague of ours calls his girlfriend "television" because she never has much on on Saturday nights, and often does repeat performances on Sunday.

Because they knew their son-in-law-to-be was a coffee fancier, the bride's parents supplemented their major gift to the couple with the newest version of an old-fashioned coffee-brewing machine. When the wedding reception drew to a close, the girl's father re-toasted the newly marrieds separately. "May you experience all kinds of domestic bliss, son, with my darling daughter," he intoned to the groom.

"I know I will, sir," the young man responded, "including in the kitchen — thanks to your having provided a perky copulator."

An overworked meteorologist claims he heard a cyclone say to a coconut tree: "Hang on to your nuts, this will be one hell of a blow job."

You know, Vera," the new girl in the office confided, "Mr Rittenhouse murmured to me this morning that we could make beautiful music together."

"Sure you could, honey," commented the office veteran cynically, "provided your taste runs to the *Minute Waltz.*"

The successful settlement of a protracted divorce case moved the ex-wife to remark: "I'm glad that's over. I'm feeling a better woman already."

"What a coincidence," exclaimed her ex in mock surprise. "So am I."

Graffito scrawled on a wall above the hot hair drier in a parliamentary rest room: PUSH BUTTON FOR A MESSAGE FROM YOUR LEADER.

Mused a tourist in Moscow named Fred,
As he humped young Natasha in bed:
"I am prosperous, true —
But I so love to screw
That I've ended up here in the Red!"

Bowled over by the discovery that the girl he considered his steady was also dating another, the young man confided his dejection to a friend. "I just can't believe it," he sighed. "It was only last week, when I felt so close to her, that Kay said she'd never go out with anybody else."

"She probably was just pulling your leg," remarked his confidant.

"No, she wasn't — I'm sure of that," responded the dejected one, "but you're close."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO Sydney, 2001. We'll pay $25 for jokes used.*

"... and here's the afternoon I surprised Helen and her beach boy."

MIDNIGHT SPARES:

SKETCH ONE: A Sydney wrecker's auction. The bidders are grouped around a 1980 Falcon sedan, white, six-cylinder engine, stock trim. There is spirited bidding for this wreck. It is a mess. It looks as though it has had a sandwich prang between two Mack trucks, then rolled. It is stubbed at both ends, squashed almost flat, ripped half apart. Still, bids are shouted, piled on top of each other, and the hammer comes down at a "crazy" price. "At least a grand more than it's worth to wreck," grunts a wrecker, "a recycle job if ever I saw one. Bastards."

A recycle job. Industry in-talk for an illegal operation in which this legitimate wreck with legal papers will be used to launder a stolen vehicle. A multi-million dollar business operating all over Sydney. And other cities. Largely at night. Call it "Midnight Conversions".

This is a joint operation involving stolen cars and spare parts. And it means that, somewhere in Sydney, within a few days, someone will lose his 1980 model white Falcon six-cylinder sedan.

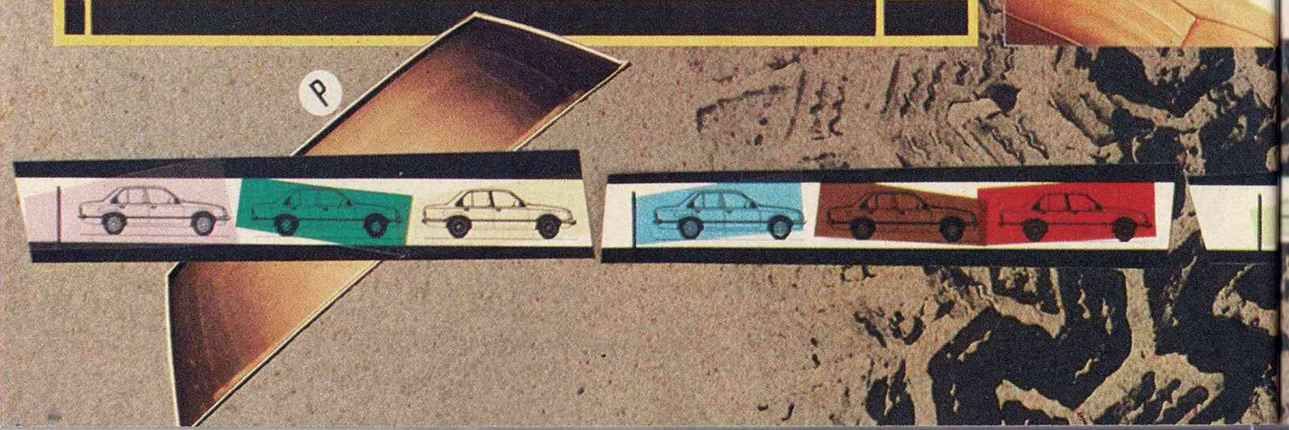
This is how it works . . .

The successful bidder at that auction has had the wreck hurled on a truck and carted to

THE GREAT SPARE PARTS RACKET

exposé by Rob Luck

	HOLDEN COMMODORE	
	Price List	$
A	BUMPERS (with mounts)	30
B	FRONT GUARDS	45
C	GRILLE	30
D	RADIATOR (with shroud)	95
E	AIR CONDITIONING (compressor)	115
F	AIR CONDITIONING (condensor)	35
G	POWER STEERING UNIT	80
H	WHEELS (with tyres)	20
I	ENGINE AND GEARBOX	500
J	DIFF ASSEMBLY (inc. rear suspension)	
K	FRONT STRUTS (with shocker)	
L	STEERING	
M	SEATS (front)	
N	TRIMPACK	150
O	WINDSCREEN	55
P	REAR WINDSCREEN	48
Q	STEREO (cassette/radio)	120
R	STEERING COLUMN	250
S	BOOTLID	30
T	HEADLAMPS	5
U	PARKERS	8
V	TAILLAMP ASSEMBLY	25
W	DOORS (complete)	150



his workshop where it is then stripped carefully of every usable part — inside and out.

A few parts are separated from the rest. Particularly the engine, the vehicle identification plates of which are pop-riveted to the shell under the bonnet. And one other part: a section of the inner guard, RHS front, called the front suspension tower housing. This is integral with the rest of the monocoque chassis so it has to be cut out of the wreck with an oxy-torch. The operation is carried out carefully, using the seam lines where the part was originally spot-welded into place on the production line.

Stage two is the crime of motor vehicle larceny. For, within days, the workshop operator, or a specialist he employs, will locate a white 1980 model six-cylinder Falcon — perhaps yours. It will most likely be parked in a back street right behind an entertainment centre. But it could be in a public or private carpark nearby, or in your garage or driveway.

The thief is an expert. A pro. If he sees the car he wants, he will take it. If he is desperate, nothing will stop him. Not even a sophisticated car alarm. If he has a choice, he would normally pass over such a car and go for an easier mark. If one is available. He might as readily decide to lift it just for the challenge.

It is delivered to the workshop. The only damage is to the steering column lock. There is one intact on the wrecked vehicle, but a hot spare would cost only a couple of bucks anyway.

Operation Transplant begins. The engines of the two vehicles are then swapped. The engine from the stolen vehicle is stripped right down to obtain every usable part. The block has its engine numbers filed off (a precaution should someone be caught with it in transit). It is then donated for some "underwater metallurgical research". Perhaps in Sydney Harbor. Once, during a drought, a whole bunch of them stuck up out of a stormwater canal and pointed accusing fingers at the panel shop adjacent.

The ID plates from the wreck are then riveted into the stolen car. This includes the vehicle certification plate — an item which is responsible for the special selectivity of thieves when lifting a suitable motor vehicle for this operation. The reason for this is that the Australian Design Rule (ADR) plate carries codes which can identify everything down to trim color. In some cases, the exchange of such ID plates may be arranged where it is not easy to obtain matching equipment.

And there is one other important operation: the suspension housing of the wrecked car is grafted into the stolen car and the area is repainted. Why all this trouble? Because it carries the vehicle chassis number.

Presto. The workshop proprietor now has a "street legal" vehicle for disposal. He gets 100 percent profit on the proceeds of the sale. And as a bonus, he gets to sell the spare parts from the wreck as well. Normally, this more than compensates for the excessive price paid for the wreck. Even if his underbonnet "repair" operation is noticed and questioned, he has the perfect explanation — this vehicle is documented as the auction-purchased wreck, for which he has the supporting papers. He simply repaired it.

Such racketeers have operated in the past under the front of respectable panel shops. However, a number of

racketeers uncovered in police raids have been quite independent operators. One outfit reportedly netted a million dollars a year from the sale of the stolen vehicles alone.

Of course, the technique is not infallible. Disclosure of some of the methods of detecting such "conversions" would impair future police-work in this area. However, one of the factors which brought a team undone in the past was a special model serialisation concealed by the maker on another part of the chassis.

There is one other point. Every component removed from the wrecked vehicle is now technically "hot", since that car has been officially repaired, and this would not leave a whole stock of leftovers. The operator, however, is in little danger — since there is no official documentation of the ingredient parts in a motor vehicle. Neither would such an operation be possible — it would involve listing dozens of stamped parts alone. And the rest would be untraceable.

The operator is free to dispose of the parts at his leisure by "collective bargaining" on the whole load with a wrecker's yard, by simple advertising (classifieds, etc), or through spare parts specialists. The unofficial spare parts sales and recycling industry.

There is an enormous "pool" to draw on. Australia currently has more than seven million vehicles on the road — one of the highest car/population ratios in the world. Up to half a million more are registered each year, providing a net gain of around 200,000 vehicles per annum after "wastage".

Across the continent, 70,000 cars and wagons "change ownership" each year. New South Wales accounts for more than half of these thefts. Most are recovered, but on average in New South Wales, almost every hour of every day of every week, each year, a car or wagon disappears without trace.

These vanished ones are vehicles that are "reprocessed" — around 5000 cars a year in Australia, netting racketeers about $20 million a year. Some range it as high as $100 million. Most of these are stolen for specific purposes, frequently by gangs specialising in a particular field.

SKETCH TWO: It is past midnight. A "dude" in a well-modified current sedan roars into the back alley, blat-blatting on the exhaust for maximum audio effect. He screech-stops outside a neon-lit basement entrance, revs the hot-rod on to the footpath and kills the engine by sending the tacho needle screaming into the red zone. To a shadowy group three alleys distant, it is like having a personalised advertising campaign directed at them on closed-circuit TV. As silence comes down again in the laneway and the gas-jockey disappears underground with his tart trailing behind, a small task force breaks away from the main group and heads for the disco entrance. One of them goes down inside.

A half-hour later, the spiv emerges into the alley. It's deathly quiet by comparison with the thunder of the disco below. Almost too quiet, eerie. Ohmigod! The car! It is slumped on the pavement, wheel-less. As he runs up to it, he sees it is worse. The doors are gone. So are the screens. The seats and the console and trim. The steering wheel. Oh god. And the bonnet. Jesus, the engine, the bloody engine. It's worth four grand. Oh god, the carbies, the extractors, everything . . .

What is left is a hulk, your average valueless hulk. You have seen them around backstreets all over town. And in carparks. And out in picnic spots.

They are the signature cards of stripping gangs — highly organised, trained, talented professional thieves, often armed with tens of thousands of dollars worth of equipment.

They can work practically anywhere. Some prefer to ply their trade right there on the spot, rather than risk carting the wreck around. Some winch the victim vehicle up into a pantech and get it somewhere more convenient. Some prefer to sample the driving qualities (if it is a nice car) and take it for a little jaunt across town to a favorite operations centre. Like a cul de sac in an industrial area — closed after hours.

They are devastatingly fast. One gang is reputed to be able to remove completely a vehicle's engine/transmission/differential assemblies in less than 90 seconds — lift the car, cut the engine and suspension mounts, drop the lot, cable winch it straight on a truck. Drop the body shell. Disappear. In 90 seconds flat.

In the States, a stock-car driver had his car stripped outside a night spot in less than three minutes. Almost nothing was left. He tracked down the gang. Persuaded them to go straight, and took them on as his pit-crew. Their trackwork completely demoralised the opposition.

There is no defence against such crims. Or perhaps just one. Don't buy a car. Any car in any place is open game for them. And they hunt cars by type or specification.

Hot cars are a speciality, since enthusiasts are in a walk-up-start market for cheap performance bits. A set of specialty pistons may bring three grand new. An "outfit" may "retail" them for a grand or less. The same applies to combo carbies, turbos and superchargers, crankshafts, connecting rods, injection equipment, gearboxes and limited slip diffs.

An owner may not realise the full value potential of the car he is driving. Older model hot cars are practically worthless complete — there is a small market, and the vehicle type itself frequently isn't worth that much in standard nick. But a gang can pick the value of the modified parts, detach them from the vehicle, and get a good "earn" through routine channels.

But most of the gangs are aiming for the less specialised "equipment". Luxury and sports cars are of course a prime target — their spare parts prices are frequently quite prohibitive. Owners financially cornered by an unexpected prang or by a mechancial explosion are desperate for parts at anything under the list price. Second-hand parts are a viable alternative.

It is no less an issue with the standard run of vehicles. Spare parts prices have escalated at a terrifying rate during the past 10 years. Even small items have big tags. And big items, the "packaged items" or "kit" components, normally have gold-plated price-tags.

Obviously there is a ready market for bits that are a bit warm to the touch. Equally obvious, they have to be "re-processed" somewhere between the theft and the customer. Since most of them will have to be disposed of in fairly routine channels, suitable "front" operations are necessary for the laundering process.

SKETCH THREE: A tall, slim blonde reclines on a poolside lounge, talking on a telephone, telling her girlfriend that she can't make it to tennis that afternoon because she is about to leave on her delivery run. Business-like, she winds up the call, stands and eases her naked body into a shirtdress and stalks to a delivery van in the driveway. She makes a number of calls during that afternoon. To her husband's workshop where "the boys" load her

van with ticketed parts, and to a number of panelbeater shops where she distributes them. She is a great hit everywhere she calls, outrageously flaunting her slim figure while she hardsells the panelshop proprietors and hustles for business. By late afternoon, she is able to throw a handful of cheques and orders on the desk and head back to the pool. There is still some sun to catch.

Like any industry, the spare parts business survives on its support services. This goes for the routine retail operations, which ferry bits from the central warehouses to the market via a complex and generally comprehensive delivery system. Some outfits guarantee same day service. Others have several deliveries a day.

The same goes for the hot bits. Since the legal spare parts business is one of the highest-profit areas of the motor industry, it is reasonable for the illegal industry to model its operation on the "father industry". Distribution is a vital element in this game, and the police at least theorise that organised distribution pipelines do exist. It would be naive to think otherwise in an industry that nets its operators perhaps upwards of $20 million a year.

Curiously, although the front-line operators are occasionally netted (the nab and strip side of the business), the distributors are rarely apprehended. This is made difficult by the lack of identifiable items in the business, but one might assume that a little gentle persuasion applied to the front-end of the business might uncover some disposal methods. Officially, that is.

Unofficially, organised distribution channels dispose of the hot merchandise in an organised, daily routine. The distribution centres themselves are a bit difficult to pinpoint with any accuracy. The panelbeaters theorise that they are in wreckers' yards. The wrecker yards either look blank at the suggestion, or volunteer the panel shops as the culprits.

Probably both are correct. There are 6925 licensed repairers in NSW (as at April 1981). At present there is a "credibility gap" of about 2000 between this figure and the number of applications received by the Motor Vehicle Repair Industry Council.

Some of this is due to a natural backlog in the processing of applications. But many of the operators will never be registered (therefore, licensed to operate). Since many of these are currently in operation, a number of them are likely to re-direct their "talents" into dubious areas of the industry if they fail to gain operational licences. Similarly, there are now more than 33,000 applications for tradesmen's certificates — every person employed in the industry must be licensed. Failures in this area will provide a good pool to staff the operations of illegal operators.

This is a great fear of the reputable operators in the business. Already, it is likely that some of the licensed operators and licensed tradesmen will also be involved in the rackets. Their activities are impossible to supervise by almost any government instrumentality imaginable. And the police authorities would be powerless to prevent establishment of rackets without a large task force exclusively assigned to this purpose. After all, some of the repair shops operate 18 hours a day.

SKETCH FOUR: A credit card holder signs out a top model hire car at the city desk of a large rental firm. Retail, the car is worth about $20,000. He drives it straight on to a private workshop where he removes all hire car ID. He adds some removable equipment to slightly alter the complexion of the vehicle. He replaces the under-bonnet ID plates, then exchanges the engine and rivets a

display plate advertising a safety item over the car's chassis number. He then drives interstate and fronts up to the proprietor of a secondhand car yard close to closing time, proffering the car for cash. The seller says he wants an instant sale. The dealer says he has to check the car's legality, and the appropriate offices are already closed. They settle upon a deal: the seller accepts $8000 cash and leaves the car until the morning when he will get the balance after clearing the car. They part company. That night, using dupe keys, the seller removes the car from the yard and returns to his workshop. He restores the car to its original condition and returns it to the hire company. In the morning the secondhand dealer finds the car is stolen. He reports the plate number to the police and they find they are duplicates. There is nothing to trace. No car, no ID. The perfect set-up.

This is a true story, from the US. The slick criminal in question was eventually foiled when he broke his golden rule: never flog the stolen car in the same state. The hire car firm manager, idling through the evening traffic, spotted the car in the yard by a particular idiosyncrasy. A subsequent stakeout netted the crim who was rushing his jobs because he urgently needed money to close the deal on an apartment block in Hawaii. He estimated he had made $6 million over a period of years.

It almost certainly couldn't happen here, for various technical reasons. But that hasn't stopped a significant traffic in interstate disposal of stolen cars and parts. A recent three-state blitz netted 40 cars in an operation the police said was turning over more than a million dollars a year. Many were being stripped for parts.

It is all part of a diverse pattern which sees rivers of parts flowing from a whole range of different directions to service the organised distribution and disposal outlets.

And not the least of these is the suspected medium of the wrecker yards. In NSW alone, there are probably more than 3000 yards.

Most organised wreckers strip their wrecks of all valuable items before weather and neglect destroy their value. They have enormous spare parts stockholdings. And many have organised delivery and distribution networks. They number among their clients many panelshops and repair garages, some of them based in service stations.

There are probably 30,000 repair facilities outside motor vehicle dealerships in NSW. And even reputable car dealerships have been known to trade in secondhand replacement parts.

If you have ever had an accident/incident with your vehicle and argued the cost of some off-the-shelf replacement parts with a dealership service centre, you may have been offered some reconditioned or reliable secondhand parts as an alternative. Potentially, every one of these is a stolen item.

This is not to discredit the industry in general. Certainly there is now a massive general industry in the wrecking and recycling of genuine secondhand parts. And most operators would be classified in this field.

It is equally obvious that more than $20 million worth of stolen vehicle componentry must be placed somewhere or other.

More interesting is the reason for the "hot" industry getting off the ground in the first place . . .

SKETCH FIVE: A courtroom. An inquiry is now taking place. A distinguished member of the automobile industry giving evidence is being closely examined . . .

Question: "I would like you to comment on a statement attributed to the late Henry Ford:

'I will give everyone a T-model for free if they promise to purchase their spare parts from me'."

Answer: "I can't say whether he said it or not. I don't believe he did, but it is a great idea."

> *"The late Henry Ford: 'I will give everyone a T-model for free if they promise to purchase their spare parts from me.'"*

This factual exchange took place during an inquiry into motor vehicle replacement parts by the NSW Prices Commission in 1978.

It was used to highlight information in the report pointing to excessive markups by manufacturers on their replacement parts when sold to the after-market.

Profiteering on spare parts is nothing new. The aircraft industry has thrived on it for years — some component suppliers making their initial bids for sales on zero profit margins based on anticipated killings in the replacement field. It's also an integral part of the approach of new contractors/manufacturers entering into the many fields — particularly munitions and armaments, and heavy machinery for manufacturing industries, etc.

In the heady days of the first volume production of motor vehicles, pioneered by Henry Ford, it was realistic to theorise a statement like the one quoted. Ford knew well the limitations of his vehicle, and reasonably assessed a long future for it.

But the vehicle industry has changed, and a vital part of modern merchandising is now the "planned obsolescence" of vehicles. The general emergence of warranties, stretching longer every year, has meant that cars must be fail-safe in the early part of their operation, or at least as reliable as possible. Otherwise the manufacturer pays. The opportunity for the regular parts sales has been much diminished by this phenomenon.

However, this loss has been offset by increasing the profitability of the replacement parts. In a five-year span where the consumer price index or the other inflation-related parameters have shown less than 50 percent increase, some parts have escalated by hundreds, even thousands, of percentage points.

In documentated cases, records of a series of Federal and State inquiries, simple component items rocketed from price-tags quoted in cents to ones quoted in double-digit dollars.

The opportunity to exploit price increases like this has been amplified by another factor — the urgency with which parts are required. Analysing the urgency develops a scenario in which the rising cost of motoring is pitted against the rising cost of maintaining personal mobility. To do without your car costs money. The cost to get it back on the road is offset by the potential losses if it isn't returned speedily to the road.

This led to the development of a pricing technique at best described as "random" and based on pricing according to just what the market can bear.

Example: A witness to the NSW Prices Commission inquiry, the general manager of after-market sales of a component manufacturer, was asked why a certain part costing $4 to manufacture finished up at a price of $30 to the consumer.

"Because the man selling the part believes he can get $30 for it," he said. "It's as simple as that — I mean, that is what business is about, isn't it?"

SKETCH SIX: A consumer, Mr Vernon Dubb, is looking for new brake pads for his Volkswagen Golf. V. Dubb fronts the spare parts counter of a VW dealership and is quoted $57.50 for a set of pads in a box carrying genuine VW Germany labelling. He feels sure he recalls a friend telling him of a lower price over a conversation in a pub. In any event it seems extortionate. He later hears a radio advertisement for a brake specialist, and calls into the nearest outlet where he's given a quote of $43.80 for the same parts carrying the same serial number, in apparently the same packaging — now thoughtfully encased in some other packaging by the other firm. He then locates his friend and turns up the name of an importer of Volkswagen spare parts. They do business at $28.90 for the same pads in the same box with the same spare part numbers.

This is no wild tale, only the names have been changed to protect the identifiable. But it is the mere pointy part of the spare parts iceberg when you are talking imported vehicle replacement parts prices. In a detailed submission to the NSW Prices Commission inquiry, the NSW consumer organisation, the NRMA, managed to document cases of outrageous price inflation of replacement parts. The organisation listed parts on which it had successfully negotiated price reductions. They were parts for vehicles from all over Europe and Japan, as well as Australia. Some nutshelled examples . . .

Ring gear (Volvo) — ($203.80, original price, $69.91 revised price); Rear crankshaft oil seal (VW) — ($30.05, orig pr, $16.12 revise); Fr. susp.repair kit (Chrysler) — ($79.80 orig pr, $49.80 revise); Radiator cap (Toyota) — ($5.57 orig pr, $3.50 revise); Heater hose (Ford) — ($8.28 orig pr, $5.40 revise); Tacho (Alfa) — ($315.10 orig pr, $144.70 revise); Exhaust pipe (Nissan) — ($74 orig pr, $57.13 revise).

Nor is this the end. The NRMA noted that replacement parts were rising in cost at a rate substantially higher than the consumer price index. For an Index rise of 13.6 percent, Falcon parts rose 29.2 percent and Valiant parts 22.67 percent.

There is also an enormous margin difference between "genuine" parts and "imitation" parts. This raises an issue that is about as convoluted as a boa constrictor feeding on itself (there are some other parallels here). An example highlights the problem.

Many components of a motor vehicle are made for the vehicle manufacturers by original equipment suppliers (OE) outside the company. They also supply the replacement parts. These are fed into the special parts division of the manufacturer with the appropriate labelling as "genuine" factory parts and distributed to distribution houses and dealers. They are frequently backed-up by massive advertising campaigns promoting the concept of using only original replacement parts — usually for safety reasons. It's a message the public is willing to swallow.

Regardless of how it is executed, the spare parts business at manufacturer level alone is a highly profitable one.

That profitability extends to all other groups processing the product — the large distribution houses, the bulk wholesalers, the car dealers, the trade supplier. Everyone except the consumer. The marketing manager of a car company informed the Prices Commission inquiry that "the retail area is not a very competitive market in the spare parts industry. The volume is at trade level and that is where it's very competitive and that's where margins are given away to try to generate volume business."

One of the industry ostriches at this inquiry made the observation that the retail customer is "more interested in availability than price."

> *"It has as many arms as an octopus — the non-genuine car parts industry, the illegal imported parts industry."*

From such an underground position, it is easier to overlook the massive industry that has grown up around the supply of cheaper parts. It has as many arms as an octopus — the non-genuine parts industry, the illegal imported parts industry (one inquiry witness estimated there are $3 million worth of imported windscreens each 12 months), the "pirate" parts industry (cheap imitations in simulated "genuine" parts packages), and, of course, the hot parts industry.

Each is a whole sub-industry with its own "manufacturing" base, distribution network and pricing scale. Collectively, all these "underground" spare parts industries may be almost as large as the genuine article.

But quite sadly, many spare parts recycled through the hot bits industry and the other "underground" branches may be costing lives while they are saving money.

Failure of mechanical parts is credited with a six percent contribution to all motor vehicle accidents by the NSW Traffic Accident Research Unit — a figure that is given wide credence by comparable interstate authorities. However, a report from the House of Representatives Standing Committee on Road Safety (1976) considers this level to be a minimum, and notes that estimates have been made as high as 25 percent.

Another aspect of the underground replacement parts is the "false economy" consideration. The pirated parts have been given national efficiency levels ranging between one-fifth and one-two-hundredth of the genuine factory item. So an imported fan belt that cost less than half the "genuine" part price failed in 1/190 the time of the original article. No matter that the customer wouldn't be back for another — only one shipment was landed, the cunning merchant grabbing his profit and running.

Similar problems plague the repair industry — frequently due to using risky hot bits. Some of the blame for this can be laid at the feet of the insurance companies, who squeeze the labor rates down to unrealistically low levels ($12.85/hr is typical in an industry where $18-$22 is normal for most work of this type). The result is that many repairers get credits from insurance companies for trade-priced new car parts and actually fit the secondhand bits. A large proportion of these are hot.

None of this at all fazed the NSW Prices Commission. Their report recommended that the automotive replacement parts be declared as goods under the Prices Regulation Act (and therefore subject to price control) and that the industry be examined in 12 months to assess the situation. The clear warning was that in the absence of self-regulation the industry would be price-controlled.

That was more than two years ago. But some intervening litigation has inhibited the Commission's work.

There are two separate issues. The first involves an action by a group of Trade Dealers against the Trade Practices Commission (May 1980). The second is an action brought by the Bread Manufacturers' Association against the Prices Commission late last year.

Neither has been resolved yet, and the action affecting the Prices Commission was still before the High Court as at time of writing. Since both actions could affect actions taken by the Prices Commission, no further progress has been made.

The spare parts industry continues, substantially unchanged. The profiteering, the trade in stolen vehicles, the rackets, the pirate parts, the huge operation in recycling stolen parts. The wheels of automotive progress grind exceeding slow.

Mark Lee, left, and Mel Gibson, as Archy and Frank: the friends who go to war together.

Gallipoli

Gallipoli, the Peter Weir film due for release in Sydney and Melbourne in mid-August, and in other capitals in September, has production credits which read like a Who's Who of Australian entertainment: scripted by playwright David Williamson, produced by Pat Lovell, shot by Russell Boyd, the Academy Award winning cinematographer. PLAYBOY's Karen Hammial reviews the film and talks with actor Mel Gibson who, along with Mark Lee and David Argue, is one of the featured performers in the filming of a myth . . .

DESPITE the number of times I had heard it on a film's soundtrack, nothing had prepared me for the overwhelming potency of Mel Gibson's voice coming over the telephone when he contacted me to arrange a time for our meeting.

On all counts it is an actor's voice — perfectly modulated and orchestrated. Richard Burton would probably kill for it.

"Yeah, and he's got the head and the body too," confirmed one of the extras working with Gibson on his latest cinematic venture, *Mad Max II.* "He comes equipped with the whole package to really make it big."

When the "whole package" finally arrived later that day at my room in the Day Dream Motel in Broken Hill, I immediately saw what all the hoo-ha was about — what we're dealing with here, folks, is someone poured from a mould and stamped: "Deliver directly to stage".

This is not to infer that there is anything about his persona which is intentionally theatrical. Indeed, anyone who fronts up for an interview wearing a heavy army-green greatcoat which looks like *it* fought (and lost) at Gallipoli, and fluffy red Grosbys, and an expression which is part wary and part sleepy, is definitely not a person striving for the calculated effect of announcing that, dah-dah, here comes the movie star.

Fate, or lady luck, or whatever you choose to call it, is something Gibson is the first to acknowledge. "Lots of people could do as well, or better, in their craft. They are all around, I'm just lucky in the sense that I was in the right place at the right time. There's a certain amount of competence there — I am not going to put myself down because it *does* take a bit of thinking about. But, sure, there's a lot of luck involved."

Since his graduation from NIDA in 1977 (where he had played Romeo for Richard Wherrett), the 25 year old's been in five feature films (the sixth is *Mad Max II*) and a host of theatrical productions, the most recent of which was *No Names . . . No Pack Drill* at Sydney's Opera House last year. His participation in *Gallipoli,* the first film produced by the Rupert Murdoch/Robert Stigwood showbusiness venture, Associated R & R Films, led Gibson to a three-picture contract with Robert Stigwood.

And what of that? Does it imply that the pull of big bucks and stardom is stronger than that of the heavy artistic demands of live theatre? "It's just another opportunity, it is just another gateway. I don't hate film, I like film, I like to alternate between stage and film. And the terms of the contract are such that I do have a lot of leeway. He's very reasonable, Mr Stigwood. If I don't want to do something because I don't think it's worthwhile, I can just knock it back."

The temptation to compare Gibson with another Stigwood three-picture-contract man, a certain chap named Travolta, who has made a phenomenal ascent into obscurity, is irresistible.

Does it frighten him? "No. You have to be able to handle this, in a good kind of way. That's important. You can't forget that you're here, that you're a human being. You have to just use your common sense. I just want to be good at what I do. The stardom is only a by-product. If that happens, fine. I don't mind, and if I can make people happy, fantastic. But it's fun. I really enjoy it, and I want to be really good at it. And get better at it. That's the main aim."

Only one of the three pictures will be made under the auspices of R & R, he said. The other two were with Stigwood's company only, and would be filmed, "I presume, in the States."

We talked about the fact that a lot of Australian actors and directors found there was only a certain level to which they could aspire in this country, and beyond that, they had to leave, usually to Hollywood, to attain the fame or the recognition they were seeking. When asked if he felt any obligation to remain in Australia out of any sense of loyalty, Gibson pulled hard on his cigarette and exhaled a firm negative. "I don't think anyone should be bound by the country they live in, and no one has the right to accuse someone else of copping out if they leave. That's stupid. I think that if there's a job and you think it's a worthwhile thing, then chase it, go for it, get it."

And much later, as we sat around cracking both peanuts and tinnies, I wondered how far he would go for the camera, how much of himself he would ever reveal. He laughed and said that his contract with Stigwood had also included a bit "which everyone called the Gibson morality clause. They all think it's a hoot, but really, I mean it. Once you put it all in, where are you? There's no mystery left. And no one wants to know anyway."

So with matters sexual given a quick kick in the ass, the two of us turned to *Gallipoli,* which was what this whole damned thing was about in the first place.

I WAS SENT to Broken Hill by PLAYBOY to talk to Mel Gibson about

his thoughts on the filming of the soon-to-be-released *Gallipoli.* I had watched the film twice before I left Sydney, and I was supposed to review it, but I had a fundamental problem. The history of war has never held much interest for me, nor am I a political animal. What I am is a movie freak. Which was unfortunate, given the circumstances, because my editor is stoked on Australian history and was a leading political journalist in a previous incarnation. I felt trapped into writing some sort of learned bullshit on a film that had, I was told, the most important single event in Australia's history as its subject.

The thing that really threw me, the thing that brought total paralysis to my writing arm, was not that the movie would be thought of as "just another war picture"; not that, but worse . . . same editor kept rushing in and out of his office screaming that it was an *anti*-war film, and *this* was the point that should be made.

This was all well and good, except that I didn't buy either interpretation. I felt that the name was just a symbol, that the word Gallipoli itself has developed into a symbol to the Australian nation. And this war, this war was also a symbol; a backdrop, if you will, against which a very simple and exciting and innocent and, yes, sad story was going to be played out.

Gallipoli is a buzz word to the Australian public, a key and a trigger that can set off as many different emotions and remembrances as there are people who utter or remember it. It's like the way we all remember what we were doing, where we were, the way the sun reflected off the roof, when we heard JFK bought the big one. Like that. Some sort of holy consciousness, some sort of tableau that is forever easily summoned from the murky recesses of our minds which are otherwise often filled with mundane horseshit.

Director Peter Weir, who conceived the film, must feel like that. He had stopped off in Turkey on his way to England a few years ago, and spent a whole day walking over the battlefield, picking up spent shells, buttons, even an old Eno bottle. Moved by this visit, he approached his writer-friend David Williamson and the two of them worked on script after script, all of which turned out to be impersonal documentaries. "Beyond that," Weir has written, "we hadn't touched on what the hell this thing was, this ethereal source, that had enshrined the legend of Gallipoli down all the years." So they abandoned this approach, relied upon their skill as entertainers, and wrote an adventure story.

And by coming to terms with

LEE AND ARGUE AS INNOCENTS ABROAD

Mark Lee, left, and David Argue: *Gallipoli* spells stardom for them.

Perhaps Snowy's most classic line in *Gallipoli* comes when his mates are about to sample the feminine mystique of Cairo: "What are you gonna tell your wives on your wedding night?" he mutters. Poor, puritanical Snowy. Or is it the poor, puritanical Australian working class of the early 1900s? It's a thought-provoking line.

The point is, our Snowy of 1981 is not of that nature at all. In fact, it comes as a mild shock to meet a fast-talking young man with a shock of uncontrolled, jet-black hair. He was driving through the Melbourne office of Village/Roadshow, who are distributing the film. This is 20-year-old actor David Argue, chain-smoking, hyperactive, confident, and ridiculously articulate for one of his age in these times, a Melbourne lad who did the course at NIDA in Sydney and landed the comic-relief role of Snowy, his own antithesis in every way.

He comes from Elwood. His brother went to the apprentice-posh Brighton Grammar but David felt that it would have been wrong for him, so he went to Moorabbin Tech, which was also wrong. "I knew I didn't want to belong to any of it . . ."

He didn't do well at school and cannot explain how he talks so well. He cannot even remember reading any books except something called *Yip and Yap* which he names as his favorite reading. He is extremely hard to keep in one line, either in an interview or even "relaxed" conversation, and tends to say things like "you don't know anything if you've got nothing to compare it against" for no particular reason.

When he arrived at NIDA, he had just turned 16 and was the youngest student there. ". . . My talents are these. I'm a comic. Born comic. I'm good at giving inspiration, and at giving satisfaction . . . they say I'm crazy but at least I'm a *legit* crazy."

All this time he is sitting in a chair, lighting cigarettes, swilling coffee (he doesn't like booze much either) and attracting a certain amount of curious attention from various cubby holes around the Village office at 500 Collins Street. He seems oblivious, probably is not quite certain who is interviewing him, and is happy to keep firing. He obviously likes an audience. He is slightly built and has very quick movements. Suddenly, after half an hour, he remembers that his sister is waiting down below in the foyer, darts off and returns with an adoring 17 year old, who seems to regard him as some sort of guru.

Somehow, we are talking about *Gallipoli,* and nationalism. "I'm right into us. At least we take the piss out of absolutely everything. Peter Weir? I think he's magic. Stigwood? He's okay. I said to him, okay you've got four point seven houses. So what do we call you. Robert? Mr Stigwood? Or Stiggy baby? Okay. Deadshit."

On Egypt (his first trip outside of Australia). "I just put my Chinese waiter's pants on and I was off. The outfit was ocker toward the gyppos. It's amazing, 50 years later and it was the same attitude — which is why the film is so good." — DOUGLAS AITON

MARK LEE slurps back steaming freshly brewed coffee, trying to make sense of 10 o'clock Monday morning in *Gallipoli's* Sydney publicity office. He had been up half the night before, wailing out the blues in an unheard-of tavern in some far distant suburb, singing until the veins stood out in his neck and his perfect golden skin had turned red. Just him and his acoustic guitar and harmonica. A throng of pretty girls gathered to talk with him after the gig, knowing this fresh-faced 23-year-old man only as Mark Lee, the wandering minstrel.

However frightening and thrilling he may find the prospect of being indelibly linked with the Australian subconscious for his inspired playing of Archy Hamilton, all-original Anzac, anonymous and unannounced is the way Mark Lee prefers to travel.

When Peter Weir discovered this self-contained young man in early 1980, Mark hadn't worked for two years. He'd been up the north coast of NSW where he'd settled with a woman, learnt to ride a horse, put up a fence and down a road. He'd returned to Sydney, and was busking on the streets when *Gallipoli* was being cast, just trying to scrape together enough money for the rent. An occasional acting job in one of the soap operas paid for Mark's wine, and all of his possessions fitted in a rucksack.

"I was busking once," Mark now laughs, "and this girl came up to me and said: 'Weren't you in *The Restless Years*?' And I said: 'Look, would I be doing this if I could do that?' I like to keep the two worlds separate," he says quietly.

With his clear azure eyes, regular features and his toothpaste-ad smile, Mark Lee is a cinematographer's delight. He photographs like a thoroughbred and he works even harder: to achieve that illusive, finely-balanced combustion of heady innocence and headstrong grit that fuelled our youth in 1915 took months of preparation.

It all began on June 19, 1958. Born in Sydney's then working-class inner west, Mark began acting lessons with the Independent Theatre at the age of six. At 17 he left school and hit the European trail. Fortunately he met up with a young Irishman (much like Frank, his mate in *Gallipoli)* who initiated him into the mysteries of how to survive in foreign places on wit and charm alone. "He was a classic thief, and we were so poor! I could never steal, er, except crates of beer during the Christmas period. It was very crazed," he recalls. "We slept on park benches, in train stations, by the side of the road or picked someone up for the night. One night this guy broke into a Mercedes just to sleep."

Peter Weir chose Lee for the role of Archy largely because of his instant and enduring rapport with Mel Gibson. "Mel's a trip of a guy. There's no shit with him. The 12 weeks of shooting we never argued once. At the screen test (which quickly followed an abortive photographic session at Sydney where Mark Lee rode — and mostly fell off — a donkey), Weir coaxed, "Now don't laugh, be serious. This is important to you." It was the scene where Frank cut off some of Archy's locks, and to help the kid fake it into the army, glued the hair back on as imitation whiskers. The lads cracked up, Weir loved it, and things haven't been the same since.

For two months before shooting, both Mark and Mel trained with Grant Page and Jack Giddy. Lee had to get fit, learn to sprint "like a leopard" and put on an extra stone. He trained until his ankles were shockingly sore. When shooting began, he had to soak them 20 minutes a day for a fortnight. Both he and Mel did all their own running, across the Saharan sands and the South Australian desert, for take after take after take. Mark tried to avoid intensive research — he wanted to learn the way Archy learnt — by trial and error.

"Overall, I had to loosen up a lot, unclutter the mind," Mark confesses. " I had to pull things away and make myself very uncynical about a lot of things. The first week of *Gallipoli* was a total disaster, but Peter was great, shaking me, making me loosen up.

"You see the old photographs and they're all such open faces. There are no taut smiles. These men were 17, 18, 19; mostly underage. They weren't as knowledgeable as most 13 year olds are today. Very few had encountered sex, for example.

"They were a volunteer army, not soldiers. A lot were bushmen, a lot were travellers. Mel and I went and met some of these guys at the Anzac memorial club. One freaky thing happened. Mel asked one of the guys, for a joke, how he thought we'd go. He pointed to Mel and said, 'He'd probably make it.' Then he pointed to me and said, 'I don't think he would.' We hadn't talked much about the film but he spelled it out then and there."

Post-*Gallipoli,* Mark Lee is glad to be in control of the chessmoves of his career and will take on only quality work. He's done six days on the comedy *Best Of Friends* with Angela Punch McGregor and Graeme Blundell, playing the ex-lover who turns up at decidedly the wrong moment. He has enough ambition not to busk anymore because it's bad for the vocal chords. But he can still pack all his worldly goods — save his books — into a single rucksack and take off anytime he chooses. The idea appeals to him. — KAREN HUGHES

Gallipoli in this way, through the backdoor, they have probably come as close to encapsulating the source of the myth as is possible; it's not the destination that is important, it is the journey. Peter Weir himself has called *Gallipoli* "a road movie."

GALLIPOLI is the story of the ultimate foot race, and it's divided into three heats. In the first event, we are introduced to two young sprinters, Frank (played by Gibson) and Archy (Mark Lee), who are running along a circuitous path toward their destiny. Competing against each other in a meet held in early 1915 in a WA country town, they later team up and head off to Perth where they enlist, Archy in the Light Horse and Frank in the infantry.

The second heat takes place in Egypt, some months after Australian and New Zealand troops have landed on the Gallipoli Peninsula, and it is in this location that the story of Innocence Abroad subtly begins to swing from that of a grand adventure to that of a horrendous, unavoidable journey down a road from which there is no turning off.

Sending up the pompous Poms that they are there to assist, playing Aussie Rules at the base of the Cheops pyramid, visiting a brothel — the youthful inhabitants of the New World sample their first taste of the Old. Treating its flavor impertinently and imperviously, like some sort of church social they've been forced to attend, the boys — and these are only boys — initially have no idea that they are in fact to be the next course.

Their faces lit by the campfires and rockets on the cliffs, and the swinging lanterns of a troop ship moored in Gallipoli Cove, the analogy is made tragically clear — Frank and Archy and the hundreds of others with them are mere yearlings in a cattle car just arrived at the abattoir.

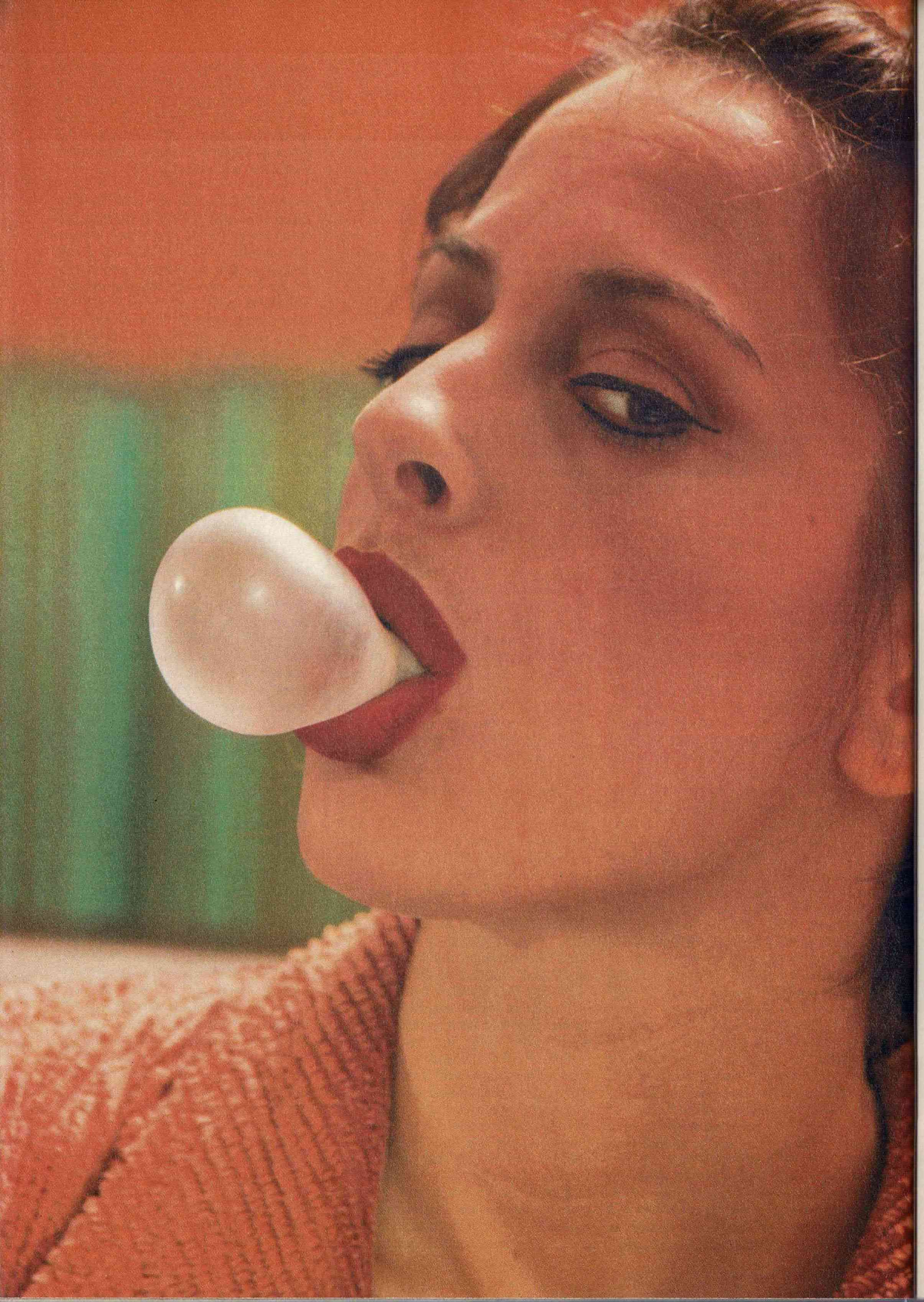
We are now into the final event, with the bloodletting about to begin. Frank and Archy, united again after convincing an understanding Major Barton (a restrained and sensitive portrayal from Bill Hunter) that he needs two runners in his Light Horse regiment, gradually, numbly, start to realise that the finish line is right there in front of them, that the game is coming to an end, that it is the awful spectre of death which is meting out the awards.

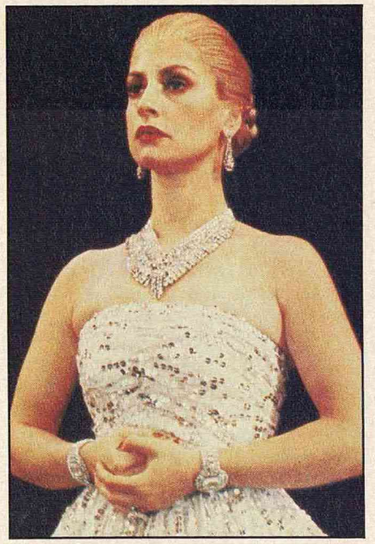
Archy, in a letter home:

"Dear Mum and Dad,

I know you really still haven't forgiven me for running off [to the war], *but I am sure in my own mind that I was right, and so would you if*

Continued page 161





WHAT'S PATTI (EVITA) LUPONE DOING IN SYDNEY?

profile by Wayne Darwen

IT'S JUST after midnight, and Patti LuPone is in the kitchen chatting about this and that while she chops peperoni and cheese to serve up to seven men she has dragged home to her Point Piper apartment for an impromptu party.

"How 'bout a beer, Pat?" one of the distinguished guests calls from the adjoining living room, where an American West Point graduate, a Hollywood writer, a Canadian ice hockey star, three visitors from Poland and an Aussie army sergeant named Kev are admiring the spectacular view of Sydney Harbor.

The hostess feigns confusion over which of the Magnificent Seven made the request. Then she cracks up and laughs. And gives Kev his can of KB.

It is, indeed, a strange cast of characters, and it's also an odd role for Patti LuPone, the visiting queen of Broadway. The lady is a star, a big star, perhaps the biggest star in the world of theatre.

Why the hell should she wait hand and foot on an Aussie digger?

Just an hour earlier she was receiving a standing ovation at Her Majesty's Theatre for her dynamic performance in *Evita,* the show that shot her to fame in New York and won her a coveted Tony Award for best actress in a musical.

The fact is that Patti is versatile. She can play the ruthless, seductive wife of a dictator just as easily and as naturally as she can play hostess. But she probably prefers hostess. The seven men at her luxurious unit at Point Piper are her friends — some old, some new — but friends just the same. The white lettering on Patti's T-shirt says it all: "No problems".

Patti is a bit of a surprise package, to say the least. The woman who promises us "just a little touch of star quality" in her role as Eva Peron actually understates her stature offstage. She doesn't play "star" at all. Out of her *Evita* costume of blonde wig and low-cut gowns, she unashamedly wears heavy horn-rimmed glasses, no make-up, her own shoulder-length hair, and clothes designed more for comfort than for looks.

Yet she exudes that special sex appeal of a woman who, at age 30, is content to show off her best asset — her real self. What you get from Patti LuPone is naturalness. And spontaneity. Despite her quiet confidence, Patti is softened by an almost little girl-like vulnerability. Topping up my glass of champagne, she asks out of the blue, and with an expression of mock pain: "Why didn't you ask me to pose for the centrefold?"

She would love to frame such an invitation, put it on her bedroom wall and show all her friends, she says, giggling. But she quickly drops the topic and returns to the task at hand: filling up glasses and making sure the guests have plenty to nibble on. She then excuses herself for a while and closes the kitchen door so we can talk.

What I want to know from this fascinating lady is what she is doing in Sydney, the city she describes as "the most remote corner of the world".

Sure, she is doing *Evita.* But why here, especially after performing the show for 20 months in New York. Patti explains that she is an "adventuress", and that the opportunity to visit Australia was too much to resist.

"Something told me there were things to be learned, be they good or bad. Isn't it amazing how things happen like that?"

To fully understand why Patti said yes, however, you have to understand where she was at the time.

Her native city of New York is a heavy place. Patti herself admits it is an awesome, scary town, although she says it is her home and she has learned to live there and "make it work for me".

It was just before she left the Broadway production of *Evita* that Patti witnessed firsthand what being a star in New York is really all about.

She had received a death threat . . . addressed to her personally at her home in Northport on Long Island. Fanatics threatened to blow up the theatre if she went ahead and performed on July 26, 1980 — the 27th anniversary of the death of Eva Peron.

"It was scary, really scary," Patti recalls. But suddenly she bursts into a fit of laughter as she delivers the punch line: "I didn't even get to read the death threat and went on stage without even knowing about it. I had been on vacation."

Nevertheless, doing six performances of *Evita* a week had been a terrible strain, taking up so much of her time, energy and concentration that it was a relief when she finally left the show. She relished her freedom and cut loose by launching a cabaret act that was both a critical and commercial success. She was just starting to wind down and get back into the real world when the Australian call came.

Patti had been planning to spend the American summer sailing with her two older twin brothers on Long Island Sound. But what the heck. She would go to Australia. After all, she was disappointed in the scripts for new shows she had been reading, and she could probably do more sailing Down Under anyway.

Patti doesn't regret her decision. And why should she? The Sydney theatre critics have been lavish in

Photography by Bill Harrington

their praise of her performance in *Evita* and her dynamic presence has breathed new life into the show. She admits she has found new enthusiasm here also. Not just for *Evita,* but for living — and love.

The past three years have been lonely for her. In 1978, disillusioned with male-female relationships, she split with her longtime boyfriend Kevin Kline, a fellow Broadway star who recently won a Tony Award for his performance in *The Pirates of Penzance.* At the time, she said, facetiously, that she lived with the fear that "for me, there would be no more beaus on moonlit nights". It was a bad joke, for there weren't — until very recently, in Sydney.

Patti gave Kline his marching orders after being greatly influenced by a play she appeared in called *The Woods.* It made a statement about male-female relationships that hit home with Patti: they didn't work.

"The play taught me that I'd been lying to myself, and to Kevin," Patti recalls. "It taught me that a man can have a pretty up-front conversation with another man, a woman can be honest with another woman, but a man and a woman can't."

Analysing it, and relating it to her relationship with Kline, Patti says: "It's just bad communication. It's not dealing with one's own feelings honestly and, therefore, not being able to deal with someone else's feelings. That's what I learned. And right after I discovered how many lies I told, there was a survey in America that found people told 200 lies a day. So that's what I'm talking about."

Patti figured her big problem was that she had never been alone. She had grown up in a close Italian family, gone straight from school to the prestigious Juilliard Academy in New York — which is like another big family — and then found a lover to keep her company as well. She had to find out what being alone was really like. Now she says, "I've found out. But as a result I was lonely for almost four years . . . a little too long. Big deal. I'm not the only one in the world who has been lonely. I said I wanted to be alone and I was getting exactly what I wanted. So it was a time to understand. I just thought I'd better stop bitching."

Patti returns to the present and there is a sparkle in her eyes. "In this magical city of Sydney, I am having a magical relationship," she confesses.

With whom?

She smiles coyly, and looks toward the other room. It's the Canadian ice hockey star. His name is Glen Anderson, he plays for the Edmonton Oilers, and he met Patti in New York last March. They wrote to each other after she came to Sydney and Glen, besotted and with plenty of spare time in the off-season, followed her here.

Of their relationship she says: "There is a buoyancy, a lightness about it. There is no pressure.

"Certain environments, certain situations, dictate certain burdens. Things you have to think about, worry about. When you are home you have the history of your life around you. But we are not at home, so there's no pressure. There's freedom.

"Glen and I have discovered each other, and a way of communicating with each other with no pressure to be anything else but ourselves. We've talked about it. And the thing we must remember is that this relationship exists in Sydney, not that it's not going to exist in the States or Canada. But the difference is that we eventually must go back to our own environments — mine, the theatrical community, and Glen's, the hockey community in Canada. We'll just have to see what happens. At the moment, this is like a holiday for both of us."

Patti's happiness gives her a sense of accomplishment: that those long years of loneliness and self-examination were worth it. "Maybe I arrived at a place in my own personal life that brought me to the relationship."

But, at the same time, happiness scares her . . . mostly because it is so unfamiliar. "I was telling Glen how uncomfortable it was for me because I am so used to being alone. I'm used to feeling bad. That felt normal."

A lot of people think about marriage when they find someone they click with. Patti is no different. She thought about it with Kevin Kline. She has thought about it with Glen Anderson. And she has thought about the life they could have together here in Sydney. "It's blissful here. Look at the environment I'm living in. It's so beautiful. I think everything you think about comes out of your environment. Marriage and living here in this apartment in Sydney . . . I mean look, it's heaven."

But you don't get married because you want to be sure your man doesn't cheat on you, she says emphatically. She wants it to be like Marlon Brando and Miiko Taka in the movie *Sayonara* — she sees marriage as tying a ribbon around two rocks. "It's saying I love you, let's be together. Let's tie a ribbon around the rock."

Not yet, however. There are other things on Patti's mind, namely her obligation to the Sydney production of *Evita.* She is devoted to her career, and does nothing to endanger it or her reputation as a super-professional actress. She makes strict rules, one of which is that play comes second. Often she locks herself away for 12 hours after a performance to give her voice a chance to rest.

She gets upset by unkind notices about her performances. There is one critic in Ann Arbor, Michigan, who particularly rubs her the wrong way. Mostly because he is better known as an agricultural forecaster.

She says of the critics: "Critical success may not be commercial success, and commercial success may not be critical success. It's all a matter of taste. It always comes down to that. After three days, a play belongs to the people. And if audiences could understand that a little better the function of the critic wouldn't be as extreme as it is today, when they can make or break a production. They are the last word, but nine times out of 10, audiences love what a critic hates.

"I've been a controversial actress most of my life . . . even before *Evita.* That's the kind of actress I am. I make a choice, and if it's a strong choice, it's going to offend some people and excite others. I've never played it safe. If I had, my reviews would be bland and perfect.

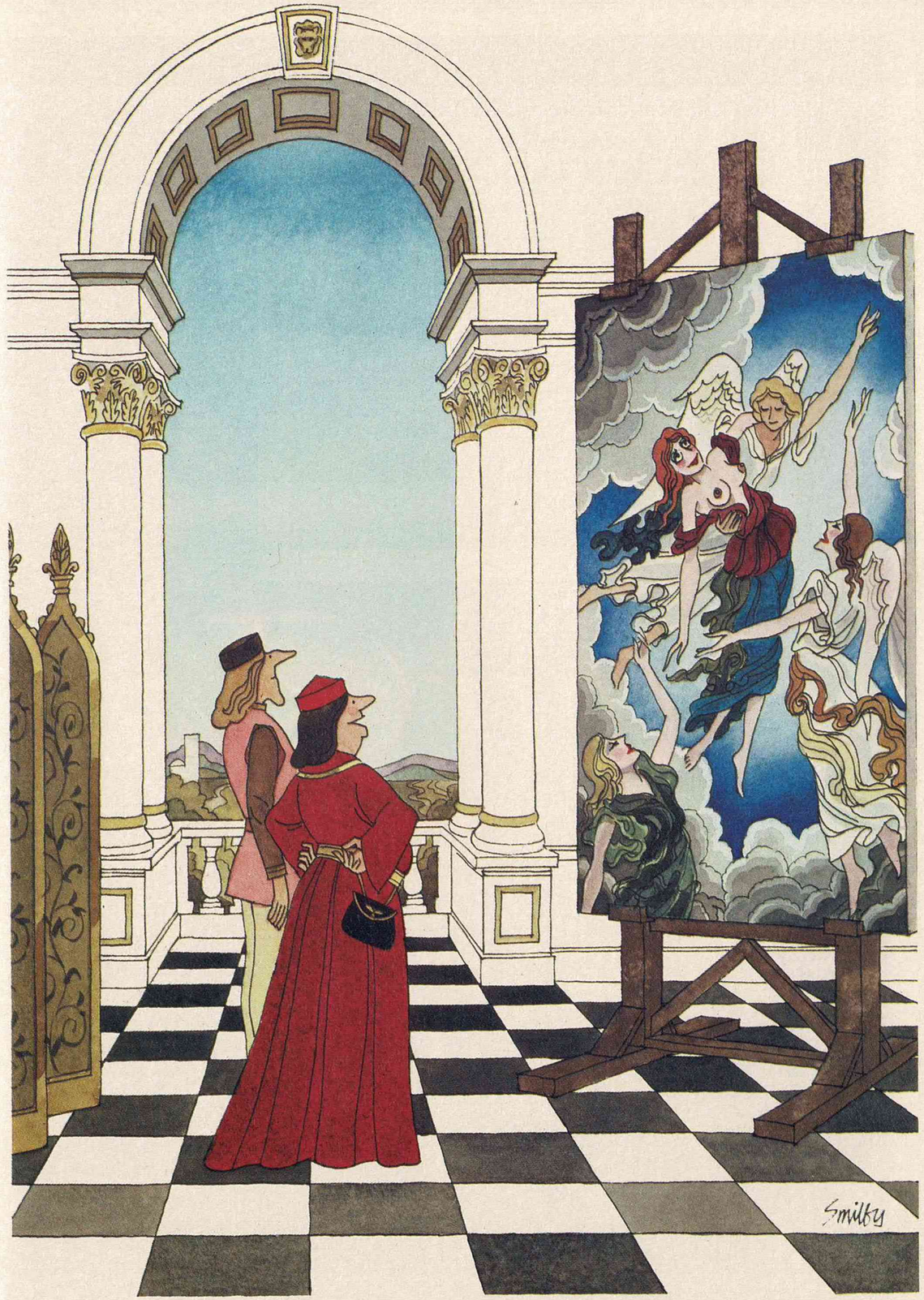
"I once read that the ideal actress should have both the ardor to desire criticism and the nonchalance to refuse to be depressed by it. I have the ardor . . . I desire criticism. But I do not have the nonchalance to refuse to be depressed by it. I still believe the critic is the last objective eye. The director and the producer are not. So it is devastating when you get bad notices but only as long as you allow it to be devastating."

Patti hasn't had to suffer that experience in Sydney. The critics love her. But what about her next show?

Well, she doesn't even want to think about. She'll worry about that when she gets back to New York. And that won't be until at least well into September. After she finishes *Evita* here, she has several of her family coming out from the US to join her on a tour of the east coast of Australia. The way she figures it, they should all have a great three weeks.

She is going to miss Sydney, she says. But she doesn't want to think about that either. Right now she is enjoying it, so let's get on with it, she says, motioning to the voices growing louder in the next room. She picks up a glass of champagne and a plate of cheese and we join the party.

She flops on to the floor and cuddles up with Glen, who puts an arm around her waist. She's relaxed and ready to enjoy another drink. But, hey, hold on. Where's Kev's beer?



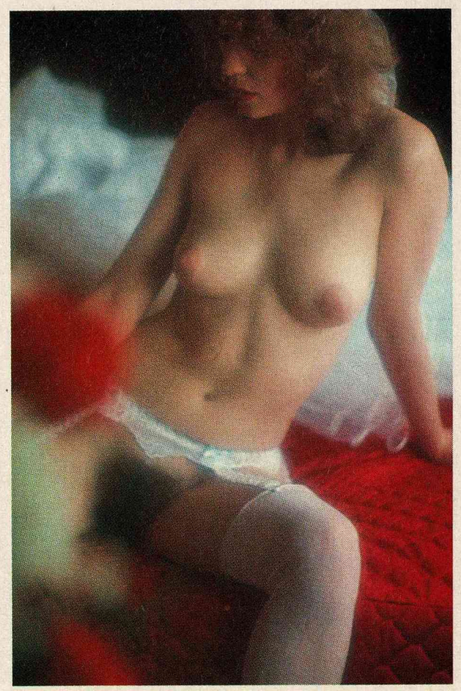
"I like it, Pietro, I like it . . . put bigger tits on St Ursula and you've got yourself a sale."

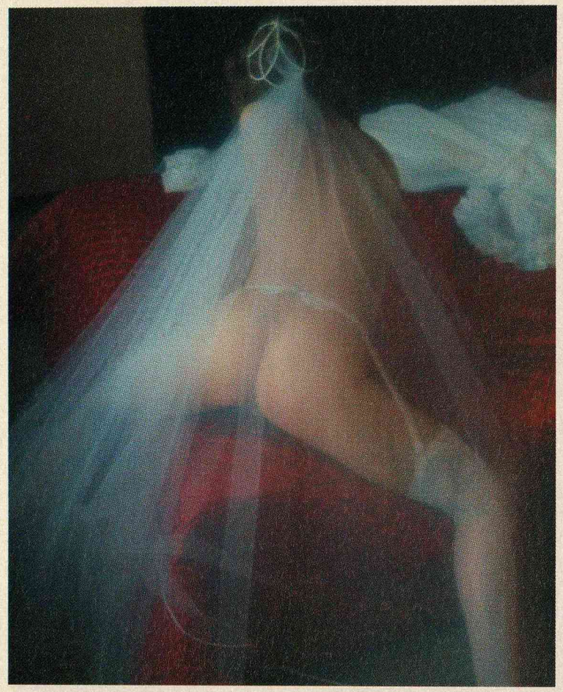
Alter Ego

the organ is ready to play the opening notes of "here comes the bride", but the marriage song plays second fiddle to her dream of self indulgence

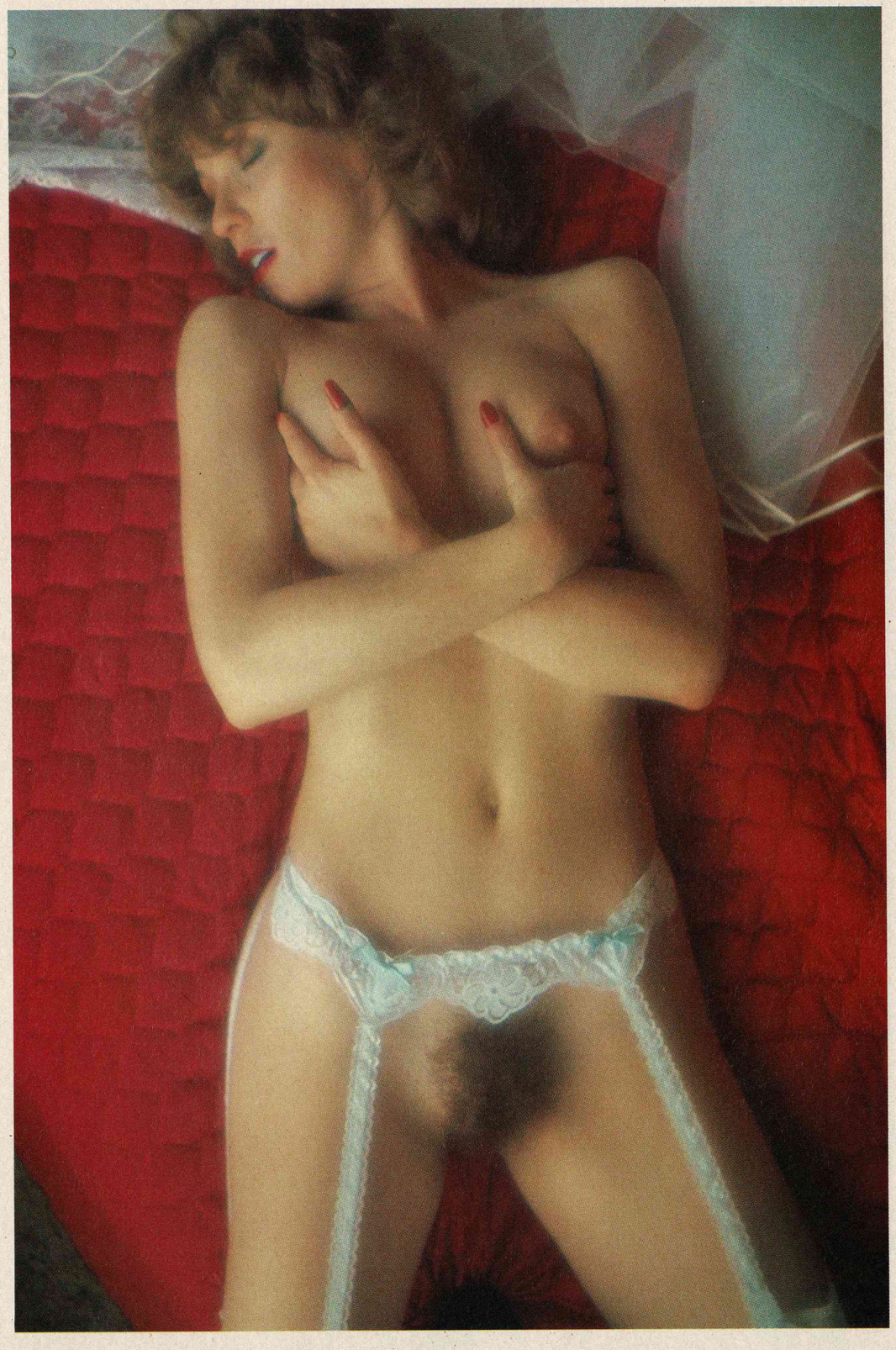
PHOTOGRAPHY BY DENIS SCOTT

Lost in a private fantasy of coming down the aisle, this nubile miss just might miss the nuptials. Her mind and her hands race beyond the rituals of the ceremony to what lies ahead, to the circumstances that await once the pomp is over, when they are alone in this room.





She's never been a maid of honor but she knows how a bride should feel – and she knows that she measures up. This moment of unbridaled passion will carry her through the rest of the day and last well into the night. Perhaps marriages are made in heaven, but dreams are made of this.



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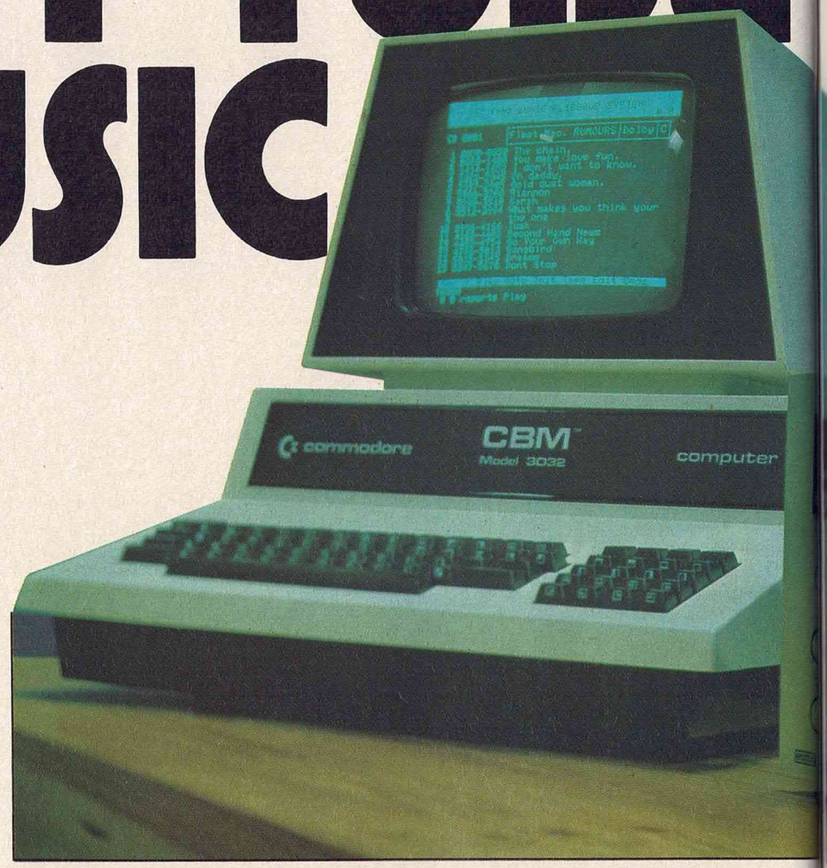
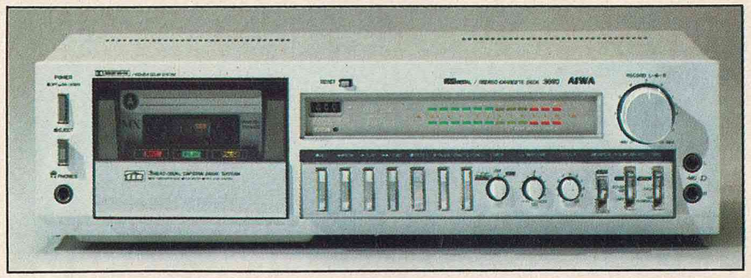




Top, Eumig's FL1000 cassette-computer. Above, Aiwa's slim-style deck.

WITH APOLOGIES to Mr Nakamichi, the most exciting and significant cassette deck to hit the Australian market in the past year is the Eumig FL1000.

Eumig specialises in 8mm movie equipment, so the launching of a cassette stunned us. It is so sophisticated that it will talk to a computer.

Obviously Eumig has been putting a lot of money and effort into electronic research. In fact, back when the company was first founded, radio was part of its production, and remained so until 1962 when Eumig gave up radio and television manufacturing to concentrate on home movies.

After 20 years Eumig has bounced back into the audio field with a vengeance and the flagship is the new cassette deck.

When Eumig undertook to design a cassette deck that would be something special in the already overcrowded market place they didn't turn to gimmicks or tricks.

Instead, they looked at the cassette format, and caught a glimpse of the future. With incredible foresight (this happened back in 1978), they saw the cassette becoming a very important part of the personal computer market.

Eumig decided that not only would it build a high quality cassette deck to attract the audiophiles, but a supersophisticated one that would talk to computers and offer enthusiasts a storage system.

They also designed a system for the computer enthusiast who is also an audiophile and would be able to use it to run his music.

Then Eumig went a stage further: it designed a system so that up to 16 cassette decks could be worked off a personal computer (they chose the Pet Commodore because of its popularity in Europe) for running a disco.

The Eumig simply uses digital information for its controls instead of electro-mechanical. When you press the stop button, instead of an electric current being created to operate the motor, Eumig has used computer language to pass on the command.

On the outside, this makes no difference. You press the stop button, and the machine stops. It will record, play, rewind, and fast forward at the touch of any of the command buttons.

The fact that computer language (binary maths) is being used makes no real difference — until you consider the potential. The use of binary computer language means the computer and the Eumig cassette deck talk the same language to each other.

Now when you load your cassette into the Eumig deck, you press the play button and the cassette will immediately print on to the screen of the Pet the list of songs available. You can ask the deck to play what songs you want and in what order.

You can store up to 33 indexes of cassettes on the 32K Pet Commodore. So should you want a special song simply ask the computer and it will

The marriage of the cassette and the computer

hi-fi by Dennis Lingane

tell you on which cassette it is. Put the cassette in the deck and tell the computer to play it and it will fast wind straight to the song and play it.

Thus the Eumig can be used by a computer enthusiast as a data storage system and offer random access at speed. The Eumig will automatically speed wind to a program and, on command, automatically load the data into the Pet's brain. A really superb and versatile unit, the Eumig also offers very high audio performance. It comes with either Dolby or Hi-Com noise reduction and if you think it costs the earth you are wrong. Eumig Australia sells it for $1350 for the Dolby unit, and $1450 for the Hi-Com cassette deck.

Nakamichi, by contrast, is asking $3000 for its super deluxe computer-controlled newcomer — the 1000ZXL. Nakamichi is generally considered the king of cassette decks in the hi-fi industry. But in recent years companies like Matsushita (Technics), Pioneer, Kenwood, Aiwa, and Sony have produced equally superb decks and the difference between a Nakamichi and other top quality decks has narrowed dramatically.

But Nakamichi isn't about to give up its crown that easily. The latest creation, although pricey, is a masterpiece of engineering and offers unparalleled performance also. Designed round a mini-computer, it isn't everyone's cup of tea. The $3000 price tag makes certain of that. And if that doesn't, then the complex front panel certainly does. One leading hi-fi dealer asked me to come back in a week so he could learn how to operate it.

Described by Nakamichi as "the ultimate recording investment" this one does everything — including think — for you. This Nakamichi deck also shatters all previous frequency response records. It offers an amazing 10-25,000Hz at plus or minus 3dB.

On chrome tape it gives you a 20-20,000Hz at plus or minus 0.5dB, that is, open reel-type performance out of a cassette — something open reel fans said would never happen.

But while the specifications of the deck are incredible it is the ABLE brain and other computerised features that make it a talking point. The ABLE brain is an Automatic Bias Level and Equalisation circuit.

Every tape you put into the cassette deck will be analysed by ABLE and its particular bias and equalisation factors all worked out. The machine is then adjusted to make the most of the tape's characteristics.

You simply drop the cassette into the deck, press ABLE and the deck plays the tape, analyses the bias and equalisation, adjusts the machine to the correct settings and then rewinds the tape to the beginning and sits there waiting for you to feed in the music and press the record button.

If you have four favorite types of tapes that you use consistently then you can program their characteristics into the four memories that are built in and then, instead of asking ABLE every time you want to make a recording, just press the right memory.

This black beauty (all Nakamichi cassette decks come in black) also has the random memory system. It will automatically find any song, or series of songs, if you program it to do so.

The Nakamichi doesn't use quiet passages in between songs for its search system like so many of the cheaper searcher decks. It puts a special and an individual code before each tune. This means that when you ask it to play a special song, or a series of songs, it will spin quickly through the tape and find the special code related to that song. It will zoom back and forth finding the songs you want, so you do not have to play them in sequential order.

This is a fine beast that devotees of the electronic age will sell their souls to obtain. But it's a long way from the deck the average guy wants to, or can, afford. So what is there at the other end of the financial scale?

Even with budget-priced cassette decks, technology has produced excellent sounds. Companies compete by offering all sorts of features: memory systems, program search facilities, automatic recording level adjustments, digital displays, sound enhancers and pretty colored lights. Eighteen months ago they were only offered in the top-of-the-line decks. This year will also see a new trend in cassette decks. They will become a lot slimmer, and more fashion conscious.

Marantz led the new era with a new gold-colored deck called the 5010 ($399) that is slim-line. The cassette section slides out like a drawer. You

put the cassette in, press a button and the drawer closes. Pioneer will be releasing gold-colored cassette decks later this year. The new Pioneer range is one of the prettiest I have seen, offering full micro-processor control, lots of pretty lights, and with a clean fashionable front facia panel.

But in the fashion stakes one must give the Oscar to the new ACE cassette deck from Teac. Part of the new ACE limited edition range, this V9 cassette deck, at $339, is the most colorful I have seen.

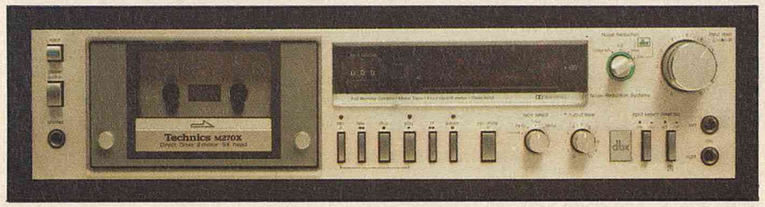
The actual body of the deck is off-white with a bright orange panel set into the facia. Controls are electronic and the switches are wafer thin. But it is the recording and playback level indicators which are so eye-catching that this cassette deck stands out in a crowded hi-fi shop. It has huge LEDs (light emitting diodes) that are all colors of the rainbow. When these lights dance out their rhythmic routine it is hypnotic.

But while Pioneer, Teac and others get into the fashion stakes, traditional hi-fi companies like Kenwood, Aiwa, Sony and Technics are relying on slim-line modern styling, good quality performance and convenient micro-processor technology.

Kenwood has a new series coming into Australia. First off the rank is the KX70 in the new range that has excellent performance specifications and slim-line design. There is no price for this at time of going to press, but the National Sales Manager, Reg Hall, says it will be very competitive. The KX70 has an excellent frequency response for audiophiles looking for a good sound.

Aiwa has always been one of the innovators and leaders in the cassette market. And while it may be turning its attention more and more to mini-systems, it is determined to keep its cassette deck range as one of the leaders in the field. The entry for this year, like Kenwood's, is slim-line. But while Kenwood's new unit is a two-head deck, Aiwa sees the '80s as the decade when the three-head concept will come out of the esoteric and into the expedient. So its entry, the AD-3600, comes with three heads and an automatic de-magnetising system to keep them in tip-top condition.

Aiwa says the new heads have such a low resistance to magnetic saturation (a good point) that they are susceptible to permanent magnetisation (a bad problem). So Aiwa has built an ADMS (Auto De-Magnetisation System) into the deck. Every time you switch the power on, the ADMS operates a high frequency oscillator which applies a high frequency current to the heads for 1.5 seconds to automatically reduce any build-up of magnetism back to zero prior to use.

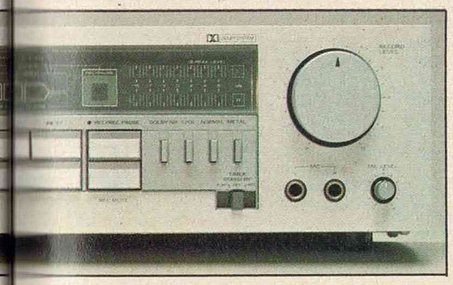


Sharp is one of the surprise companies in the industry. Every time you sit back and think to yourself: "I've now seen it all," out comes Sharp with yet another surprise.

And in the cassette deck market, Sharp continues to astound. First came the Brain a few years back — the very first use of chip technology to create a deck that would find music tracks for you automatically.

It will never catch on, said the knockers. Now most tape deck manufacturers have a search system of one sort or another. Sharp's 9100 has a timer system, also a search memory system that allows you to program 15 tracks in what order you want, automatic mid-program pause so it won't actually play the next tune until you give it a nudge. Ideal for slide presentations. A skip system allows you to skip a tune if you change your mind. You can also select to go on to any special spot on the tape using the digital counter.

Clockwise from the top: Teac's V9 deck; Pioneer's CT-9R with computer-aided conveniences built in; Nakamichi's $3000 attempt at the ultimate cassette: the 1000ZXL, built around a mini-computer; Kenwood's slim-line cassette deck with digital read-out timer; Technics' M270X direct drive. These, and others, will be competing for sales in the "cassette-computer" age dawning upon us in the 1980s.



This unit was released almost two years ago and it is only now that its competitors are beginning to catch up with the technology that is included in the 9100, which costs $989.

Meanwhile Sharp also had released another mind-boggling concept that had everyone laughing at first. Now they are laughing on the other side of their faces as they rush to the research laboratories to try to equal the product that in Japan and the USA is receiving boom sales. It is a double cassette deck. A deck that has two cassette compartments built in. One will play and record as the other plays.

The idea is that should you want to copy a tape place it in the "play-only" compartment and put a blank cassette in the record/play compartment and set it on record.

There is a middle switch which when pressed starts both cassettes off at the same time . . . one in the play mode and the other in the record mode. This Optonica dual cassette deck is now available for $569.

There is a Casseiver version of the double deck called a creative sound centre that has the two cassette compartments, an AM/FM radio, 20 watts per channel amplifier all built into one neat cabinet for around $600. The specifications of the cassette compartment are not as good as the Optonica deck but are good enough for the average music lover.

Before moving on from Sharp there is one cassette deck released this year that indicates the value now offered to buyers by new technology.

Sharp released a deck for $199 that offered a digital clock, plus a timer to switch it on and off automatically, a digital display counter, and an elapsed timer for recording so you would know how much time you had left when making your recording. The specifications were not great, with a top-end performance of only 13kHz but good for the average person.

Sony has been very quiet on the Australian market for a few years since it was badly burned in the color television boom. But this year will see it moving into the forefront.

The new cassette deck range is called the Digi-Decks because of the extensive use of electronic circuitry.

Sony has two decks in the new range called the FX6 ($399), and FX5 ($299). They have the modern slim-line design favored by Kenwood and by Aiwa.

However, these two aren't the slimmest in the line-up. Yet to be announced is the FX-7, which is billed as "the world's slimmest front-loading cassette deck."

The FX6 has a digital linear counter that not only counts the tape, but will also give you an elapsed recording time in minutes and seconds for accurate control of recordings.

It also has an automatic song-finder that will seek up to nine tunes in any order as programmed. It uses the "silent passage" between songs to recognise the beginning of a tune so there is also an edit button to put a four-second silent passage between the songs.

The LED power and recording meters have peak hold for accurate control of the recording and feather-touch electronic logic controls for control of the deck.

There is a separate volume control for the headphones, and the digital timer has a stand-by system for automatic operation.

Its cheaper brother has the same logic controls, but no music search system. It also has conventional analogue counter instead of the digital system. There's no doubt the FX6 is worth the extra $100.

Technics, also a cassette deck market leader, released some new electronic-controlled decks earlier this year which featured auto-recording level adjustments, electronic touch controls (although I do prefer the Technics' soft touch controls because it allows audible cue and review) and digital read-out. The decks were in the $250 to $350 price range and won Technics plenty of support in the competitive market.

However, this year Technics plans to hang its hat on DBX sound enhancing system to woo support away from its competitors. Technics argues that there is a need to move on from the Dolby noise reduction system that 10 years ago launched the inferior cassette into the hi-fi world. The Dolby noise reduction allowed the recording of a much cleaner top end.

But as heads and other electronics in the cassette decks get better, there is a need to improve on the reliable old Dolby system. There are nine contenders in the market. Adres from Toshiba, High Com one and two from Telefunken, Super D from Sanyo, Compander from Hitachi, Dolby HX (an improved Dolby), ANRS and Super ANRS from JVC, and now Dolby C.

Technics has decided that to get involved in another standards war would be foolish at this time, and so it has elected to adopt the DBX dynamic sound range expander and noise reduction system that has been around for several years and available as an add-on unit to hi-fi enthusiasts.

The fact that some record companies are also adopting DBX for mastering special hi-fi quality records (they need a decoder to be played back through your hi-fi system) is an indication that DBX is gaining industry acceptance.

In France, a company is actually using DBX-encoded sound on their video cassettes to give the terrible sound quality on video cassettes a lift.

The DBX system makes even ordinary tapes sound better than metal tapes, and gives maximum noise improvement for the listener.

So good is DBX that it even makes the tiny micro-cassette sound superb, as demonstrated by Technics in the Electronics Show held in Tokyo in October of last year.

This can do almost everything a Sony Betamax can do.

This is the cordless infra-red remote control that comes as standard equipment with every Sony Betamax SL-C7 — the world's most advanced video-tape recorder.

From up to ten metres away, this tiny control duplicates 12 of the Sony Betamax' main functions including "Picture Search", "x3" speed, Freeze Frame and Record.

Picture Search. Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a unique time-saving capability called "Picture Search". With "Picture Search", you can actually see the picture going past at 11 times normal speed!

What's more, Sony Betamax will do exactly the same in reverse.

When you find the place you want, take your finger from the Picture Search button, and the Sony Betamax will stop exactly where you want it to.

Sony Betamax Retailers:

N.S.W. METROPOLITAN

Bankstown	David Jones 709 3222
Birkenhead Point	Audiocom 81 3132
Blacktown	Myer 621 0022
Bondi Junction	David Jones 387 0244
Bondi Junction	Grace Bros 387 0222
Broadway	Grace Bros 2 0946
Brookvale	David Jones 93 0111
Brookvale	Grace Bros 938 9111
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Chatswood	Grace Bros 412 0111
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Fairfield	Bing Lee 727 7000
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Lindfield	Hi-Fi World 46 6536
Liverpool	Grace Bros 600 0011
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Miranda	Grace Bros 526 0111
Miranda	Myer 524 0432
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Mt. Druitt	Grace Bros 625 0366
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North Rocks	Audiocom 872 3829
Parramatta	Bing Lee 633 4011
Parramatta	David Jones 635 0377
Penrith	Myer 21 4331
Rosebery	Commodore TV 699 7722
Roselands	Grace Bros 750 1111
Sans Souci	Geoffrey Button Sales P/L 529 4000
St. Leonards	Trident Video 439 3688
Sydney	David Jones, Market St. 2 0664
Sydney	David Jones, George St. 2 0664
Sydney	Dynasty Video 212 5075
Sydney	Myer, Cnr. George & Market 238 9111
Sydney	Sydney Hi-Fi 29 1082
Woollahra	Woollahra Electronics 387 1647

N.S.W. COUNTRY

Bathurst	Myer 31 2133
Canberra	Kent Hi-Fi 82 2874
Canberra	Canberra Professional Equip. 80 5576
Canberra	Myer 51 2522
Cessnock	Grace Bros 90 1144
Cowra	Myer 42 1566
Dubbo	Myer 82 4011
Gilgandra	Myer 47 2055
Gosford	Myer 24 2555
Grenfell	Myer 431 1611
Newcastle	Grace Bros 2 4732
Newcastle	John Perry/Edmund Moir 61 4991 (Area Distributor)
Orange	Myer 62 1455
Tamworth	Myer 66 3691
Tweed Heads	Myer 36 2811
Wagga Wagga	Myer 23 1611
Wollongong	Bing Lee 29 3011
Wollongong	M & S Engineering 71 5777 (Area Distributor)

SON 0036L

With Sony Betamax SL-C7, there is no time-consuming stopping between modes: you can switch directly from one mode to another — even Fast Forward to Reverse — without having to stop the machine.

Automatic Timer. Another time-saving feature of the Sony Betamax SL-C7 is its unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer.

What this means is that you can now record any four programmes over a two-week period and replay them at a time to suit yourself. (We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner.)

Sony's Superior Picture. The characteristic which makes Sony so much in demand throughout the world — with professionals and consumers alike — is Sony quality.

Unfortunately, there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your eyes. However, we can tell you that experts in West Germany, the U.S. and Japan have all concluded that the Sony Betamax home video format is superior to all others. We invite you to see it for yourself.

In action.
Up close. Compare it with anything else on the market.

Only then will you understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality". Only then will you begin to see why professionals have so much time for Sony.

Beta

Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner.

SONY®

VICTORIA METROPOLITAN

Ashburton	E & S Trading 25 4577
Blackburn	Reilly Bishop 877 5555
Cheltenham	Myer "Southland" 93 0111
Chadstone	Myer 569 0211
Dandenong	Myer 791 0211
Doncaster	Myer 848 3311
Malvern	Compucolour 509 2511
East Malvern	Pal TV 211 3333
Frankston	Myer 783 0111
Knoxfield	Myer "Knox City" 221 5111
Maribyrnong	Myer "High Point West" 318 3333
Melbourne	Myer 6 6111
Melbourne	Stereo Hi-Fi Centre, Bourke St. 63 1703
Melbourne	Video Recorder Centre 63 3086
Melbourne	Natsound 67 8158
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Ringwood	Clive Savage 870 1533
Ringwood	Myer "Eastland" 870 8966

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Ballarat	Myer 311 555
North Ballarat	John Thomas 313 662
Geelong	Myer 9 0271
Hamilton	Moon Electrics 2 3244

QUEENSLAND

Brisbane	A1 Sound 229 6220
Brisbane	Video Home Systems 229 4805
Brookside	Myer 355 7077
Buranda	Reg Mills 391 5606
Chermside	Myer 59 5955
Chermside	A1 Sound 59 4613
Coorparoo	Myer 397 8122
Fortitude Valley	Myer 52 0211
Fortitude Valley	A1 Sound 52 1033
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Mermaid Beach	Video Home Systems 38 9168
Woolloongabba	A1 Sound 391 3068

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Adelaide	David Jones 217 0321
Adelaide	Focus Video 212 3000
Adelaide	Grenfell Hi-Fi 51 5017
Adelaide	Myer Emporium 217 0123
Adelaide	Video World 223 5342
Campbelltown	Spartan Electricals 337 3331
Glenelg	Jim Ryan Sound 295 1564
Norwood	Ern Smith's 332 8000
Salisbury	Video Centre 250 4670
Woodville	Astra Housewares 268 2411

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Fremantle	Myer 335 5455
Karrinyup	Myer 746 0011
Perth	Myer, 246 Murray St. 321 0151
Perth	Gibson Berness Ind. 323 8606 (Area Distributor)
East Perth	Videolink 328 3022

TASMANIA

Launceston	Myer 2 2074
Launceston	Dawson's Agencies 44 3078 (Area Distributor)
Hobart	Myer 34 2888

SON 0036R

BEN OSCZHIO

BENJAMIN Osczhio suffered from a multitude of burdens. Now first, there was his wife, Katrinka, a mammoth harridan who had never lost an opportunity to belittle him throughout their 16 years of marriage.

Then there was his job at the delicatessen. It paid only $220 a week, and his rent was $350 a month, and what with inflation and Katrinka's appetite, he was gradually getting into serious debt. Katrinka had offered to return to work — she had been a cashier at the delicatessen when he met her 17 years ago — but he liked being the sole breadwinner. It was the only thing in his life that gave him a sense of superiority over her. Besides, Katrinka didn't really want to work. She much preferred spending her days padding around their four-room apartment in her furry pink house slippers, eating herself into exhaustion.

To make matters worse, old man Epstein, whose family had operated the delicatessen for 32 years, had decided to close the business and retire to Florida. "Too many holdups. The neighborhood's gone bad," he told Ben. So, very shortly, Ben would be out of a job at the age of 48, qualified to do nothing more than slice ham, dish out potato salad and write prices on bags. Living in a $350-a-month apartment with a wife who consumed $15 a week in white bread alone (not to mention 10 bucks' worth of peanut-butter cups), he was a man in trouble.

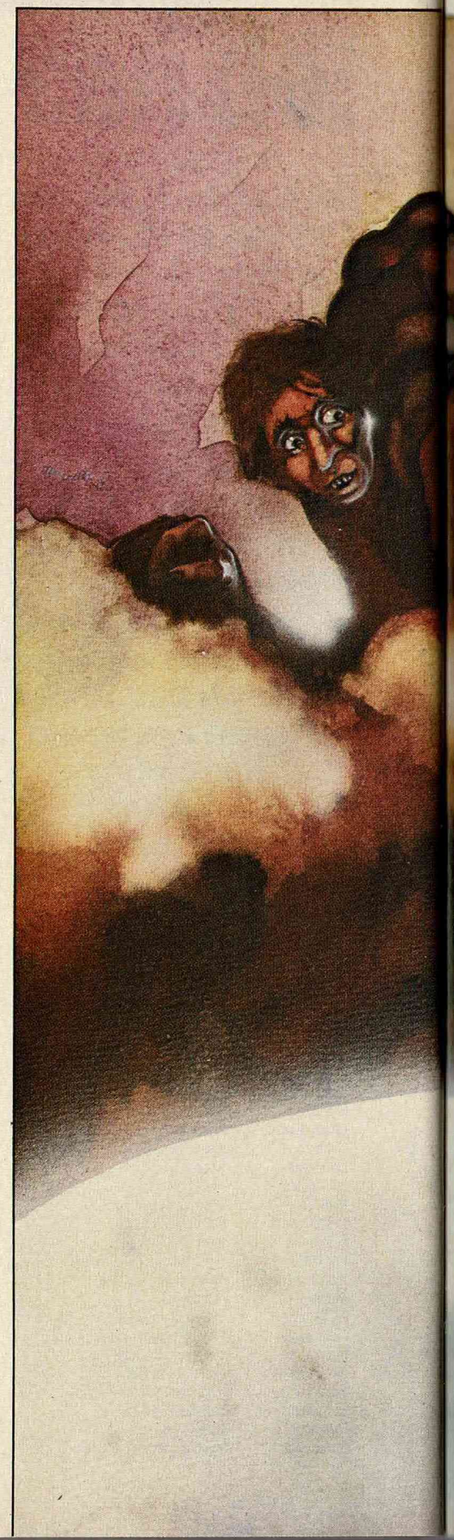
But great though those miseries were, none was so great as his primary, fundamental, never-ending woe. He had a tiny penis. Not just small. Tiny. So tiny that Katrinka, to mock him when he refused to meet her frequent demands that he steal food from the deli for her, would take an unshelled peanut to their bed that night and masturbate with it, whispering, "See? If you were only this big, you could make me happy."

Of course, he'd tried everything to make it bigger. He bought his first "guaranteed" lotion from a fortune-teller when he was 17. Since then, he'd tried innumerable powders and salves, electric stimulators, vacuum pumps and a horrible little contraption he nicknamed The Rack. Along the way, he had managed to stretch it from one half inch to five eighths of an inch, and several times nearly lost it altogether. He hated it. "A little nubbin of a nubbin," Katrinka called it when he hid the butter from her. She liked to eat a pound of butter, softened and mashed with sugar, while watching television.

His penis, what there was of it, was the bane of his existence. He'd been

"are you too small to satisfy your woman?" read the odd, little leaflet. "see dr brazil . . ."
fiction by Walter Lowe, Jnr.

Illustration by Otto and Chris



too shy to get very far with girls in high school, and even through early manhood, he rarely let a woman see him undressed. Most often, he induced his dates to let him pleasure them by means other than intercourse while he surreptitiously played with himself. It was very unsatisfactory.

Then he met Katrinka. She wasn't so fat then, weighing only about 180. And when he discovered that she loved dildos and vibrators (she confessed this while drunk one night as they sat in the tavern down the block from the deli), he figured she was as good a match as he'd ever find, so he proposed. For the first three years, they'd had a good time. He bought several expensive, large, soft-inside, hard-outside strap-on dildos and even one that vibrated. He loved the feeling of power the huge dildos gave him as he thrust between Katrinka's massive jiggling thighs.

But, inevitably, any technology becomes boring. The novelty wore off. Katrinka began whining that she wanted a *real* prick, a mammoth organ as big as her favorite dildo, the vibrating, multi-studded Black Mambo. She began buying *Playgirl.* She began eating. She lost interest in any sex with him.

So for the past 13 years, Benjamin had resorted to prostitutes. Over the years, he'd had several favorites: women who were convincing at moaning and screaming the things he paid them to say, like, "Oh, you're splitting me apart!" and "I feel like I'm with a stallion!"

However, there were several problems connected with that habit. One was his dread of venereal disease. Another was the cost, a serious strain on his perpetually overstrained budget. The worst part, however, was the grief Katrinka gave him whenever she suspected that he'd been "dipping his pea in some whore's pudding," as she put it. For, although she'd lost interest in him sexually, she was nonetheless violently jealous. Once, one of his "girls" had called him at home and Katrinka went on a rampage, wrecking the apartment and beating him soundly about the head and shoulders with a salami.

So it was on a particular Tuesday morning that poor Benjamin Osczhio didn't go to work but, instead, went to a downtown sporting-goods outlet to purchase a gun with which to blow his brains out. As he approached the store, a cold chill swept over him. I'm actually about to take my life, he thought, because my penis is too small. That's ridiculous. It was so ridiculous that he couldn't go through with it. He sat down on a sidewalk bench, buried his head in his hands and wept. People passed by, but Ben did not notice. Nobody cares, he thought, for a man with a tiny penis. Then he prayed. And his prayer went something like this: "Dear Whoever it is out there, I'll do anything for a larger penis. I'll serve my fellow man, be honest and upright all of my life, go to church, never tell a lie. But, *please,* give me just three inches. Three *inches,* it's all I ask." For a moment, he was transfixed in concentration. Then, with a sigh, he opened his eyes and felt his crotch. It was still the same. He sighed again. He glanced down at the bench and spied an odd little leaflet lying there. It said: "Are you too small to satisfy your woman? See Dr Brazil and discover how big a man you can be." There was a paragraph referring to Dr Brazil's mastery of South American occult mysteries, and a phone number. Nothing about devices, gadgets, potions or lotions. It was the strangest penis-extender advertisement he'd ever seen. Taking it as an answer from Whomever, he promptly made a phone call.

•

Dr Brazil was a tiny brown man with penetrating black eyes and thick eyebrows that merged over his nose. He smelled strange, Ben thought, kind of like library paste. He sat Ben down in his tiny shuttered office and asked about Ben's problem.

"I have a little penis."

"How little?" asked the doctor.

"Very little."

"And you would like a large one?"

"Yes, sir."

"How large?"

"As big as they come. So to speak, Heh." The doctor didn't smile.

He was as small as a child. He stood and walked across the room to a filing cabinet. Ben noticed that he walked with a limp. When the doctor returned to his desk, he said, "You probably notice that I walk with a limp?" Ben nodded. "Do you have any idea why?" Ben shook his head. "Because I have to strap it to my leg."

Ben blinked. "What?" he asked.

The doctor stood up, promptly unfastened his trousers and let them fall to the floor. He was telling the truth. It was covered in a long Argyle knee sock, but Ben estimated its dimensions to be nine inches around, 18 inches long. The doctor pulled up his pants and sat behind his desk as if nothing had happened. Ben was left speechless.

"Once, mine measured only half an inch," the doctor smiled, showing small, white teeth. "But that was before I discovered Mbigone."

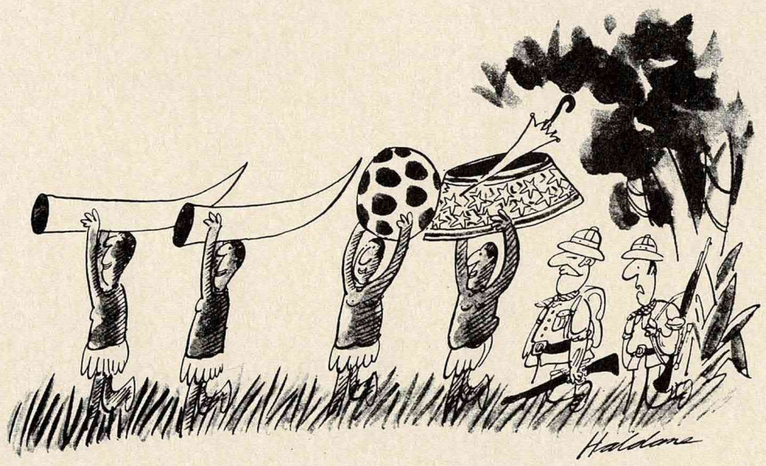
"What's Mbigone?" Ben asked.

"Mbigone, my friend, is not a *what.* It is a *who.* He is the ancient Indian god of seduction and deceit. To those who worship him and make sacrifice to him, he will grant truly godlike sexual organs."

Ben stood and headed for the door. "I've heard a lot a crap in my life," he said, "but that's the worst. If you think I'm going to pay you for some kind of magic potion, forget it. I tried that when I was 17."

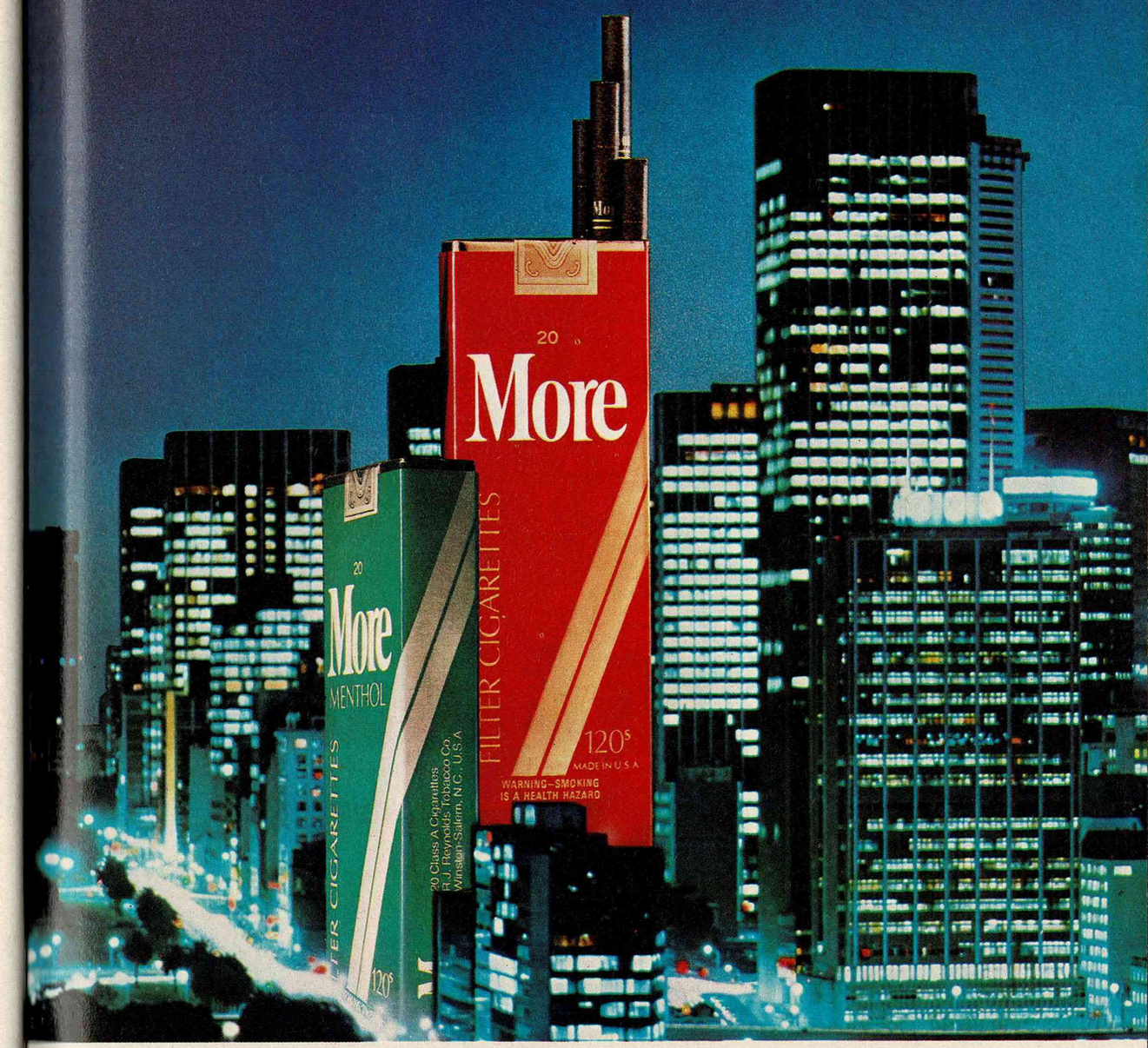
He was opening the door when Brazil called out, "Before you go, look at this!" Something in the little man's voice compelled Ben to turn around. The doctor was holding a photograph. "Come, look at this," he urged. "It was me before I learned the secret of Mbigone."

Against his will, Ben stode over



"I still say he must have belonged to somebody."

More
A little larger than life



More Filters and More Menthol. Long. Lean.
Distinctively brown and bold enough to stand out in a crowd.

©1980 R.J. Reynolds Tobacco (Aust.) Pty. Ltd. CC474-80. RJR72

and snatched the faded snapshot. It was Brazil around the age of 20, standing on a beach, holding a basket of fish. He was nude. His penis was barely visible. The doctor stood close and whispered in his ear, "I know how you feel, you see? I would not torture and tease and cheat a man who is suffering as I suffered for many years. I only want to help you. Come now, sit down."

Still staring at the photograph, Ben sat down again as the little man opened a drawer behind his desk. When Ben looked up, there was a small wooden carved figure before him. "This," said Brazil, "is a statue of Mbigone, carved by one of the few South American sorcerers qualified to invoke the power of the ancient Indian gods. Look at him."

Ben took the little figure cautiously. It was heavy for such a small piece of wood. The carving was delicate and precise. It was the figure of a gnarled hunchback with heavy eyebrows, sharp, small pointed teeth and claw-like hands. Ben noticed that the hump on his back was odd: it was perfectly circular and it had ripples in it, hills and valleys, so to speak. "How, uh . . . " he started, then stopped.

"How does it work?" Brazil supplied for him.

Ben nodded.

"Well, the ancient gods lived on worship and on sacrifice. To put it another way, they needed the nourishment of human worship to live. That is still true today. If you believe in Mbigone and make sacrifice to him, it nourishes him. He repays you."

"How do I make the sacrifice?"

"Well, for five hundred dollars, I can impart that information."

"Five hundred bucks? Jeez, that's all I have in my cheque account."

"That's all you'll need."

"Will you accept a cheque?" Already, he'd thought about the problems of paying the rent, explaining the empty account to Katrinka and the ensuing argument. And he'd discarded those worries as inconsequential compared with having a penis he could strap to his leg.

"Of course. If it bounces, the magic won't work."

"It won't bounce," said Ben, writing it out.

"Fine. Thanks," the little brown man said when Ben handed the cheque to him.

"Now, here's what you do . . . "

•

It was a rather messy ritual. So messy in fact, that Ben used his credit card (already over the credit line) to purchase not only the necessary ingredients but also a cheap room to perform the rite. It wasn't easy getting a live macaw, a stray dog, a rhesus monkey, three small lizards, a bushel of chilli peppers and a six-gallon pot past the desk at the Bidy Bed Motel, but he managed.

Two hours later, the room smelled of monkey piss, blood and birdshit, and Ben was throwing up in the toilet. His penis was exactly the same size, and he was out 500 bucks. He threw up again.

When he got home, Katrinka was furious. She'd called the deli and discovered that he hadn't gone to work. She suspected that he'd gone to "dip his pea" again, and let him know in no uncertain terms that she'd tolerate none of his fooling around on her. Before he had a chance to remove his coat, she snatched the chequebook out of his back pocket and thumbed through it. When she found the balance, she shrieked. "What the *hell* have you spent our money on?" she screamed. "You rotten little bastard!" She began swinging at him. For a woman who weighed upwards of 300 pounds, she was quick and threw a solid left hook. The second one felled him. She stood over him in her bathrobe, her elephantine breasts swaying from her exertion. "Who is this Dr Brazil? What did you pay him for? Do you have some kind of venereal disease, you little wart?"

He shook his head.

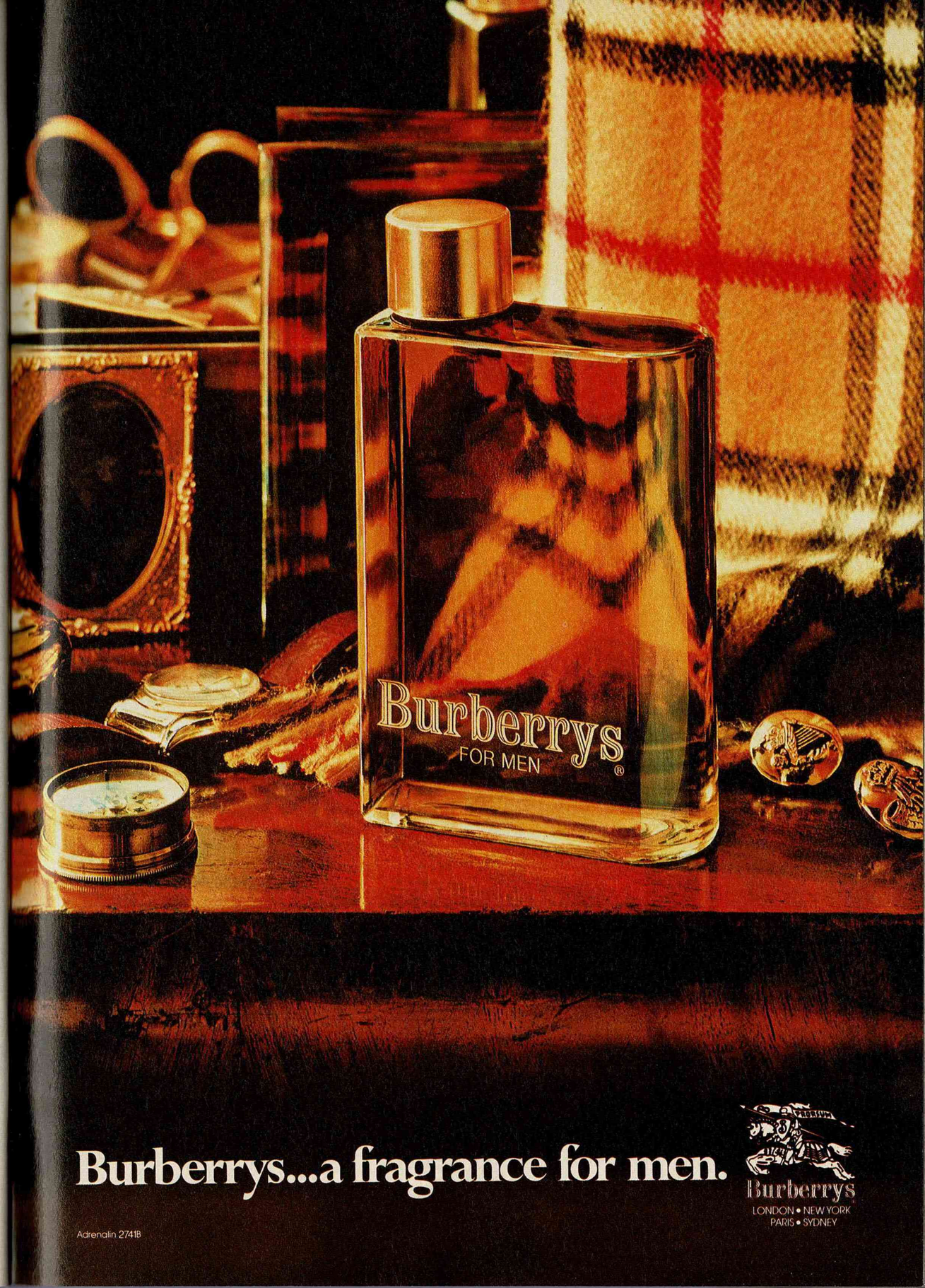
"You didn't pay some con man to make your penis grow, did you?"

He blushed and stammered. She kicked him. "You *did,* didn't you, you pathetic wretch?"

"N-n-n-no, dear," he whispered, knowing that she could see in his eyes that he was lying. She kicked him again. But he didn't notice. Because the most wonderful thing was happening. The minute he lied to her, he felt his penis growing. It was . . . it was actually getting bigger! He jumped up, bounced off Katrinka, ran around her and into the bathroom, where he frantically tugged down his pants. When he pulled down his shorts, tears welled from his eyes. He fell to the floor, sobbing with gratitude. It was at least six inches long. He opened his eyes and stared at it. He pinched himself. He splashed cold water on his face from the toilet bowl. He wasn't dreaming. It was *six inches long.* He jumped up and grabbed a toothbrush. He put one end at the juncture of his crotch and laid it against his penis. He knew the toothbrush had to be at least six inches, and he was about half an inch longer than the toothbrush. His heart was pounding and tears welled from his eyes again.

Katrinka was slamming the door so hard that the glass on the sink was rattling. He pulled his pants back up and composed himself. He decided that he would be damned if she benefited from his new endowment. After all the years of belittlement she hardly deserved to be the first to christen his gift from the god Mbigone. He had better fish to fry.

Suddenly, the door flew off its hinges and knocked him into the toilet bowl. The shock of cold water soaking through his clothes infuriated him. Just as Katrinka grabbed for his throat to throttle him, he unleashed a straight right that caught her by surprise over the temple. She dropped



like an immense blob of taffy falling from a spoon.

With the help of vanilla extract rubbed under his nose, he spent the night at the motel room, since he'd paid for it. In the morning, he went to work a new man, his mind set on seducing Lottie, the redheaded waitress he'd lusted after for months but had always been too shy to approach. He began working on her right away. A little innuendo here, a pat there. They exchanged good-natured jibes all day and the sexual tension between them culminated in his asking her out for a drink after the deli closed. With no questions about his wife, she took him up on it, commenting as they left, "I've never seen you so confident and relaxed, Ben. What's come over you? You act like you have just came into a real wad."

Of course, it was a long night, and the best of his life. He put a couple of bottles and another motel room on his credit card. He didn't get home until four in the morning, still slightly drunk and smelling of Lottie's loud perfume. Katrinka had overdosed on baked potatoes and sour cream. She sat in a chair, slumped over the kitchen table, her head resting on her cellulite-padded arms. Seventeen hollowed-out potato skins sat in a serving platter covered with congealed butter. Four empty cartons of sour cream were on the floor. She held a fifth in her hand. He figured there was no point in sleeping, since he'd have to be at work in a few hours, so he decided to shower and drink some coffee till dawn. As he put the coffeepot on, Katrinka awoke with a groan.

"Oohh. Shit," she mumbled, "no butter left." She focused her eyes and saw him beside the stove. Ordinarily, he would have been frightened of her. Now he felt only contempt bordering on pity as she pushed herself to her feet, trying to stare him down as she rose up.

"Bastard. Skinny little bastard. Been putting up with you too long, you little piece of a man. Nobody hits me. Nobody." With that, she picked up a serving platter and flung it at him, but he ducked and she fell down, slipping on a bit of spilled sour cream. As she hit the floor, he stepped over her and went to take his shower. She tried to push herself up but couldn't. He heard her puffing and scuffling with the furniture, but he didn't go to help her.

"Come help me, Benjamin!" she screamed out. "I can't get up, you little bastard!"

"Tough. Go on a diet," he yelled back at her.

Then she burst into tears. For some reason, he felt guilty. She had never cried in the entire 16 years of their marriage. He went back to the kitchen and looked at her. She wore only her nightgown, which had slid up to her enormous buttocks. She lay on her stomach, her entire body shaking with her sobs.

"Are you just going to let me lie here?" she said, sniffling.

He said nothing. He was wondering how he had ever let himself get hooked up with such an awful-looking woman. Boy, was she fat.

"Benjamin," she said, wiping her face and nose with the end of her nightgown, "just where were you last night? Were you seeing some woman? Were you spending money we don't have to boost your pitiful little ego one more time?"

His first impulse was to say, "Yes, and I had the greatest lay of my life with a woman who weighs one third of what you weigh," but he didn't. She looked so pitiful lying there, and he now felt so superior to her, that telling her the truth would be a cheap shot. So he lied. "I was looking for a night job. Night watchman's job. Wanted to try to make it up to you, spending all of our money." It wasn't a really convincing lie. It certainly didn't convince her, he could tell. But of far greater importance was the fact that he could feel it growing again. Again he ran to the bathroom, locked the door and pulled his pants down. It was still getting longer. As he watched it, it went from seven to eight, eight to nine, nine to ten, ten to eleven and, "Holy Moly," he whispered. It was a foot-long whopper.

He heard Katrinka crawl into the bedroom, shut the door and lock it. He waited a few moments, then went to the bedroom door. "I'm going to work, dear. I may not be home until late."

There was silence. "Do you mind if I come home late?" he asked. Again, there was silence. He had a feeling that she wouldn't care if he never came home. And he wasn't sure he wanted to.

As he walked to the bus stop, he couldn't help putting his hand into his pocket and giving it a little squeeze now and then. God, it was big. And thick. He began to think: a man with a 12-and-a-half-inch prick should not have to work in a delicatessen. I could be a porn-movie star. That was it. He knew what he had to do. First, call one of his hooker friends who'd acted in a couple of porn flicks and ask her if she could connect him with some one in the business. No, on second thought, he said to himself, I think I'll go see her personally and try this big baby out for size. He chuckled at his own bad joke.

He stopped to call in sick at the deli. They wouldn't like him being out two days in one week, but he had had a nearly perfect work record for 17 years, and he knew the old man wouldn't fire him.

"Hello, Mr Epstein?"

"Yes, Ben. Are you coming in to work today?"

"Well, no, sir."

"What's the matter? You sick? Look here, Ben, I don't know if we can handle the business today if you're not here. It's Thursday. First Lottie came in late looking like she spent the night in a clothes drier, and now you

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call in sick. Tell me the truth, Ben. Are you really sick or are you just hung over? If you're just hung over, you can tell me. You can take a few hours and come in late; I won't mind."

"Mr Epstein, I really am sick. I feel lousy. I'm not hung over."

"You're just hung up, right?"

He didn't want to say it, he knew he shouldn't have, but he couldn't resist. "Let us just say that I am hung, Mr Epstein."

"Well, let's just say you're hanging yourself with this job, Ben, if you aren't in here tomorrow morning. You don't sound sick to me. Goodbye."

Epstein hung up, but Ben didn't really notice. His attention was now focused on his groin, where he felt a familiar stirring. It was growing again. It was creeping down his leg, soft and warm like blood pudding. He didn't dare look while standing in a public phone booth. Besides, he didn't need to. He'd let Vicki, his favorite hooker, look at it when he got to her place. He called her.

"Hello?" She sounded sleepy. He must have awakened her.

"Vicky? It's Ben. I'd like to come over if you aren't busy."

"Oh, Ben. You know I don't like to work in the morning. Can't you wait until tonight?"

"I just want to talk to you. Can you spare a few minutes? Just a few minutes? I really do want to show you something."

"What? A present?"

"You might say."

She yawned. "Well, you know me. Never one to turn down a present. Come on over, big man." She always called him big man. He paid her to, but she never failed to say it as though she meant it. Now, he thought, as he stepped on to the bus headed east, she can say it and mean it without being paid to say it. Sitting on the bus, he noticed that a young man with a crewcut and a leather jacket was eyeing him intensely. Well, not really him. His thigh. He looked down. It was sitting on top of his thigh, appearing as if he were carrying a piece of garden hose under his pants. Realising why the young man was staring at him, he stood up quickly and went to the back of the bus.

As soon as he had entered Vicki's apartment, he dropped his pants.

"Holy shit!" she exclaimed, and he loved it. She grabbed it, stretched it out, squeezed it all the way up to his balls. "Jeeeezus, will you look at that?" she whispered in awe-struck tones. "Now, *that's* a dick."

"Have you ever had one this big?"

She shook her head and pulled him on to the bed. "No, but I'm going to. Take it easy, big boy. I have been around, but I've never been around nothing like this." A moment later, she was screaming.

Afterward, he told her the story of Dr Brazil and revealed his hope of becoming a porno star.

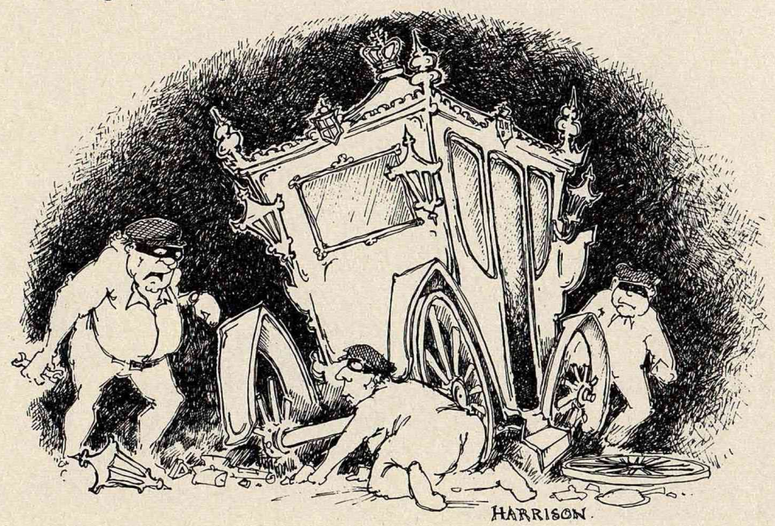
"Well, you've certainly got the equipment," she said, but added, "You're lucky it didn't get much bigger. It's already too big for some women, let me tell you. If it was two inches bigger than that, it would probably scare even me, and I had a pimp once who had fourteen inches, so I'm kind of used to big ones. And let me tell you, another *six* inches and you can forget coming back to me. I don't think any woman in her right mind would let you get something that big inside her." She made a few phone calls, and Ben left her place with appointments to see two local porn-film makers.

By the end of the day, he had $400 in advances against his fees just for appearing in two porn movies that would be filmed the following week. The last guy who interviewed him gave him hope for a long career. "With that tool, baby," the fellow said, "you'll never have to make an honest living as long as I'm in this business. I've had a few black guys with cocks nearly that big, but that's kind of threatening to white customers, you know? But a salami like that on a *white* guy is inspiring, you know? Really inspiring. You're lucky it isn't any bigger, it would be *gross*, you know what I mean? I couldn't use you. Besides, I don't think I could get a woman for you. You're just big enough, you know? Just big enough to be inspiring."

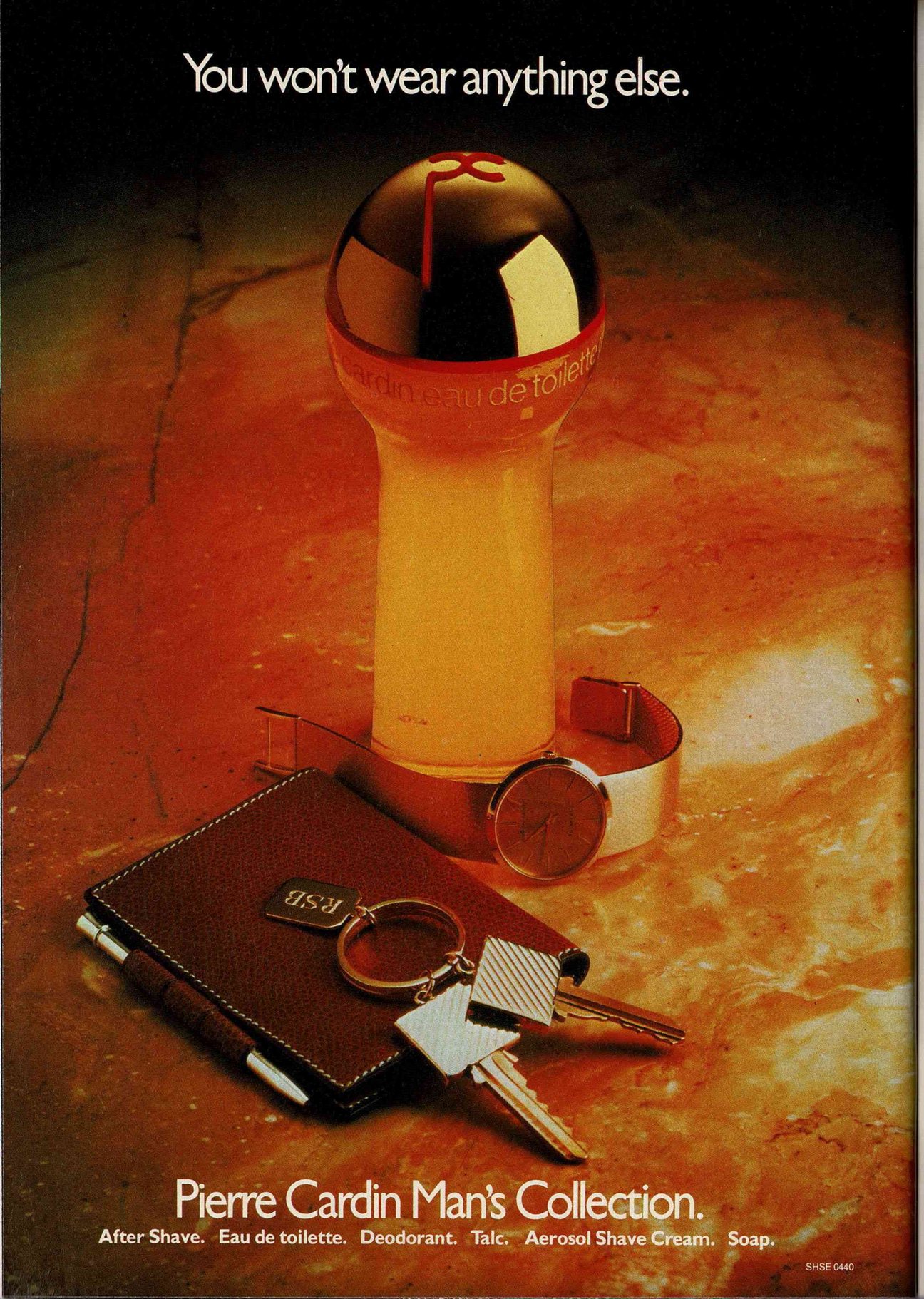
That night, he occupied a room in another motel, took a bottle of Scotch with him and stretched out on the bed to look at the television and think. Suddenly, he had a terrifying thought that made him sit up, turn off the television and start pacing the floor. It got bigger every time he lied. Why was that? He remembered Dr Brazil saying something about Mbigone's being the god of seduction *and* deceit. That was the tie-in. Whenever he was deceitful, Mbigone gave him another six inches. However, Vicki and the porn producer's grim warnings also remained with him: if it grew much bigger, he wouldn't be able to find *any* woman who'd be willing to take it on.

As the full realisation of his predicament dawned on him, he sat down and slapped his knee. "Ouch!" he yelled out, having whomped his member. When the pain subsided, he thought: I'll never be able to tell a lie again. Each lie gets me six inches. That could get *real* embarrassing after a while. More embarrassing than a tiny penis. At least a tiny penis is hidden. What do you do to hide a three-footer? The more he thought about it, the more worried he became. He wasn't a dishonest man by nature, but, like most people, he told half-truths and little white lies now and then. But he couldn't anymore. Never. If he was to remain 18 inches long, he would have to be as truthful as a saint. And a saint he was not. He thought about the 1001 situations in which something, someone, could trip him up and induce him to tell a lie before he thought about what he was saying. The people on the street with the tags. "I already have a tag at the office," he used to say. No more.

His mother calling him from New



"Righto boys, we've got 20 minutes to strip this thing before it turns into a pumpkin."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Jersey to ask if he liked the wool pyjamas she sent him for his birthday. He would ordinarily say he loved them, but that was a lie. He would have to hurt her feelings. The only way out of the deep predicament, he realised, was never to speak again. But when he thought about the myriad inconveniences that it would create, he became more dejected than ever. He would never be able to get through the rest of his life without speaking. And if he spoke, he knew the moment would inevitably come when he would lie. And there he'd be with 24 inches and no hope of making love to a woman again. What would he do? How could he satisfy himself? Then a thought occurred to him that made him burst into laughter, the howling laughter of a man half mad. He could rent a horse! But where do you keep a horse in New York? And what if I lie again? Elephants? Sneaking into the zoo at night. . . what if . . . whales?

As those thoughts swirled in his head, he gradually grew sleepy and dozed off. While sleeping, he had a horrible dream. He dreamed that his penis was getting longer and longer, that he couldn't stop it. It crawled down his pants leg and into his sock, then started bulging out of his sock, bending along the shaft so that it looked like he had bow in his pants. Then the head popped out of his sock and began creeping along the street like a gigantic pink python wearing a purple derby, twisting this way and that, crawling out into gratings and slithering off the curb. In his dream, he was trying to roll it up, pull it up, tuck it in, before people on the street noticed it. Then the people started stepping on it in crowded elevators. Cars rolled over it. It was now nearly 14 feet long and growing. It got slammed in doors. Dogs and rats tried to take bites out of it. Women screamed, police were running after him. He ran and ran and finally hid in an alley, where, by chance, he found a discarded knapsack. He rolled his penis up like a fire hose, stuck it in the knapsack and put the knapsack over his back. He was on his way home when he happened to glance at his own reflection in a department-store window. He was not himself. He was bent, gnarled, with sharp teeth and bushy eyebrows. He was Mbigone. And suddenly he realised just what Mbigone's strange rippled hump was: it was his penis, rolled up on his back Ben awoke shaking and sweating. He had to see Brazil. He didn't want a telephone pole. All he'd wanted was a lousy three inches.

Although it was nearly midnight when Ben arrived at Brazil's office, Brazil was still there. As if he'd been expecting Ben.

"Come in. Sit down," said the little brown man with a faint smile playing across his lips. Ben noticed for the first time how sharp the little man's teeth were, how much he resembled the statue of Mbigone.

Once seated in front of the doctor's desk, Ben blurted out his fears.

"So is there any way I can make it just stay the way it is?"

"Well, unless you speak the truth, not really," said the doctor, and Ben's heart sank.

"But I can't be sure I'll never lie again. And if I lie too much, I'll become a freak. I don't *want* to be a freak, doctor. I just wanted to have a big penis."

"And you have one," said the doctor. "However, since you seem so distraught by this, I confess that there is one solution to your problem, but it is a rather unpleasant one, I am afraid."

"Tell me," answered Ben. "I'll try anything, as long as it doesn't kill me."

"Well," said Dr Brazil, "there is another ancient god, or, rather, I should say goddess, who shrinks things if properly worshipped."

"How do I get on her good side?"

The doctor reached into his desk drawer and pulled out another small carving. "First, you ought to meet her. She is called Lacaverna." The figure he set on the table was carved of ivory. It was of an extremely fat, little naked woman straddling a tall toadstool. The crown of the toadstool was hidden between her legs. She looked as if she were going to take the whole thing, which was almost as tall as she was, into her roly-poly body. The expression on her face was that of unbridled lust.

"Lacaverna can shrink anything. She was thought to be the goddess in charge of making people shrink as they grew older. The natives still worship her for cancer cures. It's said that she can shrink tumors if properly entreated by man."

"Well, how do I entreat her?"

"Now does the thought of human sacrifice frighten you?"

"Uh, no," Ben said. But he lied. And as he said it, he felt the dreaded reaction occurring along his thigh. "Oh shit," he moaned, "it's going to two feet."

Dr Brazil merely nodded and placed the little ivory figure in Ben's hand. "For another five hundred," he said, "I'll tell you how to shrink it back to its regular size. That is, if you're willing to conduct the sacrifice. Are you sure you want it back to its original half inch?"

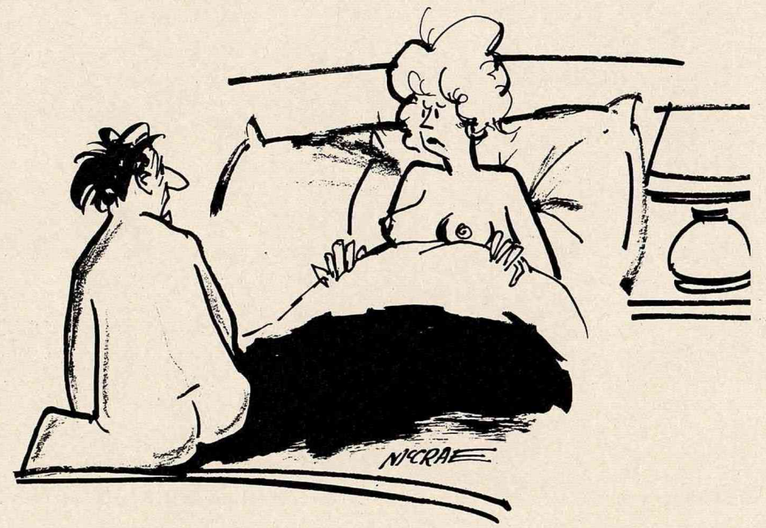
"Yes, I'm sure," said Ben. But he wasn't sure. And because he wasn't sure, it began growing again. It was now dangling against his shin. "*Yes,* I'm sure," he said, and this time he meant it.

"Okay," said Brazil. "This is what's required. The ritual itself is very simple. No blood, no animals. All that's necessary is that you say certain words over the body of a woman you've just screwed to death."

"Huh?" said Ben.

"Screwed to death," said Brazil. "Is there anyone you can think of off-hand that you wouldn't mind screwing to death?"

Ben thought a while, then replied, "Yes. My wife. She is the coldest,



"Why, hell Lydia, lots of astronauts have re-entry problems!"

cruellest, most ugly, fat, abominable human being on earth. She's such a pig that she doesn't *deserve* the pleasure, but I'll do it to her, anyway. If there's anything that'll shut her up for once and for all, that'd be it."

"Fine. Now take the statue. Once you've invoked the great power of Lacaverna, you'll never be able to reverse the process. You'll be a half inch for the rest of your life."

"Five eighths," Ben corrected.

"Beg your pardon. Five eighths."

"But I don't have $500 right now. I have about $350 in cash."

"That'll do," Dr Brazil said. "I'm leaving town for a while. I need some spending cash for my trip."

"Where are you going? How'll I reach you?"

"No need. Besides, you won't be able to reach me. Where I go, no white person knows. I go back to get more enchanted statues from my homeland. A place deep in the mountains. You wouldn't ever find it, even if you did try."

"Well, okay. You're sure that this will work?"

Brazil nodded and stretched out his palm. Ben gave him the money and took the little fat lady.

When he opened the door to his apartment, the lights were off. He sniffed a few times to determine what Katrinka had been eating. Usually, he recognised it straight away: pizza, peanut butter, raw cake batter or whatever. But this time there was no smell of food. Only the faintest smell of something sweet. He couldn't put his finger on it. He hung his coat in the closet and then realised that he was smelling perfume. Katrinka never wore perfume. The closest she got to wearing perfume was when she was eating five-pound bags of cinnamon drops. But it *was* perfume he smelled.

"Katrinka?"

"I'm in the bedroom, Ben." Her voice was unexpectedly gentle, almost girlish. And she never called him Ben. Always Benjamin and sometimes Benjy. He went to the bedroom. She was under the covers, just her head sticking out. She'd put on make-up. It was a bit garish, but nonetheless she looked like a different person. She had never worn make-up before, even at the deli. But more than that, her cheeks were rosy. Not with rouge but with blood. Her cheeks were usually pasty white.

"Katrinka?"

"Come here, Ben. I want to talk to you. I want to tell you something."

He walked to the bed and sat down. Her behavior was so different, so — so *feminine*. He almost forgot that he had to kill her.

"Ben," she said, sighing deeply and looking at him tenderly, "I did a lot of thinking today. A lot." She sat up and put her hands on his cheeks. The sheet fell away. She had oiled her body. It still wasn't a pretty sight, but at least her skin didn't look sallow and dry. She pressed her fingers to his lips. "Today, when you left, I realised that I don't care how big your penis is. All I care about is that I don't want you to leave me. Do you understand?"

His head was swimming. Was this the same woman who, only that morning, had tried to skull him with a turkey platter? The same woman who possessed a left hook comparable to Joe Frazier's? The same woman who could eat seven pounds of marshmallows at one sitting, then spend five hours with a 14-inch vibrating dildo?

She lay back and tried to cover her breasts, but it was impossible, as each one was approximately as long as the top half of a fire hydrant. He pushed her hands away. "I want to suck them, feel them," he said roughly, in a way he'd never spoken to her before. She blushed and wiggled and jiggled. He ran his hands over the soft folds of her body and she spread her legs for him.

"I don't know what you're trying to do, Katrinka," he said. "I don't know what you're up to. But whatever this act is, I'm going to reward you for being such a good actress. I'm going to give you something you've always wanted from me."

"You've given me all I need already, Ben," she said.

"But I haven't given you what you *wanted*. Tonight you're going to get it." With that, he stood up and unbuckled his pants. "Watch closely, Katrinka." He paused a moment, then let his pants fall and stepped out of them.

She turned several colors. He'd heard of people doing that, but he'd never actually seen it. At first, her face turned stark white, then pale bluish. Then the color returned and went from pink to a bright-red flush, then bluish again as beads of sweat began breaking out over her upper lip. She was breathing heavily.

"What . . . is . . . that, Ben?" She could barely speak.

"That, Katrinka, is my penis." Now, in this moment, he revelled in it. He fancied keeping it forever, bringing it out for her maybe once a year to let her drool over it. Sublime torture. But he cast those thoughts out of his mind and recalled his dream. Recalled what it would be like to live as a freak. Recalled all the humiliation he had suffered from her all those years.

"Could . . . could I touch it? Is it real?" She reached out and he grabbed her hand and guided it first to his crotch where it began, then down, down, down. All the way down.

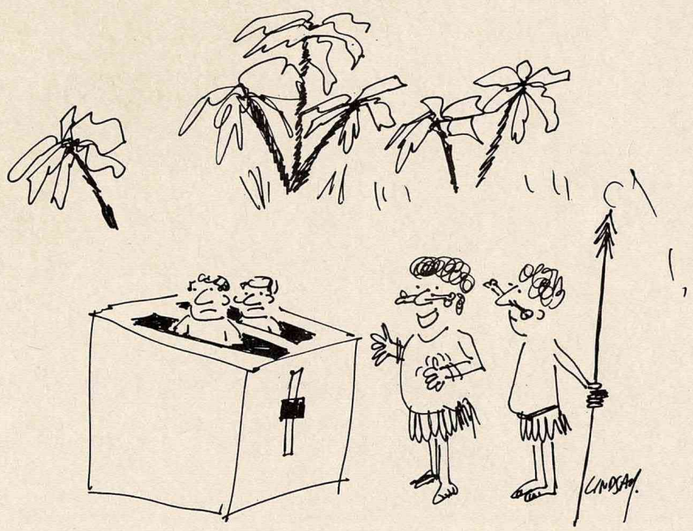
"Ben? This is your penis? I mean . . . I mean, this *is really* your penis, Ben?

"It's not a loan from somebody else if that's what you're asking."

"Oh, no, no," she laughed, "it *is* yours. It's obviously *yours*. It looks just like it did before, the same bumps and wrinkles and everything. But bigger. Oh, it's *yours*, Ben. How did you get it?" She couldn't help running her hands back and forth along its shaft. It couldn't help responding.

"Do you really care how I got it?"

"Oh, Ben, no. I mean yes. I mean yes, but later. Oh, come here." She



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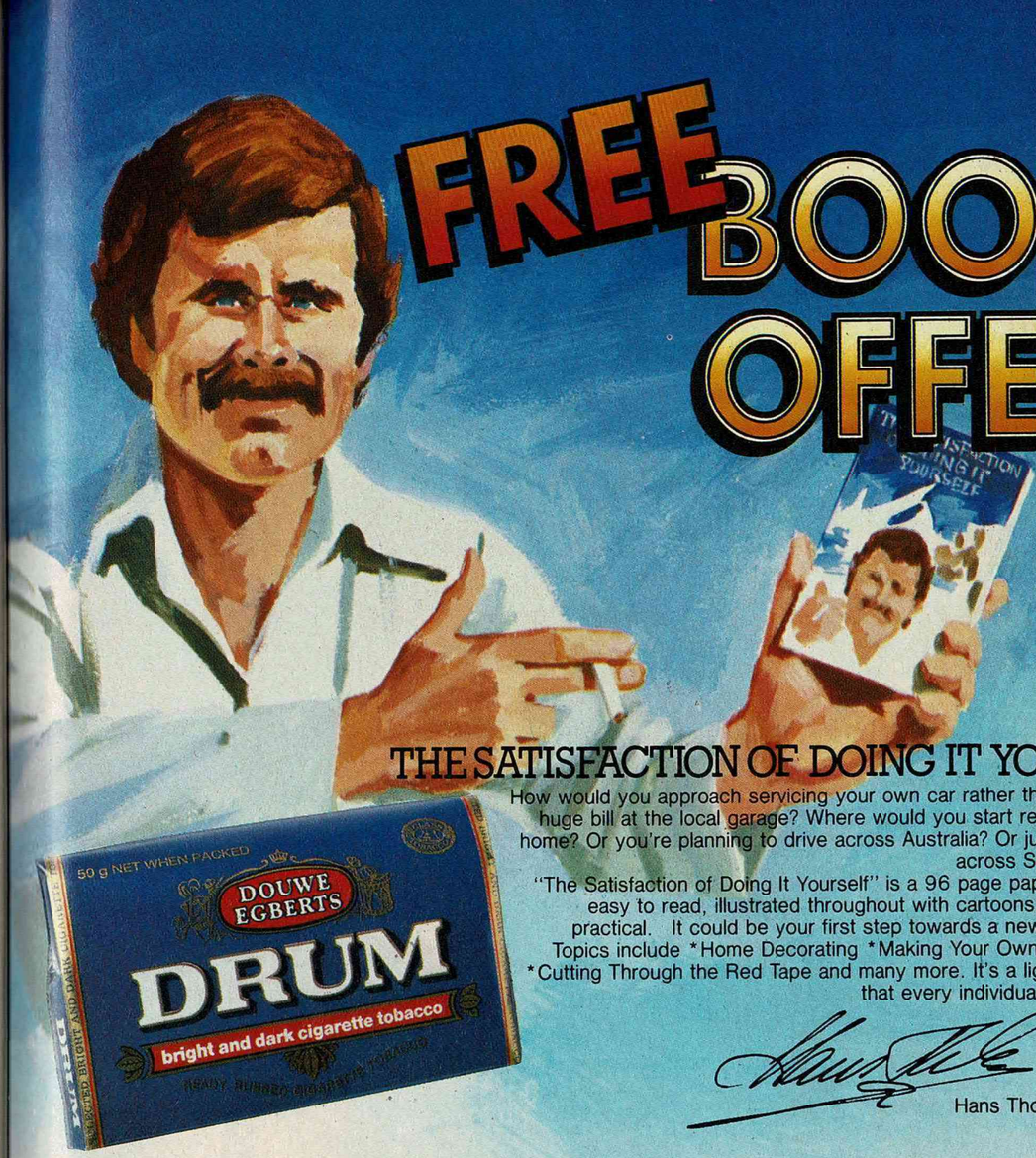

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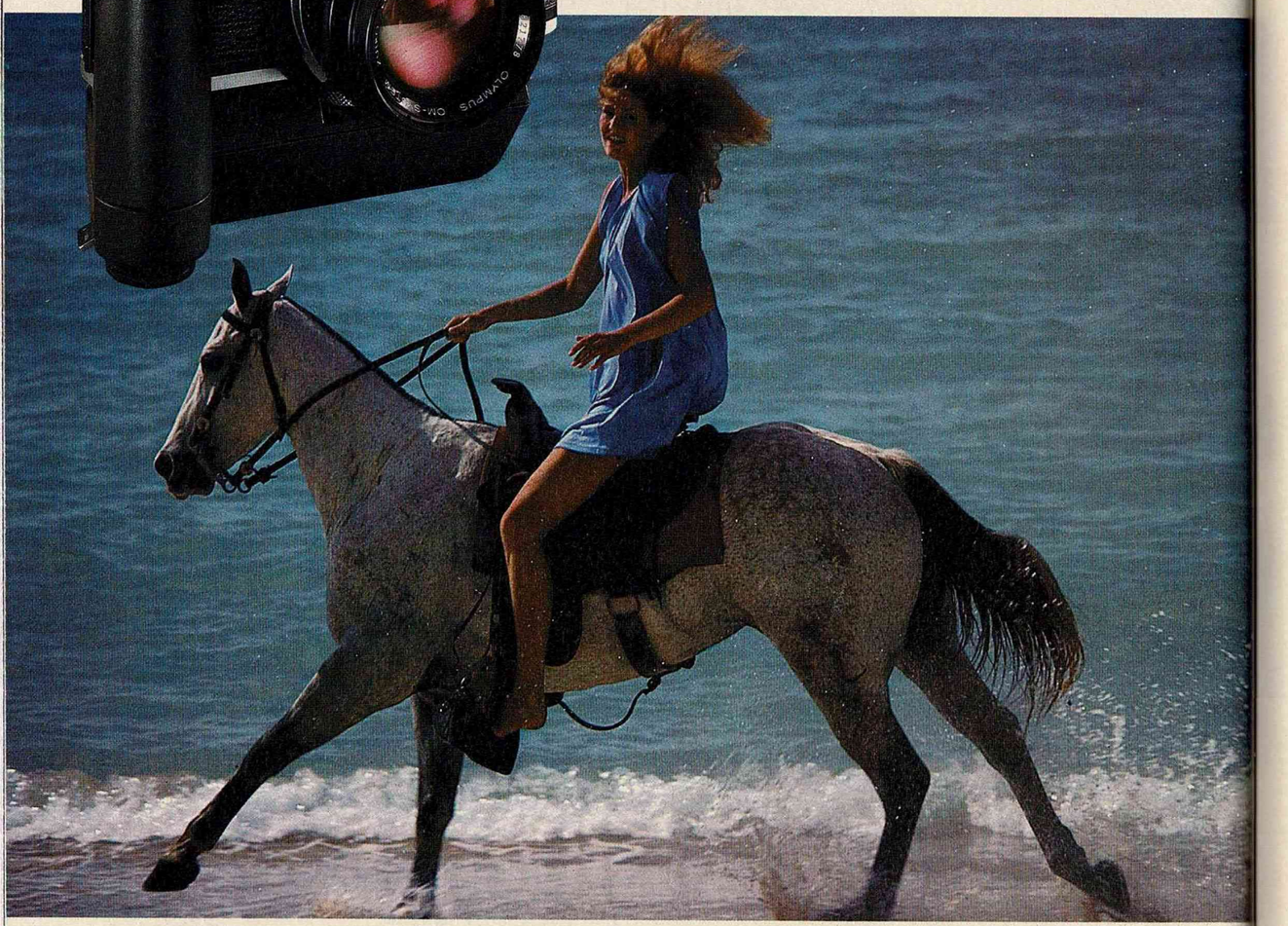
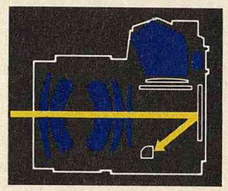


The quick-thinking OLYMPUS OM-10 reads the light off the film at the precise moment of exposure. It's an ingeniously foolproof automatic exposure system called TTL Direct Light Measuring. And it's just one more brainchild of OLYMPUS technology.



Take a look inside for proof that the OM-10 is thinking. Its multi-function viewfinder really communicates with a series of left-margin LEDs.

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The brilliant OM-10 makes every photo assignment "system simple." The rapid winder advances film at 2.5 frames per second. Match it with a wide range of OLYMPUS Zuiko lenses and you won't miss a moment. When the flash is attached correct shutter speed is automatically set. And the camera's exclusive audio-visual feedback system not only confirms battery strength but functions as a self-timer.

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was pulling it, kissing it. It was coming up, straightening out, throbbing, rising. The head was getting to be the size of a grade-A Florida grapefruit. The thought that no woman would ever be able to get it into her mouth gave him a twinge of regret but then he reminded himself that it *wasn't* going to stay this large. He was going to have one good last screw with it, then do the ritual with the statuette in his coat pocket and go back to five eighths of an inch. He pulled away from her to remove his shirt and socks. His shirt was no problem, but when he bent over to yank off his socks, his turgid member hit him in the nose. Finally, he stood before her nude. Her gleaming body seemed larger than ever to him. It spread across the bed in great waves of flesh, and every inch of that flesh was blushing with desire.

"Are you ready?" he asked, just to tease her. She couldn't speak. She just nodded her head and spread her legs out as wide as she could. Her thighs parted like the pink sea and he drove in, all the way in. He hoped he'd give her a heart attack or rupture something on the first thrust but, to his amazement, she closed around him just like a glove. He couldn't imagine where she was putting it. He began hammering away. It started to feel wonderful. He found himself hammering less and thrusting more. There was something about her immensity that fitted his own perfectly.

And, try as he might, he couldn't exhaust his wife. He had been so sure that so much exertion would give her a heart attack. But she heaved and moaned and heaved and moaned and although she said "I'm dying" several times, she didn't. And he suddenly thought, I'll have to do it tomorrow night again, instead.

It had never been so satisfying. That's what amazed and confused him. In fact, later, as he looked at her lying beside him, sleeping like a warm, Gargantuan pink beanbag, he could not help feeling a wave of affection for her. Damn if she hadn't taken him all in and made him like it.

He pulled the covers over her and patted her behind. She murmured and cooed in her sleep.

He walked to the bathroom to pee, then realized his erection still hadn't fully subsided. He stood three feet from the toilet, pointing the head down, waiting, when he remembered the little statue in his coat pocket. Suddenly, he felt the piss coming. It emerged with the force of a hose. He remembered how he'd always been afraid to get into pissing contests with other boys when he was a kid. Now he smiled, knowing he could probably piss half a block after a quart of beer.

He went to the closet and reached into his coat. His fingers closed over the little ivory statue of Lacaverna. He pulled it out and looked at it. She was kind of cute for a fatty, he thought. He loved the big bawdy expression on her face. He sat down in the living room, sighed, patted Lacaverna fondly and thought, well, little lady, I guess I've got my work cut out for me if I'm ever to shrink this fella. He shook his penis. He hated to admit it, but the longer he had it, the more he liked it. He resolved to reverse the process the following morning, before he fooled himself into thinking he could keep it and never lie. He would have to kill Katrinka.

But as he went to the bedroom, a thought kept nagging at him. How she could take it all in. She was only 5' 7" at the most, and her upper body couldn't be longer than three feet, all the way up to the top of her head. And his penis was a good two and a half feet long and ten inches round. But how could she have taken him all in without a rupture, nothing?

He crept into the bedroom and looked at her again. Usually, she snored like a door buzzer every four seconds. But tonight she was not snoring. The smell of her perfume lingered in the air.

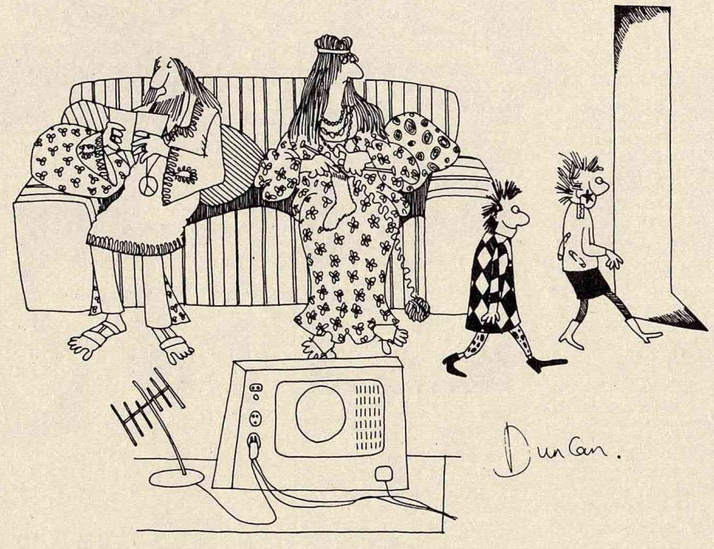
The perfume. That was it. He went back outside the bedroom and smelled the statue of Lacaverna. It definitely smelled of the same perfume Katrinka was wearing. He'd never smelled anything like it before. He hadn't noticed how it smelled in Brazil's office, but now he was almost positive. To be sure, he went to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator, which was nearly empty. He set the statue inside, then washed his hands and arms in the sink. When he was sure he didn't smell of the perfume from Katrinka's body, he removed it from the refrigerator and sniffed it again. It was the same perfume Katrinka wore. He was positive.

He was also confused. Staring at the statue in the glow of the icebox light, he noticed how very much Lacaverna's body resembled Katrinka's, how very much her face looked as Katrinka's had when she climaxed. He closed the refrigerator and went back to the bedroom, resolved to ask Katrinka, when they woke up, what kind of perfume she was wearing. He looked around the room for a place to hide the statue and decided on the corner of the closet shelf, behind a pile of old sweaters. As he slipped it under the sweaters, his fingers touched something small and hard. He pulled it out. It was a statue, just like his. A fat little ivory lady squealing in ecstasy as she spread her thighs over a giant toadstool.

It was the goddess Lacaverna.

And then he realised that he had gotten what he wanted, and that Katrinka had also gotten what she wanted. Bless Brazil, whoever he is, thought Ben, as he crawled under the sheets and huddled next to the soothing warmth of his wife's body.

[The reader may be interested to know that Ben and Katrinka lived happily ever after, and that, from that night on, he was known to all as Honest Ben Osczhio].



"I shouldn't worry. They'll grow out of it."

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF DICK PULLER & DAVE THE RAVE...

...IN PICK-UPS AT HANGING ROCK

SATIRE BY HARRISON

THE TRUTH BEHIND THE ONLY SUNDAY ARVO IN THE ENTIRETY OF AUSTRALIAN HISTORY THAT WAS INTERESTING ENOUGH TO MAKE A FILM ABOUT?

TO PROTECT THEIR VIRGINITY THEY HAD TO PRACTISE ON EACH OTHER!

PAVLOVA

BLANCHANGE

PLONK

PATÉ

APPLECORE COLLEGE... REFORM SCHOOL FOR AUSTRALIA'S MOST INCORRIGIBLE TARTS WAS IN DEEP TROUBLE. REELING UNDER THE ONSLAUGHT OF CUTS IN THEIR FEDERAL EDUCATION GRANTS, THEY'D BEEN FORCED TO EMPLOY SOME OF THE LOWEST SCUM ON THE BENDIGO SIDE OF THE BLACK STUMP...

SOMEONE ON THE DE-PROGRAMMING COMMITTEE WAS UNDERMINING APPLECORE'S MODEL REHABILITATION SCHEME FOR HOPELESS MOLLS... WHO WAS IT?

WAS IT... MADEMOISELLE FIFI L'AMOUR?

...AN EX-CLUB MED BARMAID FROM NOUMEA WHEN SHE SAID SHE WAS AN... ART TEACHER... SHE KNEW THE ONLY PEOPLE STUPID ENOUGH TO BELIEVE HER WERE THE VICTORIAN DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION!

...OR MASTER DAVE FITZRAVE?

UPPER CLASS POMMIE TWIT AND VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE OFFICER... ..HIS MOUTH WAS ALWAYS WATERING FOR A BIT OF CRUMPET!

OR WAS IT MS. GRETA GROPE...? THE MATHS MISTRESS

A TYPICAL TEACHER... JUST IN IT FOR THE MONEY AND THE HOLIDAYS. A WANDERING MIND THAT USUALLY PRECEDED... WANDERING HANDS!!

OR EVEN... DICK PULLER? APPLECORE'S OWN P.E. INSTRUCTOR... TRIED TO TEACH HIS GIRLS HOW TO BOUNCE TWO BALLS... SIMULTANEOUSLY... ..BUT KEPT MAKING TOO MANY GYM SLIPS!

ER SHIT! THEY'RE ON TO ME ALREADY!

© MAY 1981 T. HARRISON.

FOR THE THRONG OF HAPPY-HOME-WRECKERS AND REFUGEES FROM DJ's COSMETICS COUNTER, ORIENTATION WEEK AT APPLECORE GAVE NO CLUE TO THE DISASTERS THAT LAY AHEAD DURING FIRST TERM...

OKAY GIRLS... I KNOW LIFE'S BEEN A BIT OF A SHIT SANDWICH FOR YOU LOT... VICTIMS OF SOCIETY, ETC... BUT BY THE TIME YOU GRADUATE FROM APPLECORE WE'LL HAVE TURNED YOU INTO REGULAR LITTLE LADIES!

YOU & WHOSE F***** ARMY?

I'D LIKE TO SEE YA TRY!

GEE... ISN'T HE NICE!

APPLE

CORE

TROUBLE THAT WOULD CLIMAX DRAMATICALLY WHEN... 3 DAY GIRLS LOSE THEIR VIRGINITY DURING A PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK!

WELL GROPE WHAT ARE THOSE NEUROTIC, SEX-STARVED LITTLE BITCHES UP TO NOW?

I THINK IT'S SOME KIND OF FEMINIST PROTEST. THEY'RE BURNING THEIR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY CARDS!

THE REGIME OF THE ELDERLY ENGLISH HEADMISTRESS... DAME SLAP... WAS BEGINNING TO CRUMBLE.

SOMETHING DRASTIC WILL HAVE TO BE DONE... THE COLLEGE IS GETTING A TERRIBLE REPUTATION. DO YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE IN BENDIGO ARE CALLING OUR GIRLS?

YOU DON'T HAVE TO RUB IT IN.. GROPE! I KNOW THEY'RE CALLING ALL MY GIRLS... APPLE TURNOVERS!

HOW MANY ROTTEN APPLES LAY AT THE BOTTOM OF HER BARREL? DAME SLAP HAD TO FIND OUT... SO... WITH THE HELP OF A CHEAP BRI-NYLON WIG... AND A BOTTLE OF DECORE... 'CORN-ON-THE-COB' COLOR HAIR DYE SHE DISGUISED HERSELF AS THE NEW GIRL... MIRENDA... AND INFILTRATED THE DAILY LIFE OF APPLECORE.

BEFORE

AFTER

POOF!

FIRST OFF WAS A COMPLETE MEDICAL CHECK OVER IN THE P.E. CHANGE ROOMS..

OBVIOUSLY! OVER-ACTIVE WHORE-MOANS!

ERR! AGG-H-H! UM... THAT'S N-I-I-CE!

...WHERE SHE FOUND MR. PULLER TESTING THE SEXUAL CLIMATE OF VICTORIA... BY HOLDING A MOIST FINGER TO THE WIND...

IF THIS IS JUST A QUICK CHECK, I CAN'T WAIT TILL HE STARTS FACE-TO-FACE TEACHING!

HMMM

JUST AS I THOUGHT! ANOTHER WHORE WITH A HEART OF GOLD!

!

THEN IT WAS A GRUELLING AFTERNOON OF CORRECTIVE SPEECH THERAPY.

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT, MELISSA... WITH A FEW MORE SESSIONS IN HERE WE'LL HAVE YOU GETTING YOUR TONGUE ROUND THE TRICKIEST OF VOWELS!

I STILL SAY THE HARDEST THING TO TEACH THEM IS HOW TO SAY... "NO"!

OKAY, HOW'D I SCORE IN MY FRENCH ORAL?

ACTUALLY I'M GONNA TAKE A FOREIGN LANGUAGE... WHO KNOWS WHEN YOU'LL NEED TO DO A BIT OF... BERLITZ SCREWING!

KLEENE

ON A CRASH COURSE IN MORALITY SUCH AS THIS, THERE ARE ALWAYS A FEW SLACKERS THAT DON'T MEASURE UP... AND APPLECORE CAN ALWAYS PROVIDE A BIT OF PUNISHMENT... FOR THOSE WILLING TO BEG FOR IT!

YES, HERE AT APPLECORE WE'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED... SPARE THE ROD... OR THEY MIGHT GET TO LIKE IT!

YOU BACKSLIDING LITTLE *@!*!... WON'T YOU EVER LEARN HOW TO KEEP BODY AND SOUL TOGETHER!

DUNCE

BUT SIR... SIR! I CAN'T HELP IT IF MY ELASTIC SNAPS!

PLEASE SIR... ANYTHING? BUT DON'T MAKE ME READ ALL THOSE BACK COPIES OF WOMAN'S DAY!

THIS NAUGHTY LITTLE GIRL FORGOT THE SCHOOL PLEDGE!

SOME GIRLS CRACK UNDER THE STRAIN... LIKE THIS POOR THING... HER BREAKDOWN WAS LIKE BADLY CHOREOGRAPHED RICE BUBBLES... SHE JUST WENT... CRACKLE - POP - SNAP!

SCHOOL PLEDGE ??? I THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING THROUGH THE WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS FROM TOO MUCH GROUP SEX!

AND LITTLE DEBBIE... ODD ON THE DON LANE SHOW... NOT A SINGLE GREY CELL LEFT... WE HAD TO RELEGATE HER TO BASKET-WEAVING CLASSES!

I PROMISE NEVER TO... UM... ER... NEVER EVER TO... UM... ER...

THE WORST IS OVER BY THE TIME THE GIRLS REACH MLLE FIFI'S CAPABLE HANDS FOR... FINISHING OFF! USING PROGRESSIVE EDUCATIONAL THEORIES, THAT SHE PICKED UP IN NOUMEA, MLLE FIFI STUFFS THEIR PRETTY LITTLE HEADS WITH WILDLY ROMANTIC IDEAS ABOUT GROWING UP TO BECOME ACTRESSES... AND THINGS LIKE THAT.

AH! BONJOUR MA PETITE FLEUR DU MAL!

ARGH! WRACK OFF YA HALF-BAKED OLD LESO!

ROOTS BY A. HALEY

BELIEVE IT OR NOT... THIS LASS IS AUDITIONING FOR OUR NEXT SCHOOL PLAY. TO GET IN SHE HAS TO PASS THE... AERODYNAMIC TIT TEST... WHICH MEASURES BREAST SHAPE RETENTION AT HIGH SPEEDS...

ANOTHER FIRST FOR APPLECORE, I MIGHT ADD!

THIS IS A VERY HANDY EXERCISE I USE TO ALLEVIATE WRITER'S CRAMP!

GOOD ONE MARINDA!

YEAH.. WHAT A BEWDY!

THEN THERE'S WHOOPEE CUSHION TRAINING! WE LIKE ALL OUR GIRLS TO KNOW HOW TO KILL A FART... DEAD IN ITS TRACKS!

AND IF THEY CAN'T MASTER THAT... WE TEACH THEM HOW TO BLAME THE NEAREST DOG!

YOU DIRTY LITTLE MONGREL, GET OUTSIDE!

BOO!

DECISIONS! DECISIONS! I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO TAKE "A" LEVEL NAIL FILING OR DO THE MALE MAINTENANCE COURSE?

YOU KNOW I NEVER DID LEARN IF MARRIAGE MEANT THROWING ALL YOUR OLD COPIES OF FORUM IN THE GARBAGE... OR PUTTING THEM IN PERMANENT BINDERS!

EFT PEFT

PEFT

NO APPLECORE GIRL MANAGES TO REACH GRADUATION WITHOUT AT LEAST ONE HEAVY SESSION WITH THE VOCATIONAL GUIDANCE OFFICER.

I CAN ALWAYS PROVIDE A LITTLE... "BRIDGING FINANCE" FOR ANY LASS WILLING TO WORK HER WAY THROUGH COLLEGE!

I'VE HEARD OF... LUNCH MONEY... BUT THIS IS RIDICULOUS!

BEFORE WE PUSH YOU GIRLS OUT INTO THE HARD, CRUEL, EXPLOITATIVE WORLD I'D JUST LIKE TO GO OVER... TWO VERY IMPORTANT POINTS!

WHAT THE HELL AM I GONNA DO WITH AN MA IN AUSTRALIAN MOTHERHOOD ANYWAY?

WELL! YOU'VE GOT NO HOPE OF BECOMING AN IRISH SAINT WITHOUT THAT!

YOU KNOW... I WOULD'VE HAD BETTER JOB PROSPECTS IF I'D STAYED A TART?

IN THE MEANTIME, DAME SLAP, DISGUISED AS MIRENDA, HAD HAPPILY REGRESSED INTO PUBERTY... WOW! SHE WAS FEELING JUST LIKE ONE OF THE GIRLS! SHE'D EVEN PICKED UP A LITTLE OF THAT NATURAL, AUSTRALIAN CHARM... THE TYPE THAT WORKS LIKE NERVE GAS ON UNSUSPECTING STRANGERS!

I'VE GOT A GREAT IDEA KIDS!... WHY DON'T WE HAVE ANOTHER PICNIC AT HANGING ROCK?

YES... ONCE AGAIN IT WAS DIETS THROWN TO THE WINDS AS M'LLE FIFI'S ORGY OF CONTINENTAL CAKE & MARSALA CREAM SHERRY GOT UNDER WAY...

KNOCK OFF THE MOONING, MIRENDA... WE'RE NOT EVEN AT THE PICNIC GROUND YET!

MUSSEYS

HEY... FIFI... ALL OUR WATCHES HAVE STOPPED!

SO WHAT! AS LONG AS YOUR BIG HAND AND MY LITTLE HAND ARE IN THE RIGHT PLACE, WHO CARES WHAT TIME IT IS?

MUNCH! CHOMP!

BURP!

GIRLS OWN ANNUAL

...IT WAS JUST AS EVERYONE GOT BACK FROM RELIEVING THEMSELVES UP THE CREEK AND WERE PREPARING FOR A LITTLE NUDE SUNBAKING THAT DISASTER STRUCK!

ARR-RGH.. SHIT! THE VICE SQUAD... QUICK GIRLS... IT'S A RAID!

...BY THE TIME THE EFFECTS OF THE ASTI SPUMANTI HAD WORN OFF... THE GAME WAS UP... AND THE NEAREST THING TO A MYSTERY IN AUSTRALIAN FOLKLORE... OTHER THAN PHANTOM RINGS... WAS ON ITS WAY TO INFAMOUS POPULARITY... IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED THE ARRESTS - MOST WERE JUST CHARGED WITH VAGRANCY - THE PICNIC GROUNDS AT HANGING ROCK WERE THOROUGHLY PICKED OVER BY WRITERS, JOURNOS, FILM-MAKERS & CARTOONISTS... ALL LOOKING FOR CLUES AS TO HOW THEY TOO COULD MAKE A QUID OUT OF ALL THIS...

PICK UPS AT HANGING ROCK SCENE 108 TAKE 38?

HEY! WHEN ONE OF YOU COPPERS HAVE... NOTHING ON... WHY DON'T YOU CALL UP AND SEE ME?

HANGING ROCK NATIONAL FITNESS CAMP

I'VE CARRIED THIS HEAVY PICNIC BASKET SO MUCH I THINK I'LL END UP WITH ONE ARM LONGER THAN THE OTHER!

OH WELL... IT'LL BE GOOD FOR SOMETHING I SPOSE!

QUIET ON THE SET!

DID YOU REALISE THEY'RE REOPENING THE INQUIRY INTO HAROLD HOLT'S DISAPPEARANCE?

I SPOSE THEY'RE LOOKING FOR A DINGO WITH FLIPPERS!

STRUTH! MY BUM'S GONE TO SLEEP

YOU PROBABLY MISTOOK YOUR SLEEPING PILLS FOR YOUR SUPPOSITORIES AGAIN!

COME ON, YOU LOT, MOVE ALONG

PRESS

CLICK PHOOM

BURP!

I THINK I'VE GOT V.D.!

PROBABLY!

WAS IT SOMETHING YOU ATE?

OF COURSE THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS SIMPLE... NEVER JUDGE A BUSH BY ITS COVER!

MAKE THE MOST OF IT FOLKS... THIS IS THE NEAREST YOU'LL EVER GET TO A PLAYBOY EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT!

WHETHER THE FATEFUL PICNIC EVER TOOK PLACE NOBODY REALLY GIVES A STUFF... THAT QUESTION WILL HAVE TO LINGER UNTIL THE BANK ACCOUNTS OF ALL THOSE INVOLVED... GIVE UP THEIR INTRIGUING SECRET... AS FOR THE OTHER, HUMAN MISFITS IN TIME & PLACE...

A BIENTOT MES ENFANTS!

...APPLECORE COLLEGE... IT NEVER RE-OPENED... SOME SAY IT FELL VICTIM TO FRASER'S RAZOR GANG, WHO THOUGHT THE IDEA OF FUNDING... REFRESHER COURSES IN HARLOTRY... SMACKED OF INTERFERING WITH AUSTRALIA'S PRIVATE SECTOR!

MLLE FIFI L'AMOUR... SHE RETURNED TO PARIS, WHERE SHE GLOWED BRIEFLY AS A TOPLESS DANCER AT THE FOLIES BERGERE... LAST HEARD OF SHE WAS SHACKED UP WITH AN ALGERIAN AND WORKING THE CASH REGISTER IN A MARSEILLES DISCO.

MS GRETA GROPE... TYPICAL OF THE CLOSET TARTS THAT PERVADE THE AUSTRALIAN TEACHING PROFESSION... CAME TO A BAD END AFTER BEING REFUSED WORKER'S COMP' OVER A BUNGLED ATTEMPT AT DOING HER BACK IN. SHE WAS BURNT TO DEATH ONE COLD MELBOURNE WINTER... RETRIEVING A VIBRATOR FROM AN OVERLY HOT MICRO-WAVE OVEN.

HEADMISTRESS SLAP... ALIAS "MIRENDA"... COMMITTED SUICIDE! NO ONE KNOWS WHY... PROBABLY SHE JUST REALISED THAT DRESSING UP LIKE A SCHOOLGIRL ONLY MADE HER LOOK LIKE AN OLD... DRAG QUEEN!

...AND DICK PULLER & DAVE THE RAVE... THEY DECIDED TO TAKE DAVE'S FAMILY... NORM, NORMA, SISTER EILEEN & HER WOP HUSBAND... FRED ON AN ALL-AUSTRALIAN PACKAGE HOLIDAY... NEXT MONTH!

THE HONDA CX500 TURBO:

MASTER BLASTER

exclusive: honda unfurls its turbo rocket cycle and playboy hears of plans to offer identical kits on the local market.
motoring by rob luck

THE TACHO needle arcs over into the red zone at 220, the engine is wailing. The turbometer glows pink as the alarm lights flash.

Back off a fraction, then rap it full-on as the straightaway twists crazily up into a 180 degree banked turn. At 190 in the curve, it's like riding a vertical wall. The bike just goes round, self-steering through the turn.

The corner unfolds like a video racetrack in a pinball parlor. Lane markers flick like pencil dots, broaden into flying arrows, and streak past.

Trembling legs go to jelly, arching arms cry "enough", but there is no question of backing off — the bike is committed to the corner. Surging adrenalin forces a dry gag in the throat as the track mercifully winds back down into the straightaway and the pressure eases off.

The revs pick up fast — eight-five, nine, nine-five — 220km/h and the alarms are flickering again as the brake markers loom in front of the next turn. Sit up to use the air to brake past the flashing markers — 500, 400, 300 as the bike crushes down under brakes and hooks hard left into the next curve . . .

That's life in the fast lane at Honda's top-secret Tochigi proving ground, aboard a bike that is rewriting the performance parameters.

Ten terrifying laps of the four-kilometre high speed bowl are just enough to come to grips with the concept of the Honda CX500 Turbo — a cycle that is demolishing every yardstick of two-wheel motivation.

Jammed with high-tech engineering, and styled like something out of *Star Wars,* it offers performance and fuel efficiency levels that make the current crop of big bore fours and super sixes look decidedly dated.

The nucleus is a pocket-sized turbocharger, fed by a unique fuel-injection system. The state-of-the-art aerodynamics allow it to slice through the air up to indicated speeds of 220km/h while notching a fuel economy of 4.3litres/100 kilometres (65mpg) on the US EPA city/highway cruising cycle. An on-board computer keeps tabs on all functions.

What better place to preview such a cycle than Honda's top-secret proving ground at Tochigi — until now prohibited to outsiders. On hand for a frank "work session" with selected journalists from Europe, Australia and America was project leader Kazuo Inoue and his team of 50 R & D engineers, all fresh "out of the cage" after being locked in an intensive three-year crash development program. It was Inoue who gave the world the Honda CVCC automobile engine — the big breakthrough in pollution emission control that was adapted internationally.

There was a motive for the surprise peek into the private portals of Honda's test centre — Honda wanted to canvass some critics' opinions to "fine tune" the device before pressing the go-button on production-line versions in December.

Two vital issues emerged: the Turbo Honda is too heavy at 227 kilograms. Inoue promised to peel at least seven of its kilos off the production machine. And the on-board computer could convert owners into high-priced guinea pigs for the new technology. Simple answer: offer a free full-exchange warranty on the entire computer for the first 12 months.

The bike itself is a masterful mix of proven basics and ingenious innovation. The guts of the engine is the

water-cooled V-twin — first seen in the standard CX500 in 1978. It has been redesigned from the bottom up to handle the phenomenal loads involved in an 80 percent powerboost — from 49 ps horsepower on the conventional and carburetted machine to 78 ps horsepower on the Turbo.

There have been some pretty impressive after-market turbo bolt-ons for a variety of machinery — most emanating from the States — but this is a breakthrough concept with start-from-scratch engineering, utilising a purpose-built compact turbocharger and a brand new computerised fuel injection system (CFI).

The wastegated turbo — designed and built by the Japanese firm IHI — represents landmark technology in this type of device. About the dimensions of a soup can, it's a fraction of the size of car blowers, and integrates with the smooth, tight lines of this medium-sized cycle.

The compact housing is packed with the maximum-output blower internals — 50mm turbine wheel and 48mm compressor. The operational speeds happen in telephone number terms — 182,000-240,000 rpm. A dentist's drill by comparison can only scratch up 100,000 rpm.

The wastegate design, previously unheard of in such compact dimensions, is the secret to the elimination of turbo lag from the system.

Smoothness, economy and the ultimate in performance are guaranteed by the integration of turbo and fuel injection systems through a black box digital computer fitted inside the tail of the CX Turbo.

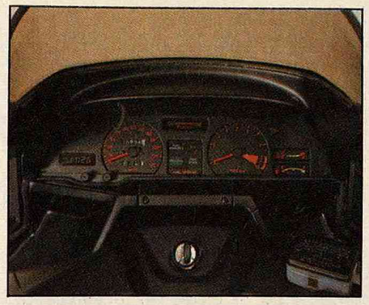
Pressure and temperature references are dialled-in, combined with correction factors and fail-safe devices. Translated, it means you can give it everything and never blow it up. That's guaranteed.

The "animal" really gets under way at 5000 rpm, which is a pretty fair wind-up point for a cycle of this type, considering that the turbo makes for a quiet exhaust note.

From 5000 to the 9000 rpm redline, the engine is all grunt, coming on in sheer raw, uninterrupted power, and stuffing it down to the tarmac through the efficient shaft-drive system.

No ordinary chassis could handle this extra urge, so Honda nailed-in a whole new deal. The air-adjustable front forks and progressive linkage (pro-link) air-damped rear end were borrowed and refined from Honda's competition motocross and enduro bikes, an interesting twist. On the Tochigi speed bowl the bike felt firm and stable. Road interpretation will have to await a proper evaluation.

The stoppers are whoppers. Dual



The instrument panel, plus a general view of the Honda CX500 Turbo: the power of a Porsche with VW economy.

discs at the front, single disc at the rear. They did a fair old job of pegging this 220km/h machinery right back to scratch on the high-speed bowl so they should be able to handle the lesser demands of mundane motoring.

Perhaps none of this super-tech mechanical engineering would be of use on a machine that didn't part the air cleanly and sharply. Honda sent the fairing engineers into the wind tunnel, and came out with a shape that boasts the lowest drag co-efficient of any production cycle built.

The secret is a one-piece fairing and integrated fuel tank, seat and side covers. This chases the air around and above the cycle, cocooning the rider in a "vacuum" of negative air, thus minimising buffeting.

Now since Honda was thoughtful enough to provide this facility, it's reasonable to assume it has something to do with safety and comfort at speeds up to 220km/h. Poking the head up over the fairing is therefore not recommended at top-end velocities, unless you're signing-off.

Not forgetting practicalities, Honda also made the fairing pivot at two points to tilt forward for easier servicing. For owners, it roughly offers the equivalent of a bonnet on a car, to be opened for the purpose of displaying the impressive contents: masterful!

Headlights and turn indicators are deliciously swaged into the bodywork, both offering excellent functional value without breaking the clean profile. The fairing looks something else as well.

The master-touch is the *Battlestar Galactica* instrument console. Integrated into the console, it features a compu-tech liquid crystal turbometer which flashes an ever-widening toothy grin as turbo-boost is increased. It's backed up by turbo-warning flashers, a touch of over-kill in a design that has built-in limiters on the turbo to prevent mechanical over-extension.

More conventional, and sensibly so, are the clock-type rev-counter and speedo. Digital read-outs for these functions have yet to prove effective for fast-reading and the Honda R & D team were wise to side-step this technological gimmickry. Their sole concession to digital display is the one which works most effectively of all — the clock. Even the fuel and temperature gauges are the conventional needle-type dials. There's a back-up system of warning lights.

But the bad news is that Australia will not see the CX500 Turbo much before April 1982 — and then only in numbers that are likely to ensure an immediate black-market trade.

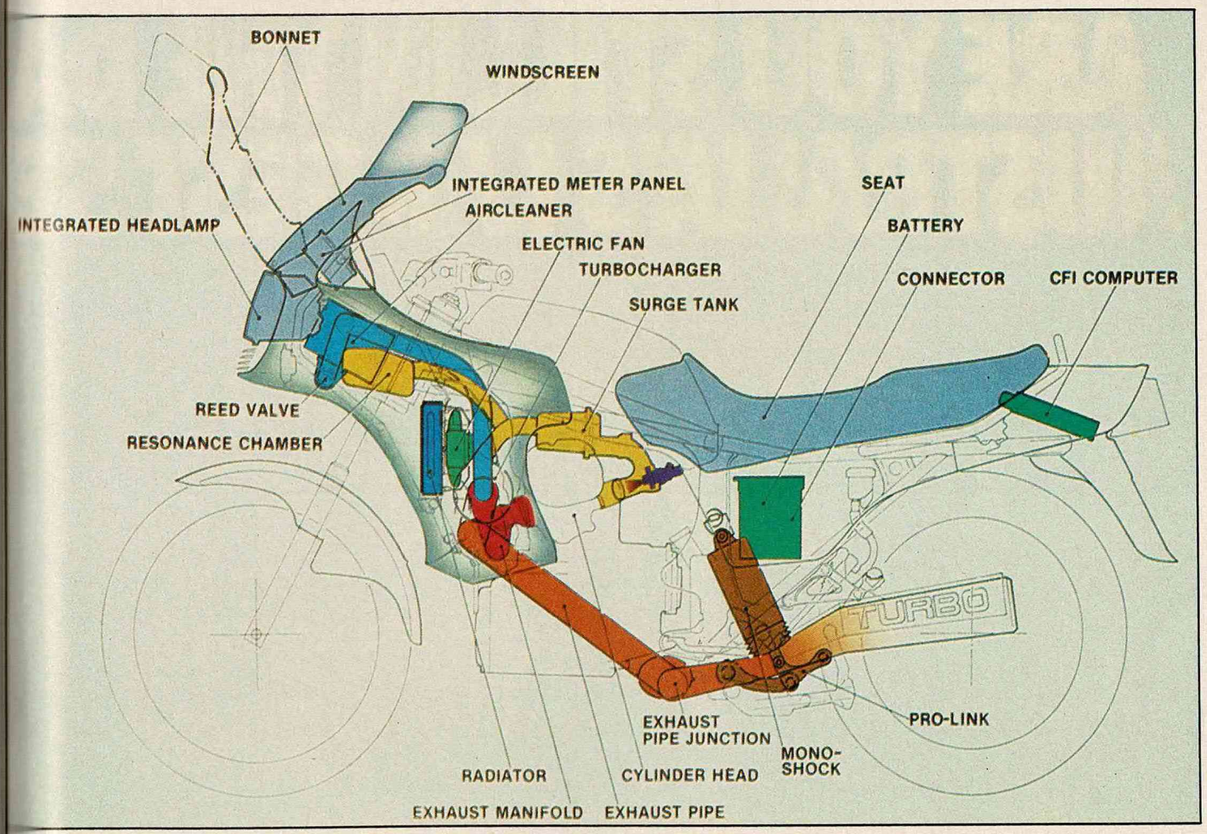
The good news is that long before the end of the year, after-market Turbo kits will be available for a wide range of production four strokes — using the identical turbocharger unit employed in the CX500.

This is courtesy of the foresight of a dynamic local company called Rymec Turbochargers (at Edgecliff, Sydney), the Australian and New Zealand distributors for IHI turbochargers, and this unit: the RHB5.

Rymec's general manager, Graham Storah, says the company will be marketing the unit through selected motorcycle engine development companies with whom it shares development technology. Units will be available to fit motorcycles with varying cylinder counts and with capacities from 400cc upwards, average kit cost rounding-out at $1400, or well under $2000 installed.

Rymec has already signed a joint manufacturing agreement with IHI Japan and will be producing some components for the miniature turbos before the end of the year. There are good reasons for this other than the motorcycle market alone — this turbo is designed to produce smooth boost from idle revs in engines up to 1500cc, and that includes most of the small Japanese automobile engines.

There will be some significant differences between after-market Turbo kits and the CX500 Honda gadget. An important one is in aspiration —



for Honda's three-year, cost-no-object development program enabled them to design and develop the special computer-controlled fuel injection system for the twin-cylinder engine.

It just so happens that there aren't any stray fuel injection systems lying about the place waiting to be bolted on the various types of motorcycle engines available.

But that doesn't mean no-one is thinking about it. Already one Japanese firm is working on an adaptation of the excellent Bosch K-Jetronic system to suit multi-cylinder engines. The system is mooted for release sometime early in 1982.

In the meantime, a number of sophisticated carburation systems have been produced by various companies to suit the special demands of metering fuel in large quantities into turbocharged engines. The unit that seems most likely to triumph is a Japanese-designed unit, which Rymec will then employ with their installations.

Another American unit (a compact Zenith carburettor) has already been employed in conversions seen in this country. PLAYBOY rode a CBX1000 Honda with a Zenith-fed integrated Turbo unit (American design) that not only looked unbelievable with its entwined chrome piping, but went like the wind. Dynoed horsepower is in the 100-plus zone. Another aspect of after-market installations using the IHI unit will be generally lower boost settings for kits. The factory Honda CBX1100 runs 14 pounds of boost which is only possible because of the total engine rebuild — a Honda claim that is supported here.

Local kits will run 8-9 pounds of boost, which is capable of lifting the power output by around 60 percent. Wide-eyed, wide-throttle desperadoes will be able to order high boost settings in conjunction with the engine rebuild programs — a key reason why Rymec will offer the turbocharger only to companies with the development capacity and engine know-how.

A consoling point with the state-of-the-art mini IHI Turbo is reliability. IHI bench test their Turbo batches for 300 hours at 850-900 degrees operating temperatures at rev ranges above 200,000 rpm!

No one else in the world is even close yet. The RHB5 unit by IHI is almost exactly half the size of the previous compact unit this firm built more than 18 months ago — and that was around two-thirds of the size of the smallest unit produced by any other company in the world. The remarkable thing is that the mini-fingers of the development engineers have been able to integrate wastegate technology in a unit that is smaller in diameter than the height of a cigarette box. And without the wastegate, the turbo, however technologically advanced, would not be able to deliver lag-free power from idling revs.

Rymec Turbochargers in Australia have had units under local evaluation since before the CX500 Honda production was previewed to the press in Japan. Local enthusiasts will have their first chance to see the units at the 1981 Sydney International Motor Show as a pipe-opener to a round-the-country release later in the year. By Christmas, there will be a number of cycles of varying configuration on the road running the IHI turbos. Their owners will pay at the rate of $1400-$1800 on top of the cycle price

For those who would wait, the Honda CX500 Production Turbo will cost at least $4300.

Either solution offers an ultimate combination of efficiency and performance, for the Honda production example roughly offers the shove of a Porsche Turbo Carrera with the economy of a Volkswagen Golf diesel.

Some of the after-market conversions, particularly the bigger bore models, will be even wilder. Step aside for the new generation Turbos.

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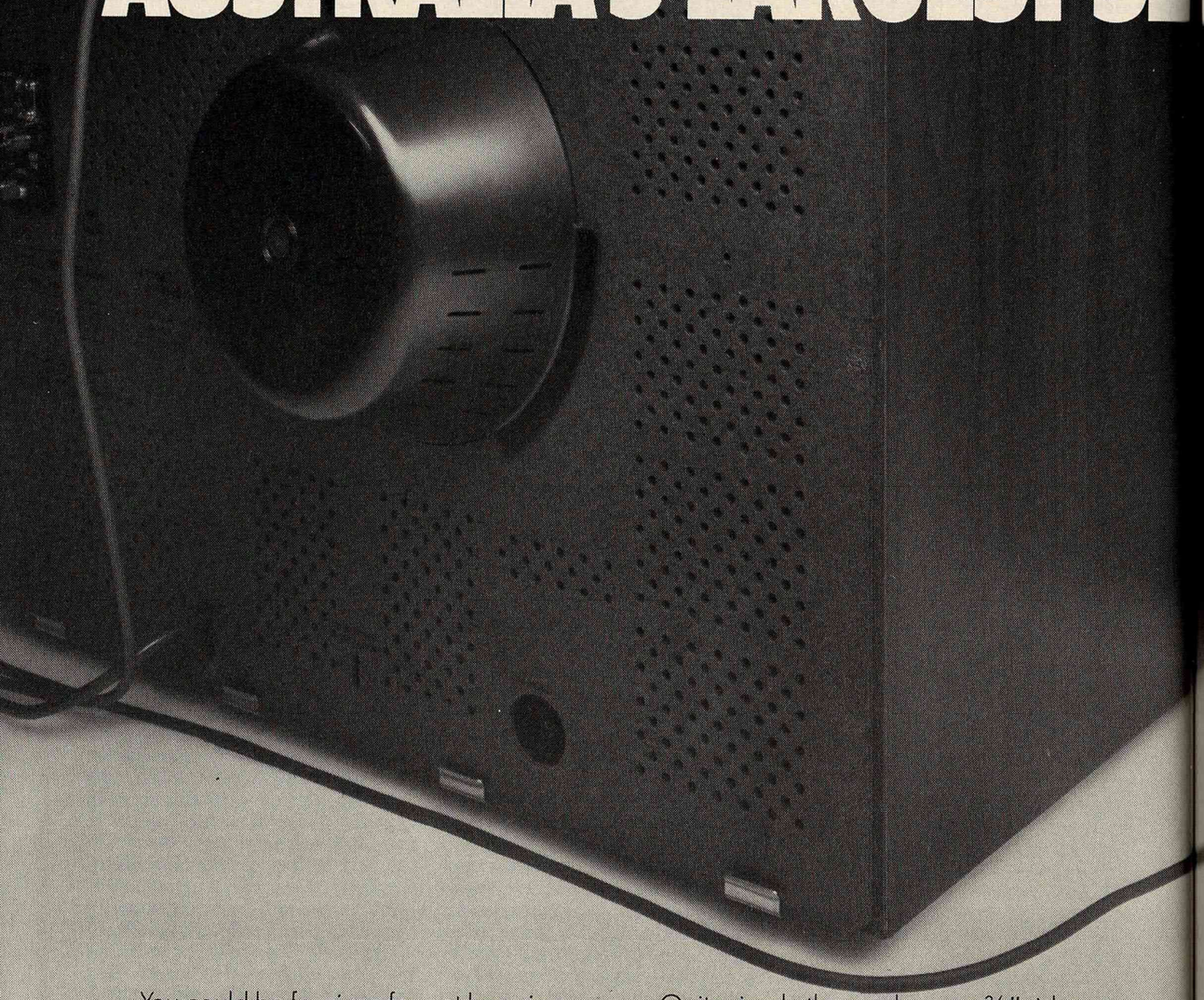

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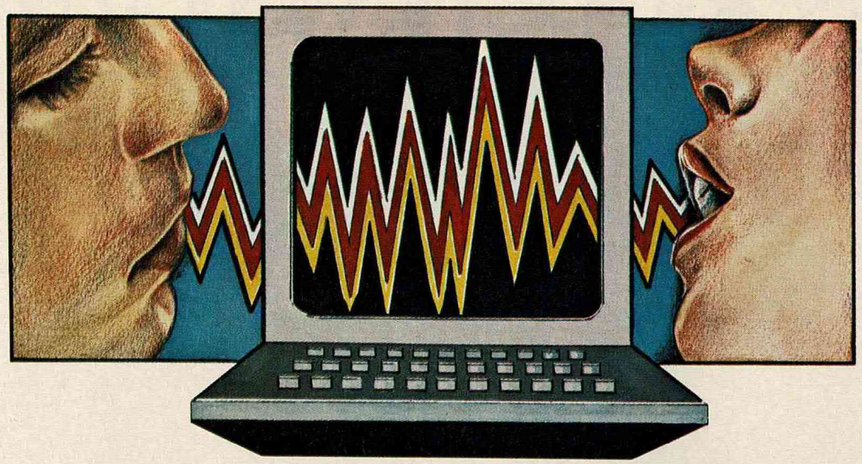
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

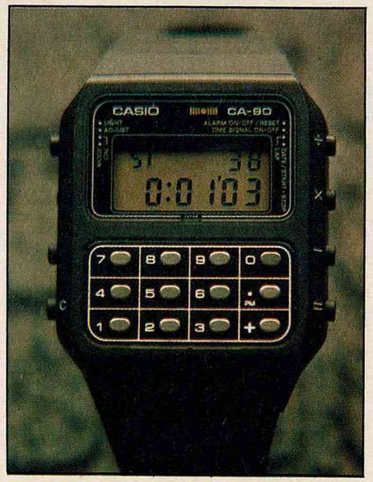
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



CALCULATED SEX
Too inhibited to reveal all your sexual turn-ons and offs to a lover? The Interlude computer helps in overcoming reticence, acting as a mechanical matchmaker. The participants feed in their various preferences and desires, and the computer then selects a suitable erotic program for the both of them. Interlude has only one major bug: most women can't stop playing with it long enough to start the action. From Dick Smith Electronics, about $22.

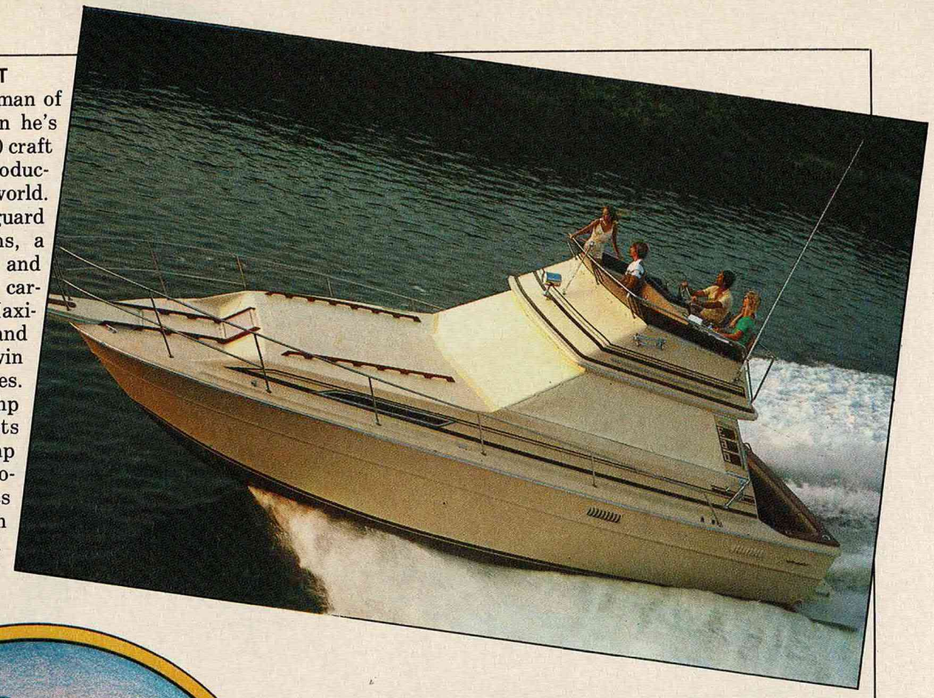
THROUGH A GLASS, SMARTLY
Imagine the pleasure that you can offer the motorist stuck behind you in traffic if you've mounted a Window Classic on your back screen. The driver's rear vision is not impaired, and the Window Classic also acts as a shield against the sun. Available in a wide range of designs — from rainbows to sunsets to landscapes — the Window Classic is available at automotive stores, $25 up.

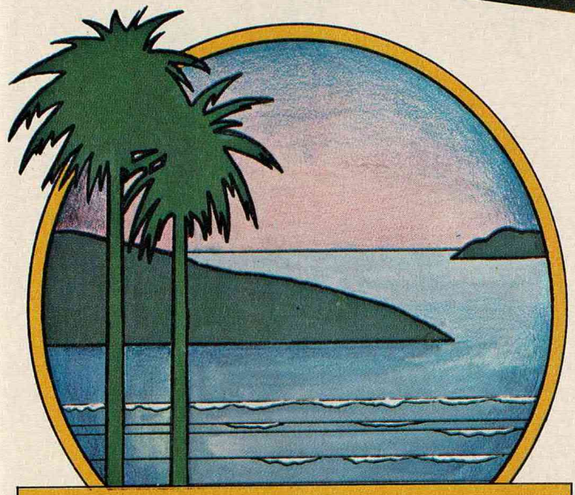
WAR GAMES
Many Australians fondly remember playing with model soldiers when they were kids, and some do more than reminisce — as the existence of a host of war games clubs proves. Wanna play? In Victoria, write Thornbury War Games Club, 857 High Street, Thornbury 3071; in WA, the Napoleonic War Games Society, 119 Birdwood Avenue, North Innaloo 6018; in SA, Group North War Games, 9 Sherwood Avenue, Redwood Park 5097; and in the ACT, Canberra War Games Society, PO Box 1016, Canberra 2601. In Sydney, call Tin Soldier, war games equipment suppliers, on 43 2440.



IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME . . .
It had to happen: watches with electronic games. The Casio CA-90 has a Space Invaders-type game, plus a calculator, 10-tone alarm, stopwatch and calendar. Oh, and it also tells the time. Available throughout Australia, $106.

SAILOR'S DELIGHT
The nicest girls love a man of the sea, especially when he's at the helm of a $160,000 craft which is the biggest production power boat in the world. The Sea Racer 360 Vanguard Sedan has eight berths, a fully-equipped kitchen and bathroom, and is fully carpeted throughout. Maximum speed is 34 knots, and there's a choice of twin petrol or diesel engines. With a Mercruiser 340hp petrol engine, it costs $159,000; with a 270hp GM Cummins diesel motor, it's $198,000. Agents in Australia are Reeson Marine on (03) 439-6555.

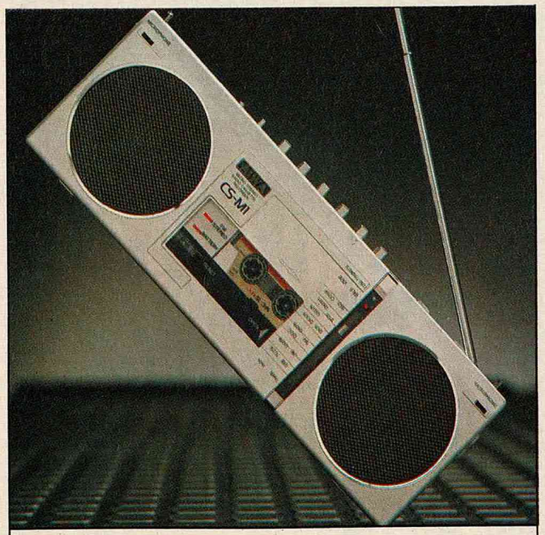




THE WORLD ENDS HERE AND PARADISE BEGINS
In the Maldive Islands, you can experience paradise first-hand. Located on the equator in the middle of the Indian Ocean, some of the Maldives are still unpopulated. Trips by Himalayan Expeditions, from $2158.

BARGAIN BANQUETS
Sydney is one of the most exciting places to eat on the cheap, but few visitors can find the venues so this book, Cheap Eats In Sydney, will be welcome. More than 400 places where two can dine well for less than $10 are listed. Write PO Box 8, Surry Hills, NSW 2010; cost $4.50.

BUSKERS' BATTLE
Who is the best at busking? Lismore aims to find out on September 10, when the Australian Champion Busking Contest is held. There's a trip around the country with $300 spending money as the first prize, and two other cash prizes of $200 and $100 for the runners-up. For more details or application forms, phone (066) 211-518 or write to the Secretary, Septemberfest Committee, PO Box 23A, Lismore, NSW 2480.



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A portable stereo without hair-mussing headphones. That's Aiwa's CSM1, from Douglas Hi-Fi for $270.

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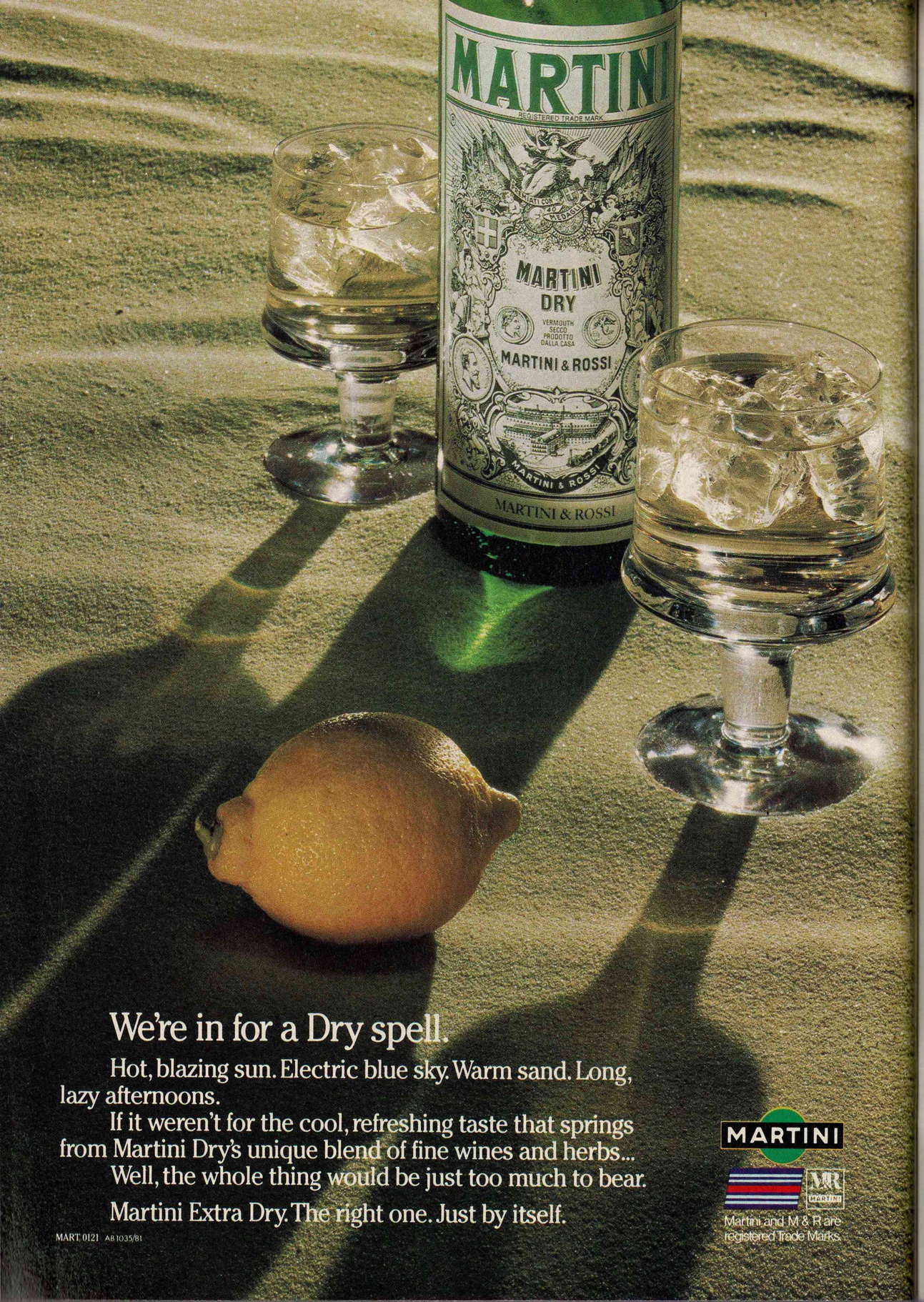

We're in for a Dry spell.

Hot, blazing sun. Electric blue sky. Warm sand. Long, lazy afternoons.

If it weren't for the cool, refreshing taste that springs from Martini Dry's unique blend of fine wines and herbs...

Well, the whole thing would be just too much to bear.

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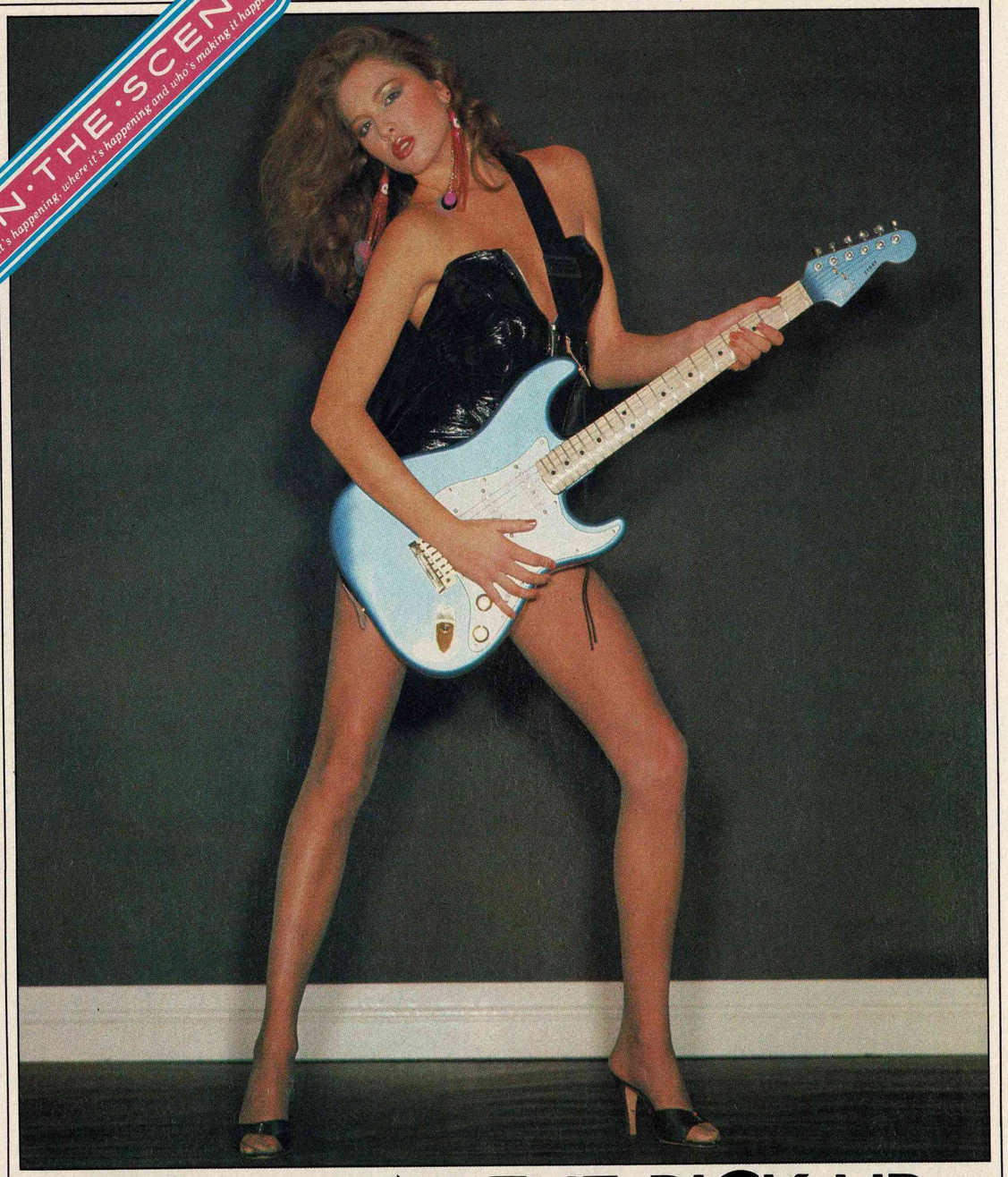
ON·THE·SCENE

what's happening, where it's happening and who's making it happen



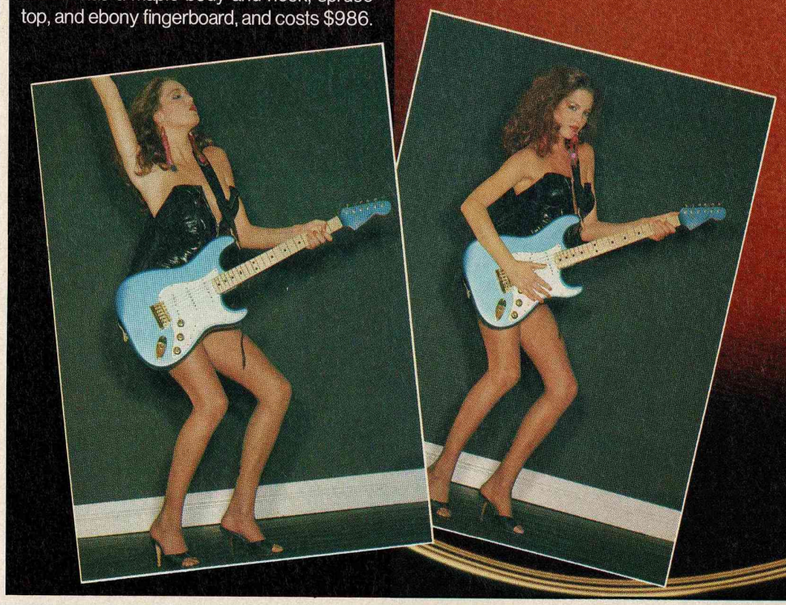
IT'S ALL IN THE PICK-UP

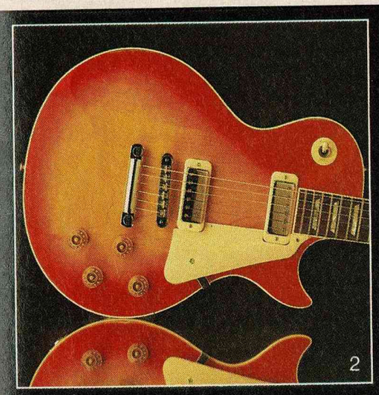
It's not just professionals who make music — many people feel a need to play their own tune. We thought we'd take a look at just a few of one of the most popular and portable instruments around — the guitar. For the best selection, we sought the advice of the famous Sydney music store — Landis, largest of its kind in the southern hemisphere. They told us that they sold an estimated 2600 guitars last year — so it's obvious that Lady wants to sing the blues . . . or folk . . .or rock . . .or . . .

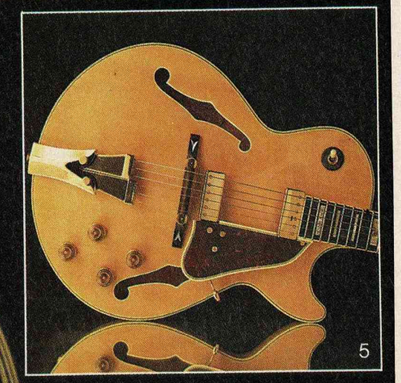
And she's also good at struttin' her stuff. Dressed to trill (above) in gear from Game Birds (Paddington, NSW), she strokes her Fender Strat electric. Used as a lead guitar, this one's custom-finished with brass hardware and an ash body. Price, $1353.

Compiled by Kate and Colin Stead

IN 1966, an aeronautical engineer named Charles Kaman applied the theories of vibration and acoustics developed in his helicopter business to the shape and composition of the guitar body. By moulding a light, yet strong, fibreglass material called Lyrachord into a round-shaped back and matching it with a tapered wooden top and specially-chosen bracing pattern, the Ovation roundback was born. The Ovation Legend (1), one of the most popular guitars among professionals, has a pick-up system which produces a true acoustic sound without feedback. The Legend has a $1114 price-tag. Like the Fender Strat, the classic Gibson Deluxe Les Paul electric (2) is widely played and copied. Designed by Les Paul — a giant in the industry — it is a veteran among electric guitars, having a thick, full sound and the ability to sustain it. Built with a mahogany body and neck, metal top and rosewood fingerboard, it's a good rhythm guitar. Vintage Les Paul models can cost $20,000 — this one is $1357. The Rickenbaker Bass stereo (with two pick-ups) guitar (3), one of the world's best-selling rock bass guitars, is built in maple with a laminated maple neck and rosewood fingerboard. It produces a good '60s sound that translates into New Wave. Costs $1285. Apart from container ships, motor bikes and electronics equipment, Yamaha also produces one of the best classical guitars in the world: the Yamaha Classical Acoustic (4) comes with a solid white spruce top, jacaranda body, mahogany neck and ebony fingerboard. It sells for $965. The Ibanez semi-acoustic (5) was developed by George Benson for jazz guitarists. The main aim in its design was to produce a jazz guitar that would not emit feedback at high volume. The Ibanez has a maple body and neck, spruce top, and ebony fingerboard, and costs $986.







Evolution of the species.

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Dailey/NPA60

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MOVIES

caveman is as subtle as a club over the head — even barbara bach saw starrs

Bach to Basics with Ringo.

WHILE **Caveman** was shooting on location in Mexico, I went down to interview Barbara Bach (PLAYBOY, February 1981), and everyone present appeared to be having a wild and crazy time. Director Carl Gottlieb, also co-author of the screenplay, had previously co-written Steve Martin's *The Jerk,* as well as *Jaws* and *Jaws 2.* Barbara and Ringo Starr were about to fall in love between takes. *Caveman's* agreeable company included Jack Gilford, Dennis Quaid, Shelley Long, Avery Schreiber and gridiron star John Matuszak of the Oakland Raiders: a highly promising bunch of primitives. Well, maybe you had to *be* there. *Caveman* tries hard, too hard, but is only intermittently funny, despite some sly special effects. As director, Gottlieb wields the slapstick like a blunt instrument for pounding gags into the ground, paying no heed whatever to the lessons once taught by Keaton, Chaplin and other early masters of the silent comedy. With only 15 words of spoken dialogue (*ca-ca* for dung, *zug-zug* for sex, etc), *Caveman* puts emphasis on fart jokes and knee slappers about dinosaur do-do, but is scarcely ribald or sophisticated enough for any movie goer past the age of seven. Barbara and Ringo may be the only real winners that emerge from this fiasco, and I wish them all the best.

•

More than just promising, writer and director Michael Mann delivers a knockout punch with **Thief,** the man's first major theatrical film (though he directed TV's *The Jericho Mile,* which took home a basketful of Emmy awards). James Caan is dynamic in the title role, flashing some warmth and vulnerability under the tough hide of a lone ranger who recklessly decides to work his wizardry for an impresario of organised crime. Still, he knows in his gut that diamonds are a thief's best friend, and he won't steal anything else, except cash: "No fur, no coin, no cartage, no stock certificates, no precious metals. Nothing. Just diamonds." Filmed in Chicago with spectacular flair, cinematographer Donald Thorin has some tricks up his sleeve that'll make your eyes pop, tricks that add the violent, surreal beauty of a nightmare to the film's stunning authenticity. Real cops and real thieves flesh out the supporting cast which is headed by James Belushi (John's brother), Willie Nelson and, better than ever, Tuesday Weld, as the worn, bruised blonde wooed by Caan when off duty. Big-time capers are the business afoot, and Mann treats the psychology as well as the technology of modern crime with cool, thorough objectivity. My only strong complaint about *Thief* is the music composed by the group Tangerine Dream and blasted through key scenes at top volume — until I wasn't sure whether the sound effects were meant to soup up the tension or blow up a safe. Except for the aural hype, a tingling trip.

•

Blake Edwards' **SOB** stands for Standard Operational Bullshit, though sons of bitches abound in this sleek and surprising black comedy about the efforts to rescue a megamillion-dollar Hollywood fiasco. Writer-producer-director Blake Edwards, scoring an easy 9.8 on a scale of 10 by my estimate, has clearly distilled a couple of decades of first-hand observation into the wittiest and bitchiest show-biz satire since *All About Eve.* A lot of people may detest him for it, because Edwards has fired a broadside likely to shatter glass houses all over town. *SOB* is a kind of slapstick *Shampoo* — hard as nails but hilarious; fairly abristle with spiky truth.

In an all-star company of first-rate performers having a field day — no doubt sending up a rogues gallery of celebrated producers, agents and ass kissers everyone loves to hate — there's not space enough to give everyone his due credit. Robert Vaughn as a studio chief who's into high heels and lacy lingerie, Robert Preston damn near stealing the show as a campy, quackish Dr Feelgood who never wears a shirt under his suede jacket and scarf, Loretta Swit as a vicious gossip columnist, Shelley Winters as a portly super-agent — they are all done to a turn. Pure malice.

Top bill, of course, is Julie Andrews (aka Mrs Blake Edwards), who finally sheds her tapioca-bland image redolent of *Mary Poppins* and *Sesame Street.* Julie plays a superstar-perennial sunshine girl named Sally Miles, her charisma fading with an ill-fated flop called *Night Wind,* directed by her husband ("NEW YORK CRITICS BREAK WIND," proclaims a page-one *Variety* headline). Sally has to be drugged before she can bring herself to appear topless in a drastic $40,000,000 revision destined to unveil "American's G-rated sweetheart in an X-rated nude scene." Says she, upon peering quizzically into her decolletage, "I'm gonna show my boobies — are they *worth* showing?" They *are,* and she does, and Julie's dynamite — loose as a goose, totally delightful, spoofing prudes, nudes, herself and all of us in a manner most likely to inflame the Moral Majority. Playing Sally's husband, the suicidal film maker, driven mad by imminent failure, Richard Mulligan (of TV's *Soap)* is fabulous, a symphony of tics. If his wild and zany performance does not net him an Oscar nomination, there is no justice.

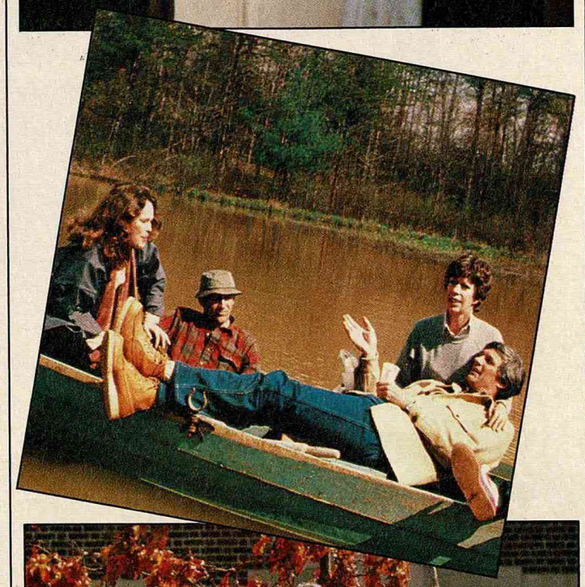
SOB takes some dark and hazardous turns later on. There's a gruesome death, a funeral, a body-snatching. There are fart jokes, piss-in-your-pants jokes, even jokes about a forlorn stray dog in a town where man's best friend is a tough agent. Ultimately the occasional excesses of *SOB* seem much less important than its bull's-eye gags about tits and ass and taste and integrity. So far, as the silly season approaches, here's my nomination for comedy of the year.

•

It is almost impossible not to identify with someone or something that's in **The Four Seasons,** if you have ever joined a group of fun-seekers on holiday and found they turn out to be pains in the ass. Watching the three New York couples who spend *Four Seasons* getting to know one another's weaknesses all too well becomes funny, touching and hurtfully true for any number of reasons — because the actors are fine, the characters they play are convincingly human and the movie's instincts are warm and forthright from beginning to end. So chalk up the credit as well as the blame to TV's popular Alan Alda, who wrote the screenplay, stars in it and simultaneously makes his brisk debut as a feature-film director. Alda handles his fellow actors with keen sensitivity and is repaid in kind by Carol Burnett, who plays his mettlesome wife right on key; by Rita Moreno and Jack Weston, as a boisterous couple; plus Len Cariou as a swinger whose old friends can't quite forgive him when he drops his stolid, loyal first wife (Sandy Dennis) for a sleek younger model.

There's some bad news in Alda's stagey and occasionally self-conscious effort to keep the movie symmetrical. I have a hunch that he was simply wearing too many hats, which is one way to lose your head. I wish he hadn't tried to keep it all so tidy, each seasonal episode ending with a bit of watery womb symbolism. I wish he had written a more attractive character for *himself* to play — as an over-analytical boor and moraliser, he gets by far the worst of it. The schematic structure of *Four Seasons* kept reminding me, too, that Alda starred in the movie version of *Same Time, Next Year* and seems to be beholden to those Broadway roots. Yet despite a slurp of sentimentality here and there, the odds lean toward having a darn good time.

— BRUCE WILLIAMSON



The many faces of Alan Alda are on show in *The Four Seasons:* as writer, director and star, he appears to have a darn good time with fellow-actors Carol Burnett, Rita Moreno and others.

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Gallipoli

From page 101

you were here with me now. We are getting ready to make an all-out assault on Johnny Turk and we know we are going to give a good account of ourselves and our country. Everyone is terrifically excited. There is a feeling that we are all involved in an adventure that is somehow larger than life."

This is what *Gallipoli* is trying to say, and it does, successfully. It's a beautiful film — and the viewer can take to it and bring from it what he will. Weir is a cinematic genius, and it is his mystical view that will carry Australian film to the world.

THAT'S THE essential story-line, but what's the film really all about? "Lots of things," says Mel Gibson, "mostly about fate, and the way things work out, and the feeling that: 'Hey, wait a minute, this is all a mix-up'."

It's also about mateship. "That's the strong through-line. And about behavior in situations, about the time, about survival and death and how these different people cope with it. Frank and Archy are very different guys, one had a certain set of qualities and the other didn't. You find that in the history books and in the personal accounts, guys who lacked in certain areas teamed up with those who were possessed with these qualities just to make a stronger unit . . . that unity was there."

According to Mel Gibson, researching the film role was a very exciting experience. "On the run up to it, I was virtually ignorant of the whole thing. The first time I ever talked about it with Peter, he infected me right away. He was immersed in the whole legend, the almost mystical event, the bigness of Gallipoli. And that filled me with confidence, like, it's in good hands. Then I read the script, which was a good script, and the part — which was a *very* good part.

"One of the things I got from reading was I really learned a lot about that particular breed of man, the Australian male. I don't think there was ever anyone else quite like him — really, he was quite unique — and still is. It's the character of the nation. They were fearless men. Some of the accounts you read are amazing, you never heard anything like it. They had amazing morale. They could rise above all that and make a joke out of it. Black jokes, *really* black. But they kept on top of it. And in the Second War, they were a very similar mob — kinda crazy, admirably so, in the things they could put up with and in what they could do.

"The parallels and similarities in making the film to the actual event were amazing. Just the overall feeling. We had a guy on the set called Bill Gammage who'd written a book called *The Broken Years* which is a collection of notes out of their diaries. Nearly everyone there kept a diary. All these bushies, all these country boys — no matter where they came from, they were all just country boys — really isolated, hard, rough, tough guys — all kept diaries which expressed their emotions and feelings. And at Port Lincoln [where the Gallipoli battleground was re-created], they were country people too, really unspoiled, guys from deep religious backgrounds. They were just the same. A tough mob — really heavy. They'd punch you out for two bob. Yet they were all really soft guys too — softies."

MEL GIBSON is a little like that too. Unspoiled, maybe even a softy. I couldn't help feeling as I talked to him that, in his own contemporary way, he's as innocent and vulnerable as the boys in the movie. For instance, when I asked how he decided to settle on acting as a career, in one sentence he countered the flip, smartass, "it sure beats the hell out of working" with the ingenuous "I was sort of mystically guided along the pathway that just dropped me right into it".

It's a hard old world out there in Stigwood country, and all we can do is wish Gibson the best. He does know that the release of *Gallipoli* will almost certainly deprive him of his anonymity, but he insists that none of the hype will ever make him lose sight of his strongest goal, that of achieving a life of "normality". And somehow, at the end of the evening, when our conversation had deteriorated into talking about his old obsessions with Space Invaders and poker, and he said that he was a gambler — "I'm always winning" — I somehow felt that his affair with lady luck would see him to the top of this one too.

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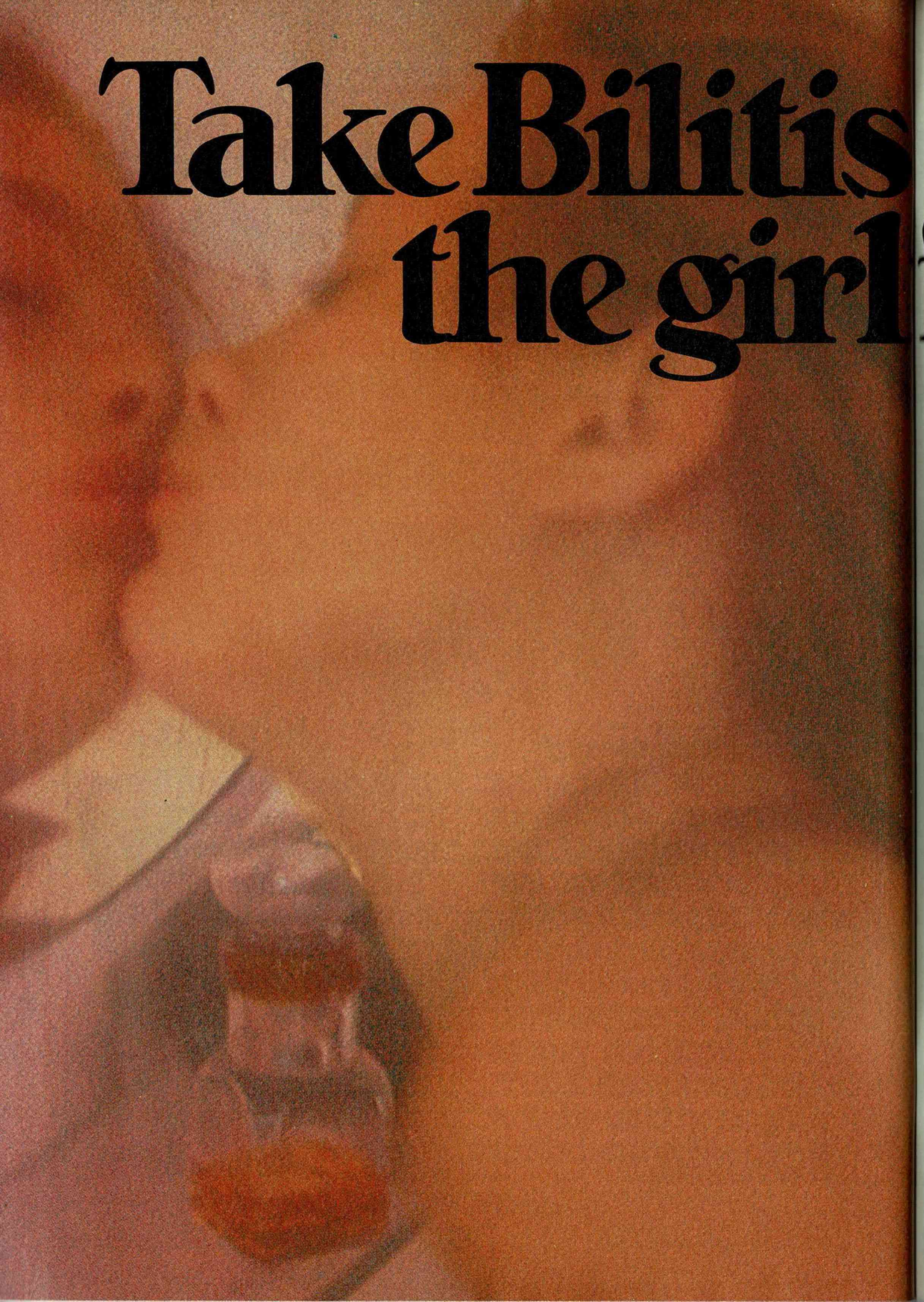
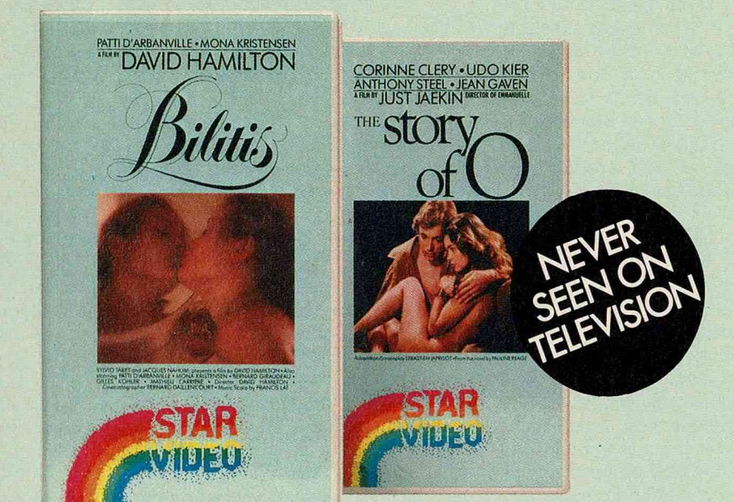


Take Bilitis home, for the girl friend.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MOTORING

playboy's 69'er and rob luck practise some new positions in a sensational crash

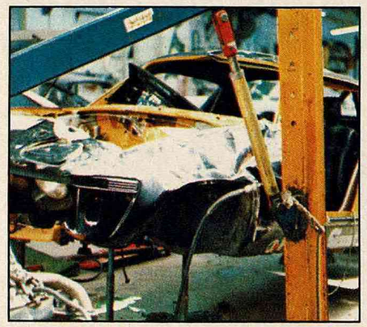
IT PROBABLY lasted for eight seconds. At that rate it cost about a grand a second. Or $2000 per roll-over. Whichever is most. That was the result of a spectacular practice smash in the PLAYBOY Triumph TR7 Pro-Am racer, just three weeks before round three of the Barclays Pro-Am Series conducted at Amaroo Park, Sydney.

It happened on the fastest and most dicey part of the circuit, that section of the track I outlined in the introductory Pro-Am story. Hooking the car over the brow of the hill at 140 km/h and down into that diving righthander I call the *bobsled* (because of its towering earth banks), the PLAYBOY car picked up a piece of shrapnel from a just-wrecked car which slashed the back tyre instantly. The black-and-white racer dropped its left shoulder and skidded into the earth bank.

With the tyre already off the rim, the wheel dug-in, and we tripped and fell. The car rolled four or five times. When the scenery finally straightened, and I got out and was up the bank watching all the cars behind having phenomenal avoidances, I realised I was lucky to still be standing. Ray Price came along and scooped up the remains with his front-end loader and tossed it on a borrowed trailer.

Well, it just so happens that there is no such thing as a spare Triumph TR7 bodyshell. There's none new ex-factory, and they're too scarce to get from a wrecker. Cut-and-shuts are possible, by blending the good ends of one front-ender and one rear-ender, but they cost an arm and a leg.

None of this seemed to phase a dedicated bunch of artisans down at Woollahra Motor Body Works. In Portugenglish, Florival (Fred) Frade and his interpreter George Correia, said, in effect, "we can do", and they did. In just two weeks, using their bare hands, tools, racks, straightening gear, torches and not a little



skill, they restored the bodywork with the help of just two panels, a turret top and a guard. The rest they straightened, down to the chassis.

Martin Bondor and Brett Stevens stuffed all the gear back in like some high speed sequence from a Charlie Chaplin movie — bits that were scrounged by Terry Ryan, Graham Storah (at Rymec), Mike Breen of Leyland, Chris Hones (fellow TR7 pedaller), Ron and Allan Gillard and others. Doug (Picasso) Neeson was so quick with the Acran that he almost sprayed the other guys on to the job.

An incredible schedule, timed almost to the second, saw the car drive into the scrutineering bay at Amaroo Park just one minute before closing time. The boys there were kind to us, and hurried us through.

I hung out the anchors on the crest of the hill on the first flying lap and found out the hard way there was only one good stopper on the car: we did a howling 360 degree spin over the top. After that, I didn't dare touch them. Anyway, I was too busy with sticky steering, farting engine and a sloppy rear-end. We qualified tenth, with the eighth fastest time, but one set after two other cars on the same mark.

Ken Webb and Mick Farr rebuilt the brakes and straightened the steering overnight. Engine tuning was a bit of a lottery, and the rear-end got tightened, but nothing else. Factory standard front shockers were all we could find to run, and the front roll bar had been straightened and fitted with a blowtorch. Race day wasn't shaping up so well.

Until the flag dropped. I picked up one spot off the line, and just kept the Playboy 69'er hanging in there, reeling in higher notches as the front runners boo-booed. I had a marvellous race-long dice with Pete Geoghegan in which we had several position swaps while we both played with the rest of the field. In the end I was lucky to shade him over the line by a few metres, after we shared the last few corners side by side.

It was worth fifth spot, 100 percent improvement on the tenth grid position, and second amateur position (trailing only Peter Hopwood), with two "pure Pros" (factory drivers), and a few more "semi-Pros" behind. It also earned the Motor Writer's award, and even some prize-money.

The award really goes to all the people who got me there. Including the boys at Woollahra Motor Body Works and (Alan) Fender Signs, the girls who chased parts (kudos to PLAYBOY's Michelle), the sponsors (particularly Valvoline and Goodyear) whose product and support we couldn't have done without, Ross Bond for tactics and coaching, rank outsiders who just pitched-in without protest — including Kerry Savage who rebuilt, buffed and balanced the new Goodyear dries on the new Compomotive rims, and the new Goodyear wets on the Performance rims, Terry Whetton who wrote signs, Terry Lipman Insurances who paid-up promptly. And others. Many others, John Kuilart, who loaned his trailer, Wayne Cantell who gave up dinner to get us home.

That's motor racing. Today's disaster can be tomorrow's triumph. And a fine proving ground for a group of fine people that I'm proud to know. Now bring on the next round.

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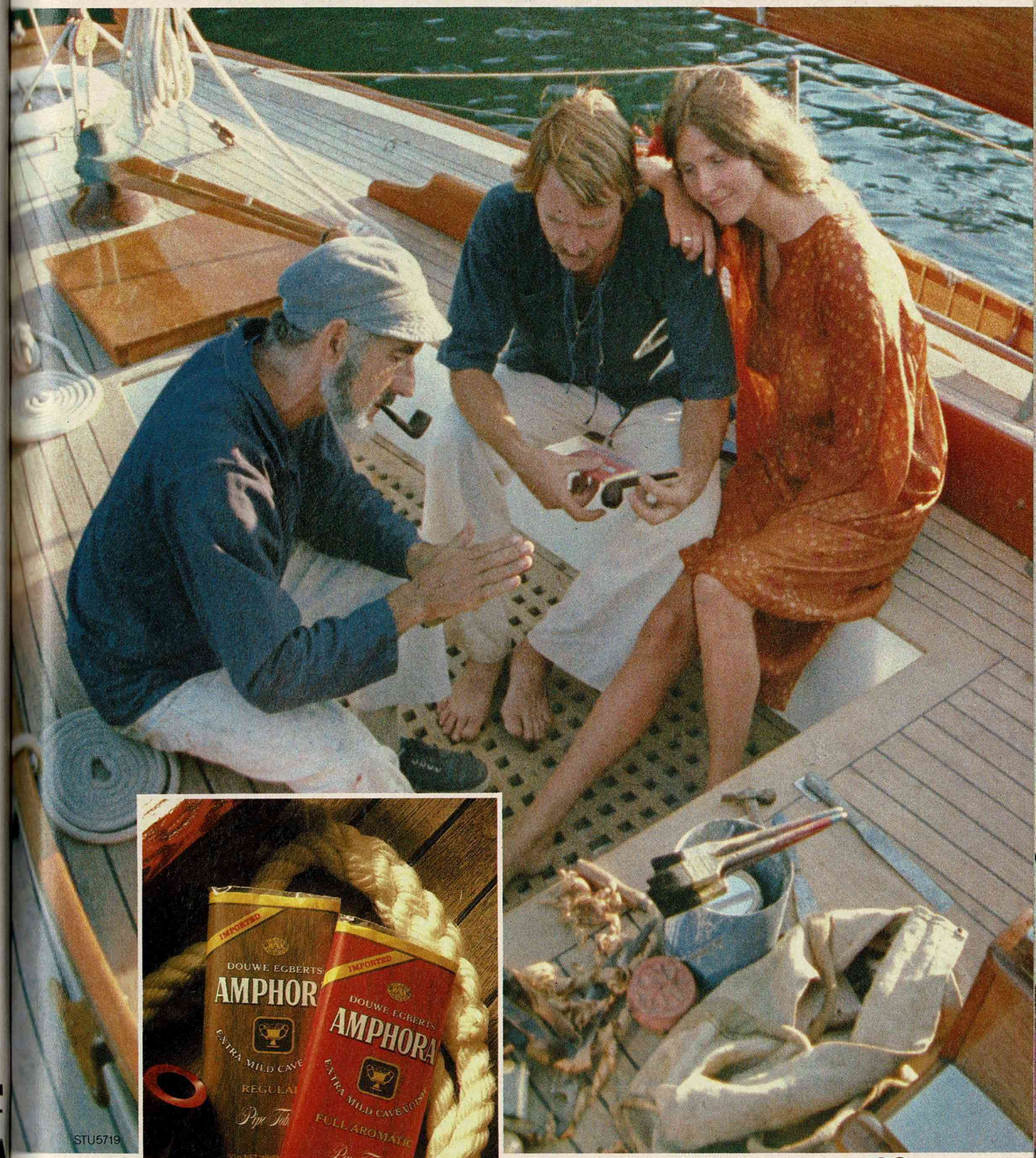

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SHOWBIZ

a star is stillborn in australia as a new play undresses the thespians

YOU WON'T have heard this because of a determined reluctance among the film distributors to publicise the fact, but Mr Sam Neill, the boyishly handsome film actor from New Zealand, has become quite a world-famous fellow. Sam lobbed overseas about a year ago, and since then has made four feature films (as either lead, co-lead, or chief support), and has even starred in one out here. Which one? You may well ask. Patrons of flicks which pop the eyeballs and erect the hair will have rushed along to *The Final Conflict,* the sequel to the sequel to *The Omen,* the Antichrist-rising epic which is all about a ghastly ankle-biter who has the extreme misfortune to be the son of Satan. In *The Final Conflict,* the Antichrist is a young adult, and guess who is playing him? Simple really. Sam Neill. The Hoyts people didn't do much promoting of the fact, but Sam's beastly stardom is but a minor effort in the work that he's notched up since Margaret Fink's *Brilliant Career.* He's played a right-hand man to the Pope, co-starred in a film which scored best actress at the Cannes film festival, and has just finished work on a spy flick in Paris, with Martin Sheen, the intense chap who suffered so much in *Apocalypse Now.* And to think I once saw him get out of a taxi to walk into a house across the road.

•

Speaking of internationally successful *artistes* who hail from the antipodes, do you all remember the days when it was shock-horror front page news when an Oz entertainer did something (anything) to attract attention in England or the US? The Easybeats and The Bee Gees, Olivia Newton-John (most of whom were born in England, incidentally), did nothing but make front page news on the daily blats, and provide page after page of verbiage for the magazines. Now of course we've become internationally fashionable, and don't give two naughty words about who is doing what Over There. So, I'm sorry to announce that AC/DC and Rick Springfield (whom ageing mods will remember from the Zoot), Air Supply (yawn), Joe Dolce and Split Enz, are all now screaming up the US album charts, all at the same time. I know that nobody here gives a damn anymore, but we thought some of our many American readers might be somewhat interested.

•

More rock notes . . . Mr Adam, and his now slightly unfashionable, but still record-selling, Ants are crawling around the countryside at present on their long awaited (so their publicist says) big national tour. We thought we'd give you some fascinating background stuff about the over-dressed London quintet, but there isn't any. Well, there is the fact that Adam gets off on the warrior ideals of strength and pride, and doesn't like drinking and smoking. And there is the fascinating revelation that the band's bass player, Gary Tibbs, toured with Roxy Music, and once did hang around with Sid Vicious. Personally none of us around the office find that particularly astounding, but we're assured that it's pretty riveting stuff to all those who purchase Mr Ant's recordings, so we just thought we would put it in. Exciting, wasn't it?

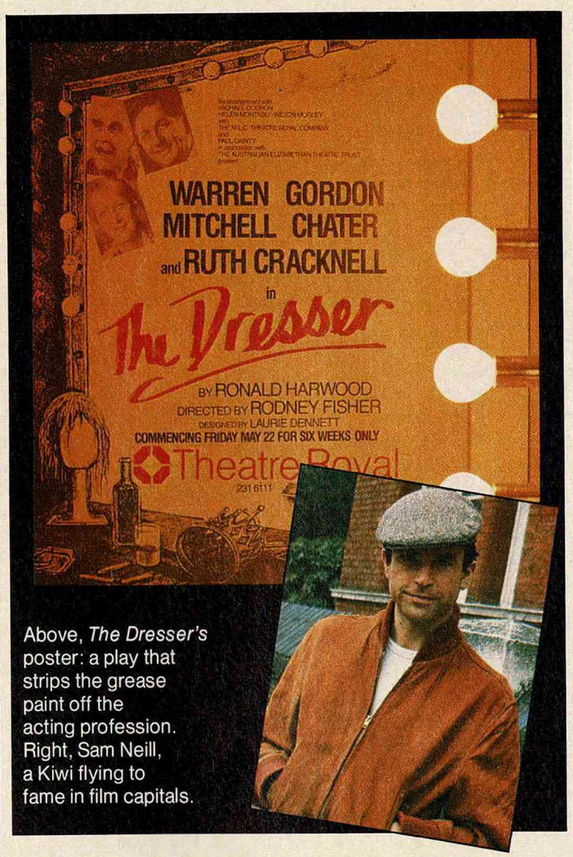
•

Theatre notes: Fanciers of the bizarre, those of you who like to be very weird while everybody's watching, will be thrilled to mega-bits to hear of a theatre revival for *The Rocky Horror Show.* Yep, that berserk musical which first popped up in the early '70s, (years before its time) will be re-appearing at Sydney's Theatre Royal on September 28 before oozing around Oz in a national tour. The same musical lead to the awfully strange musical of almost the same name *The Rocky Horror Picture Show,* which built up a world-wide cult-following of people who all dress up like something from the mind of Hieronymus Bosch, and then gallop around cinemas at every showing, miming every word of dialogue, and keeping pace with every step. When we went to press they still hadn't cast the thing, but with all those frantic exhibitionists loose out there, who needs actors? All you really need is an audience.

•

More theatre notes: actor groupies, those who look upon thespians as urbane, witty, charming, fabulously sophisticated examples of modern man, are strongly advised to tear the scales from their eyes with a viewing of *The Dresser,* the Gordon Chater-Ruth Cracknell-Warren Mitchell effort now on the road somewhere in the depths of northern Queensland. We don't suggest you actually head up the wallaby track in search of the thing. As a play you see it's a bit turgid and mite up-itself. But as an insight into actors, it's an absolute eye-opener. Gordon Chater (as an aged, very tired, dangerously overweight actor-manager), Ruth Cracknell (his long suffering mistress) and Warren Mitchell (as the awfully sweet dresser), reveal their profession in the most uncompromising of terms. The play is a lot of things folks, but it certainly ain't glamorous. After shattering fantasies in the north, it will appear in Perth.

— ANDREW SAW



Above, *The Dresser's* poster: a play that strips the grease paint off the acting profession. Right, Sam Neill, a Kiwi flying to fame in film capitals.

MUSIC

joe walsh blasts the neighborhood and elton comes back strong and foxy

FROM THE MAN who put much of the muscle back into the Eagles' rock comes *There Goes The Neighborhood* (Asylum). Joe Walsh—the name jumps to mind as something of a rock and roll guitar star. But he's much more than that, and on *There Goes The Neighborhood* he shows that the Eagles association has been good for his reputation as a songwriter and an all-round performer. He handles most lead vocals, guitars and keyboards, and wrote every song save for the odd contribution from Don Felder, Ken Passarelli and Joe Vitale.

Walsh's album is rich in credits with offerings from Eagles' Felder and Timothy B. Schmit, plus David Lindley, Russ Kunkel, Passarelli and Bobby Mayo's 12-string guitar. However, the great promise isn't quite fulfilled, and the album suffers slightly from the sameness of Walsh's vocals and an often-too-severe structuring of his songs. The result is one-paced repetition that buries the real musicianship in dominant bass and percussion lines. The opening cut, Things, is quite a well-crafted song with synthesiser and piano inserts by Walsh and the softer backing vocals of Schmit providing texture. It is not matched by many of the other tunes, particularly Bones, a heavy-handed effort that not only submerges David Lindley's violin but is so clubfooted that it crushes what might have been some interesting lyrical images.

There's always been the suspicion that Walsh can write and record outstanding rock and roll tunes. Unhappily, he has the tendency to hide them among too much of the other — out and out mediocrity. *Neighborhood* does everything but right the problem.

•

Air Supply's lead, Russell Hitchcock, always believed the band's sound was American-oriented and their sales success in the US proves his point. Carefully aimed at the same market comes Air Supply's new album *The One That You Love* (Arista), and it follows the same popular formula, lending itself to an easy passage into the top 10 with singles sales as a bonus.

Air Supply have developed their own unique style around the old boy-meets-girl and the love-lost-rejection themes. It is just a bit honey-thick for some palates, but radio programmers love its commercial inventiveness or else the fact that Air Supply sound like nobody else. This album is surprisingly free of low points, a strength that's pursued by Hitchcock's and Graham Russell's melodic flair and the proficiency of a band which in its present form boasts seven members.

At times the oft alternating Hitchcock-Russell vocal changes become a bit predictable but their rich harmonies and long hours spent polishing a very strong studio routine definitely swing the weights in favor of more chart-storming success.

•

Purely finding his old melodic inspiration would not have been enough in itself to make Elton John's *The Fox* (Rocket) impress. It's really the way in which EJ has puttied in all gaps that has it all working so smoothly. As they say in the game: it's the little things, and there are many little things on *The Fox*. For instance, he includes an instrumental in Carla Etude which unleashes a fanfare from the London Symphony Orchestra as a deeply moving piece. The album is full of such diverse surprises, topped off by musicianship, and a massive recording project encompassing studios in three countries.

For long-term EJ fans the appearance of Bernie Taupin and old hands Dee Murray and Nigel Olsson is reassuring. In other words, Elton's back to the tried and true basis with a few new tricks thrown in. The great synthesiser influence of James Newton Howard is almost as significant as is Gary Osborne's writing and vocals in a package which resurrects EJ's ailing image.

Titles such as Fascist Faces, Just Like Belgium and The Fox suggest a wide range of topics and a return to songs that possess a bit more guts than recent efforts. There are other areas in which Elton has done his homework and female vocalists, spoken inserts, French lyrics and a broad use of different instruments makes *The Fox* easily the sharpest in EJ's menagerie.

•

If one of the drawbacks of your humble existence means that you'll go to the grave never having caught Chaka Khan in concert, then settle for the next best thing and just pick up one of her albums. If you missed out on the well-received *Naughty*, her latest album is *What Cha' Gonna Do For Me?* (Warner Bros). It's a suitable new album for Chaka, featuring her broad command of funk, soul, ballad and jazz — with a bit of the rock raunch she displayed when lead singer with Rufus thrown in. The set opens with a rasping delivery of the Lennon-McCartney tune, We Can Work It Out, and by the time the needle has travelled the distance to the fifth tune, We Got Each Other, Chaka has branded the side with her own brand of sensuality and scorching vocals. There is plenty to dance to with dazzling use of horns to provide the backing counter-balance for Chaka's hot vocals.

The Dizzy Gillespie tune, Night In Tunisia, put to words here in The Melody Still Lingers On, puts Chaka through her jazz paces in a fashion which illustrates the ease and range of her style. With backing to do justice to her voice, the rhythmic Heed The Warning rates as one of the real highs on a sweetly-balanced album.

— NEIL JAMESON

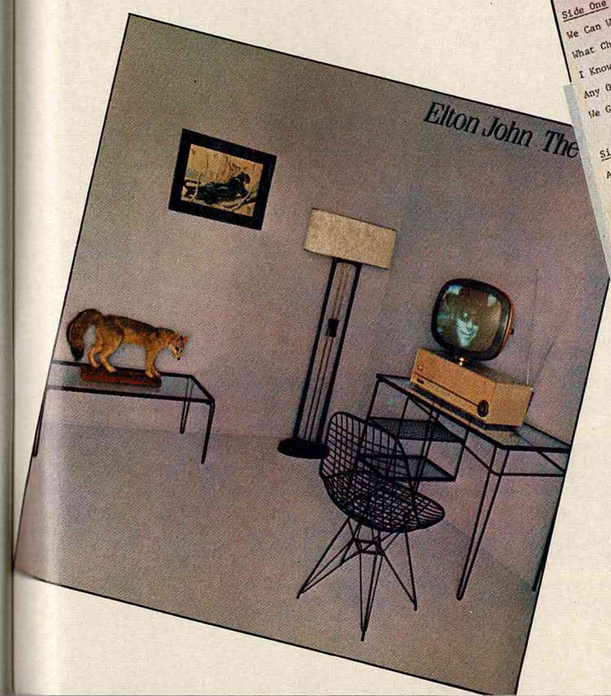
•

It has to be said: Slim Dusty is an embarrassment. Australian music is a viable international entity, with indigenous records making it to number one position on the American and British charts, and he has the nerve to topple Cold Chisel, the Angels, Air Supply, Little River Band, Split Enz from that position in Australia with a singalong ditty called Duncan! Has the man no sense of propriety? Records of that ilk are *supposed* to be confined to airplay and sales *outside* of the sophisticated climes of the big cities.

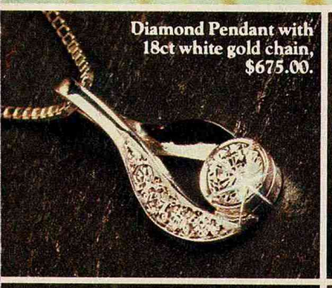
And so here he is, this stocky, 53-year-old, guitar-strumming yahoo, who's from somewhere out the back of Bourke, wearing this wide-brimmed hat only somebody like Ian Sinclair would be seen dead in, yodelling to Molly on *Countdown. RAM,* where are you when you're needed most? How could you allow this to happen? Isn't it enough that the man is celebrating his 50th album, *The Golden Anniversary Album* (EMI) featuring 16 key tracks in the Dusty saga from his first recording session with that company back in 1946? Isn't it enough that the man had national glory in '57 with The Pub With No Beer (see, another pub song), and became the first Australian artist to crash the British charts with that record? Isn't it enough to have been awarded 60 gold and 15 platinum records with sales well in excess of two million biggies? Kamahl, where is thy sting? Does he have to keep reminding we city folks, we hopeful sophisticates, that he is the closest we have to a music industry institution? Epitomising a basic, down-to-earth quality that's much needed today as we stumble from dole queue to swimming pool in search of direction in these potentially mindless '80s. Yet there are those of us who can do without being reminded of Slim Dusty's achievements, his on-going contribution to our Australian cultural portfolio, his . . . *integrity.* You won't find the precise, aural journal of this man's outstanding recording career in our collection. No sireeeee. We're not going to help him notch up one more gold or platinum album. Do that, and there will be no ending to his unquestionable effect on the founding of an Australian music industry. Next thing you know, they'll be talking about him as some kind of bush poet. In the same breath as, say, Henry Lawson and even Banjo Paterson. Oh . . . you say . . . they . . . already . . . do . . . say that he . . . ?

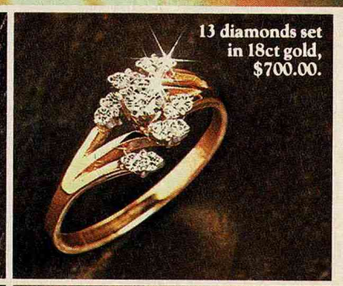
The respect showered on Kevin Johnson by his followers and industry people alike is . . . *unsettling.* What will he come up with next? We lemmings of *Musica Terra Australis* can do without his constant irritating habit of advancing the quality of songwriting and production, proffering his ideas, lyrics, melodies such as those on his latest album *Nightrider* (Infinity) that do defy categorising in any way.

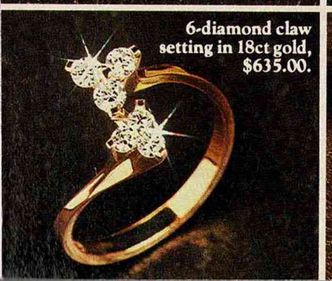
Just when you think you have got him tagged as a hit-maker (Bonnie Please Don't Go, Rock & Roll I Gave You The Best Years Of My Life, Man Of The 20th Century), a peddler of inoffensive quiet romanticism, he throws a curly and reveals a wry insight into the perplexities of what makes society tick. He's done it before, you know. On album after album, he manages to get one or two in . . . manages to give the brain cells a kick-start. Another few years, more albums, and Johnson will have created an intrinsic part of Australian contemporary music's growth from the late '60s through his songs and recordings. For this they give him album and single Record of The Year awards . . . plus a BMI (American performing rights), radio awards . . . and people keep on buying Johnson's albums, and going to see him in concert. And there are others out there coming down the line. Doug Ashdown, Mike McClelland . . .

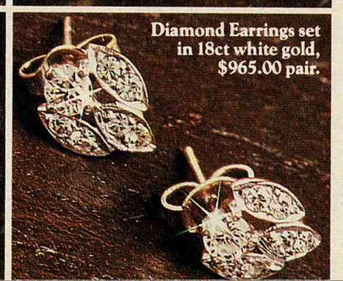


That's Joe Walsh, left, on the jacket of his LP, *There Goes the Neighborhood.* The tank says it all. On the far right is Chaka Khan. And the eternal Elton is back too.









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QUEENSLAND
BILOELA, Prestons Jewellers.
BUNDABERG, Beresfords Jewellers.
CAIRNS, Clausons Jewellers.
GLADSTONE, Neville Gregory.
GYMPIE, Keith Jamieson Jewellers.
INGHAM, Bennetts Jewellers.
MACKAY, Tilse's, 132 Victoria Street.
MARYBOROUGH, Beresfords Jewellers.
MOUNT ISA, Tadman Jewellers.
NAMBOUR, Glasgow Jewellers.
ROCKHAMPTON, Phil Peel Jewellers.
SOUTHPORT, Birkbecks Jewellers.
STANTHORPE, Kev. Holmes Jewellers.
TOOWOOMBA, Hays of Toowoomba.
TOWNSVILLE, Horn & Petersen and Diamond Design.
MELBOURNE METROPOLITAN AREA
FRANKSTON, Hoskings Your Hourglass Jeweller, Cnr Balmoral Carpark and Shannon Street.
MOONEE PONDS, Majestic Jewellers, Pucille Street.
VICTORIA
SHEPPARTON, Purdey's the Jewellers.
WARRNAMBOOL, Staffords the Jewellers.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
PORT AUGUSTA, Milhinch Jewellers.
PORT PIRIE, Evans Jewellery.
WHYALLA NORRIE, Westland Jewellers.
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class! It's a good thing we pride ourselves as having a *classless* society.

— DENIS WHITBURN

•

SHORT CUTS

The Durutti Column is Vini Reilly on guitar and Martin Hannet on switches. *The Return of the Durutti Column* (Factory) is a pretentiously-packaged item which just might appear esoteric enough to relieve a few of their money.

Gang of Four are among the smartest of the more recent arrivals, and their cheekily-named *Solid Gold* (EMI) is a fitting forum for their super-sharp songs. This is the second LP from the Leeds (UK) four-piece and it's well worth a listen.

It's a long time since Little Patti first stomped out of Maroubra, and she's been quiet for a long, long time. Now, as a mature Pattie Keith, she's heading for a MOR comeback with *You Need Love* (Polydor). She attempts songs from a bunch of writers including Barry Gibb, Rupert Holmes and herself.

Ward 13's debut album is called *Flash As A Rat* (EMI), and although this rodent possesses few treasures — let alone any gold teeth — the work nonetheless does justify the band's strong live following.

Randy Crawford is an exceptionally fine vocalist and her command of the many different styles has won acclaim from her peers in almost every field from jazz to pop. *Secret Combination* (Warner Bros) includes songs from Tony Joe White, Ralph MacDonald and Leon Russell among others.

It doesn't qualify as music, but it comes on record with lots of laughs (particularly if you can imagine the skits). It's *Fawlty Towers Second Sitting* (BBC Records) and features John Cleese and crew in the highly memorable episodes, The Rat and The Builders.

— A. D. AIRD

•

Among the host of musicians who comprise CBS' line-up in the crossover field, keyboard stylist Bob James must surely be one of the most consistently tasteful and interesting. He has a new one out for that label, *All Around The Town,* a two-record set from late 1979 dates at New York's Carnegie Hall and a club called The Bottom Line.

One highlight is Stompin' At The Savoy, when three noted pianists get together for a great workout of that old jazz classic. Leader James with Richard Tee and Joanne Brackeen really tear the tune apart with some inspirational backing from Eddie Gomez' acoustic bass and fine, if uncharacteristic, brush work from drummer Steve Gadd.

Contrary to my expectations, the treatment here of Bizet's *Farandole* (from *L'Arlesienne Suite*) is something of a knockout. Tom Scott comes on strong with his hard charging saxophone. George Marge switches from reeds to flute while Mike Lawrence whips the audience into a frenzy with some fiery trumpet in the Maynard Ferguson manner.

In a quieter vein is Angela (theme from Taxi) that starts off with a quite beautiful extended electric piano introduction by James.

•

Benny Goodman in the 1930s was regarded with the same unbridled enthusiasm by the youth of the time as the Rolling Stones enjoy today. That degree of supercharged excitement comes across nearly 50 years later.

The latest super-package from the fantastic Time/Life Records *Giants of Jazz* program is yet another three-record set tracing Benny's development from a 1927 session with drummer Ben Pollack's orchestra when he was all of 18 years of age up until the immediate post-war year of 1946 when his band of the day played Oh Baby! In between, his achievements are superbly chronicled not only in music but also in the customary 52-page booklet that goes with the set.

All the great sessions are admirably represented from the early dates with Jim and Glenn (Jimmy McPartland and Glenn Miller) with Red Nichols' Five Pennies. With The King of Corn Ted Lewis (of "the talking clarinet" fame, which according to Eddie Condon pleaded with Lewis: For Christ's Sake Put Me Back In My Case!). With Eddie Lang and Joe Venuti and all the other celebrated stars who comprised those various outfits over the years.

The earth-shaking change though came in 1935, when his band then including Bunny Berigan and Gene Krupa, recorded the Fletcher Henderson arrangement of King Porter Stomp. Two weeks later came the first Trio sides After You've Gone and Body Soul. They are all here!

Benny played as a sideman with Gene Krupa Chicagoans in the classic recordings of Three Little Words and Swing Is Here with Roy Eldridge, Israel Crosby, Chu Berry and Jess Stacy among the various personnel.

Then came the quartets, the sextets, the Eddie Sauter scores, the Peggy Lee days, the approach of bop — all masterfully included in this incomparable collection. The unison reeds in Sauter's Benny Rides Again sounding just as sensational in 1981 as they did back in 1940. I could go on — and on! Just buy it! At any price, it is a bargain.

— KYM BONYTHON

BOOKS

1788's great (and ongoing) orgy will be paid for in spades come 1983

NEWSMAGAZINES like *The Bulletin, Time* and *Newsweek,* and, to a lesser extent, Sunday newspapers, get a lot of their strength from the "offbeat" story.

For instance, Mr James Shiftfinger has just been named chairman of Gullargambone Lighthouses Ltd. Ho-hum, the dailies will report. But, you will learn in the weeklies, that young Jim began his business career as a wick-trimmer for Industrial Candles Ltd, and while there stood in for the boss, who had come down with piles, and thus put his foot on the first rung of the ladder of success, etc, etc.

Now pretty well everybody, with the possible exception of our most pedantic leaders, knows the story of the white settlement of New South Wales. Ronald Rose has collected a lot of offbeat material, and the result is a pretty good and extremely useful book, *This Peculiar Colony* (Rigby). I, for one, suspect that an historian or two has used it already. Recently there was an ABC-TV series which suggested that the women convicts in Sydney were flogged. I was inclined to scoff. Stuff and nonsense, I said loudly. The New South Wales Corps was made up of gracious chaps. Scoundrels, if you like, but not lady-floggers. Yet in this book we find:

"Part of the entry for Saturday, August 29, 1789, in the journal of Philip Gidley King on Norfolk Island:

Punished Ann Coombs, one female convict, with 50 lashes for defrauding Thos. Jones of provisions.

Part of the next day's entry read:

At 1pm punished Ann Coombs, one female convict, with 100 lashes for stealing two check shirts from Francis Mee, private marine, which she hid and refused to produce them."

On the other hand nothing much seems to have happened to the girls, whom Ralph Clark called "damned whores", who were disembarked, to the great relief of the officers and crews, but to the apparent delight of the male convicts. Surgeon Arthur Bowes wrote:

"*They were dress'd in general very clean, and many of them well dress'd. The convicts* got to them *very soon after their landing and the scene of debauchery and riot that ensued during the night may be better conceived than express'd.*"

Or, when the girls left ship, the crews were given an extra grog ration:

"*The scene which presented itself at this time & during the greater part of the night beggars every description, some a' swearing, others quarrelling, others singing — not in the least regarding the great Tempest, though so violent that the thunder shook the Ship exceeded anything I ever before had a conception of. I never before experienced so uncomfortable a dark night, expect'g every moment the Ship would be struck by the Lightn'g. The sailors almost all drunk, and incapable of rendering much assistance had an accident happen'd!*"

So what about a re-enactment in 1988? — RON SAW

•

In the view of Douglas Casey, the author of *Crisis Investing* (Schwartz), the United States and much of the rest of the world will experience a crushing economic depression in 1983.

But disaster can be avoided, he says. Just end all government regulation, all price support schemes, the import quotas, budget deficits, welfare programs, public works and re-adopt the gold standard. Now, Casey is no wide-eyed optimist.

He knows that no government is about to follow his advice so most of his book is devoted to helping readers profit from the crash.

Shares are not recommended except for small US oil companies. If you must buy, Casey says, look for a company with experienced management, good earnings and high book value. Also, buy low and sell high. Bonds are too risky (but you may make some money speculating in them). Real estate is set to crash (except the Bahamas) and collectables are for experts only (but custom-made knives may be worth a go). Gold, of course, should be owned by everyone.

According to its publisher, *Crisis Investing* sold 500,000 hardback copies in the United States last year. This means that there are already a lot of people selling their homes and buying up gold bullion, Bahamanian land and custom-made knives. Should you wish to emulate them, do remember: "The Author and Publisher specifically disclaim any liability . . . incurred as a consequence, directly or indirectly, of the use and application of any of the contents of this work." — STEVEN SCHWARTZ

•

A growing obsession with nostalgia has captaputled "antique" motor vehicles into the public view worldwide to the extent that almost anything atop four wheels is now instantly valuable. At the top end of the market, the classics are now changing hands for figures resembling ISD telephone numbers — certainly half a million dollars is now no novelty and even in Australia this figure has been almost achieved.

If you have no further interest in the Golden Oldies than pure greed, it is sufficient justification for a $29.95 investment in a new Australian publication on the subject (cars, not greed) called *Veteran and Vintage Cars,* by Pedr Davis out of Lansdowne Press.

Pedr Davis is an old stager in this field and his quite tireless ability to wade through crushing hours of research has enabled him to reproduce a milestone work that is also a valuable collector's item. Davis compiled every word and shot all of the magnificent color plates that go to make up this generously endowed work, in which about 100 individual vehicles are expansively reviewed — down to historical achievements, and mechanical specifications.

But perhaps the most revealing aspect of even a superficial skim through the pages is the clear motoring message that there is practically nothing new under the automotive sun. Indeed practically all the technological developments that cause current manufacturers to froth at the mouth can be found in these pages in vehicles frequently as vintaged as 50 years or more.

— ROB LUCK

•

"Munch more molluscs" is the message of Lesley Morrissy's latest seafood cookbook, *Cooking Australian Shellfish (Molluscs).* With a perversity born of cynicism, I feel bound to ask: why? Well, Mrs Morrissy certainly tries to tell us. Did you know that "one dozen fresh oysters, weighing 120g net, contain 80 calories or 335 kilojoules, and have only a medium amount of cholesterol and an insignificant amount of saturated fat", as well as being very "rich in vitamins, minerals and proteins" — now did you? Or that allergies to molluscs are very rare? So there's no excuse not to eat up!

She does concede certain molluscs are a little tricky to prepare — the blue-ringed octopus is one that springs to mind. But there's the encouraging news that no molluscs are believed to be poisonous when you finally do get to eating them.

For Mrs Morrissy is nothing if not scientifically correct and thorough at all times. She worked for a number of years for a marine biologist and majored in zoology at Monash University.

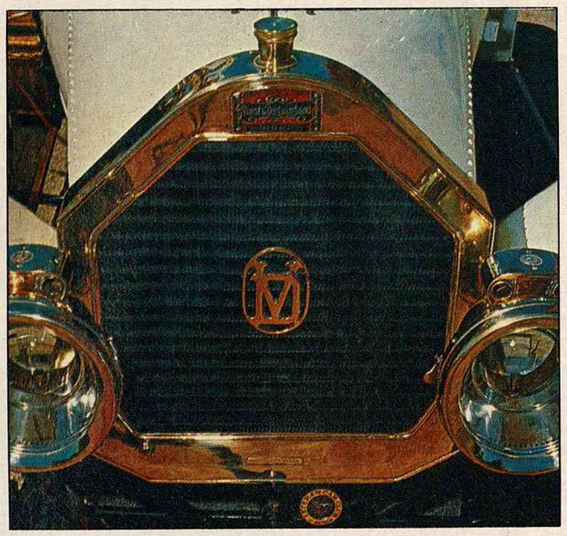
So here we have a book full of heavy-duty information on molluscs obviously designed to familiarise the ignorant public with these bizarre, if delicious, creatures. But it is one which somehow misses the mark.

Take the introductory chapter on what constitutes a mollusc. Finish that, and you feel the exam should begin in 15 minutes. *Gastropoda, bivalvia, cephalopoda, scaphododa, amphineura.* All I really wanted was a recipe for a hot snack on toast.

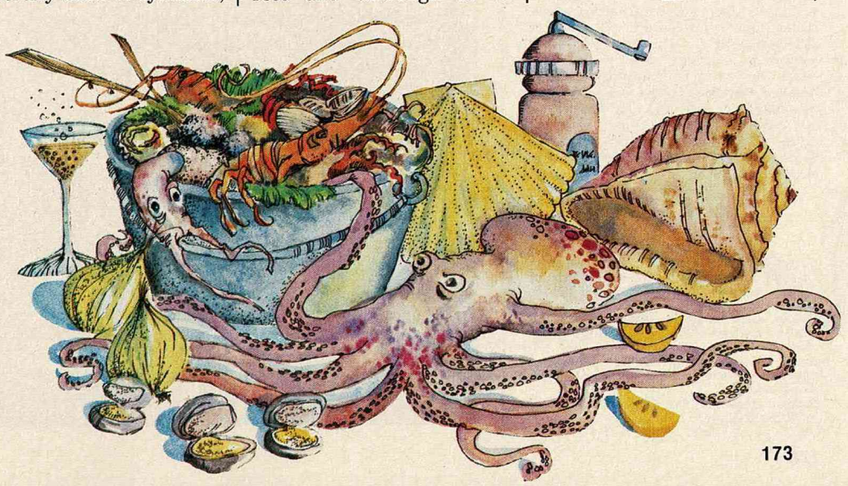
Then it's down to the heavy reading. There are individual chapters on the abalone, snails, whelks, scallops, mussels, oysters, pearlshells, pipis, clams, razor clams, cockles, squid, cuttlefish and octopus. Granted, once you fight past the scientific classifications and precisely qualified definitions, there's good, solid information on cleaning, preparing and cooking these little goodies, as well as numerous diagrams showing how to open, decapitate, gut and dissect.

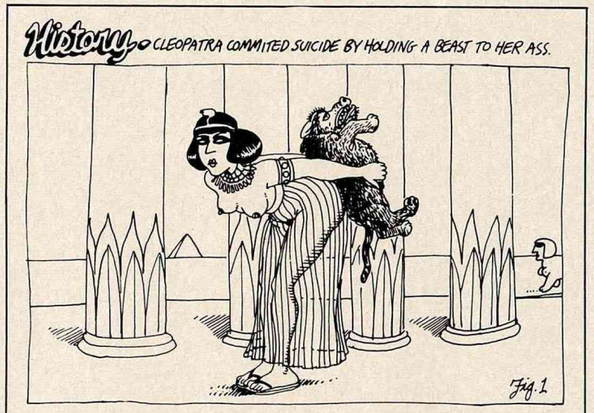
And, of course, there are the recipes. They all appear to be straightforward and range from old faithfuls to the modern.

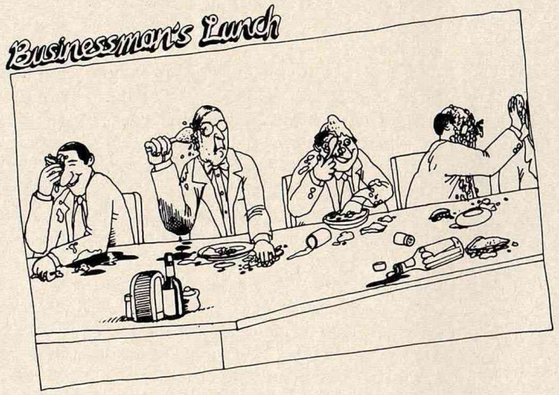
There are certainly better, more inspiring, cookbooks around on shellfish, but Mrs Morrissy's style must have some appeal since this is her third seafood book. — DIANE PARKS



Classic cars: their costs now come in telephone number figures.







Speculating upon Bach's possible ability as a sculptor has, I must admit, never been a major passion of mine — to be honest I've never considered it as a possibility, which is why we are very lucky to have B. Kliban around. When it comes to cartoons, Australia is very spoilt by a rich tradition of line drawers going back to the beginning of its history — satirical humor is usually credited to the British sense of humor. But Kliban is an American who doesn't rely on gags! His literal translation of words and expressions coupled with his excellent draftsmanship opens up a whole new bizarre world. Although these books aren't new, they have just now been made available locally, courtesy of publishers Eyre Methuen. There is *Whack Your Porcupine* and *Never Eat Anything Bigger Than Your Head,* and also, for everybody who either hates or loves them, *Cat.*

It's his ability to draw people as identifiable clones that's unnerving: the inevitable way they accept their bizarre fates; the way they cope with being in ridiculous situations; the hopelessness of not being able to do a damn thing about it; the resignation to the human situation. Try living in middle America (or anywhere for that matter) with the name "Roger Willco"; look at a confused Cleopatra committing suicide by clutching a "beast to her ass"? There but for the grace of . . . I wonder if Beethoven knitted? — ANDREW COWELL

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NEXT MONTH

Lyn Barron: every man's tropical dream girl.

LOVELY LYN — IF YOU'VE EVER DREAMED OF BEING ALONE ON A TROPICAL ISLAND WITH ONLY A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE TO KEEP YOU WARM AT NIGHT (AND WHAT GUY HASN'T?) THEN YOU'LL WANT TO VISIT **LYN BARRON** IN THE WHITSUNDAY PASSAGE. **COLIN STEAD** WAS THE LUCKY PHOTOGRAPHER

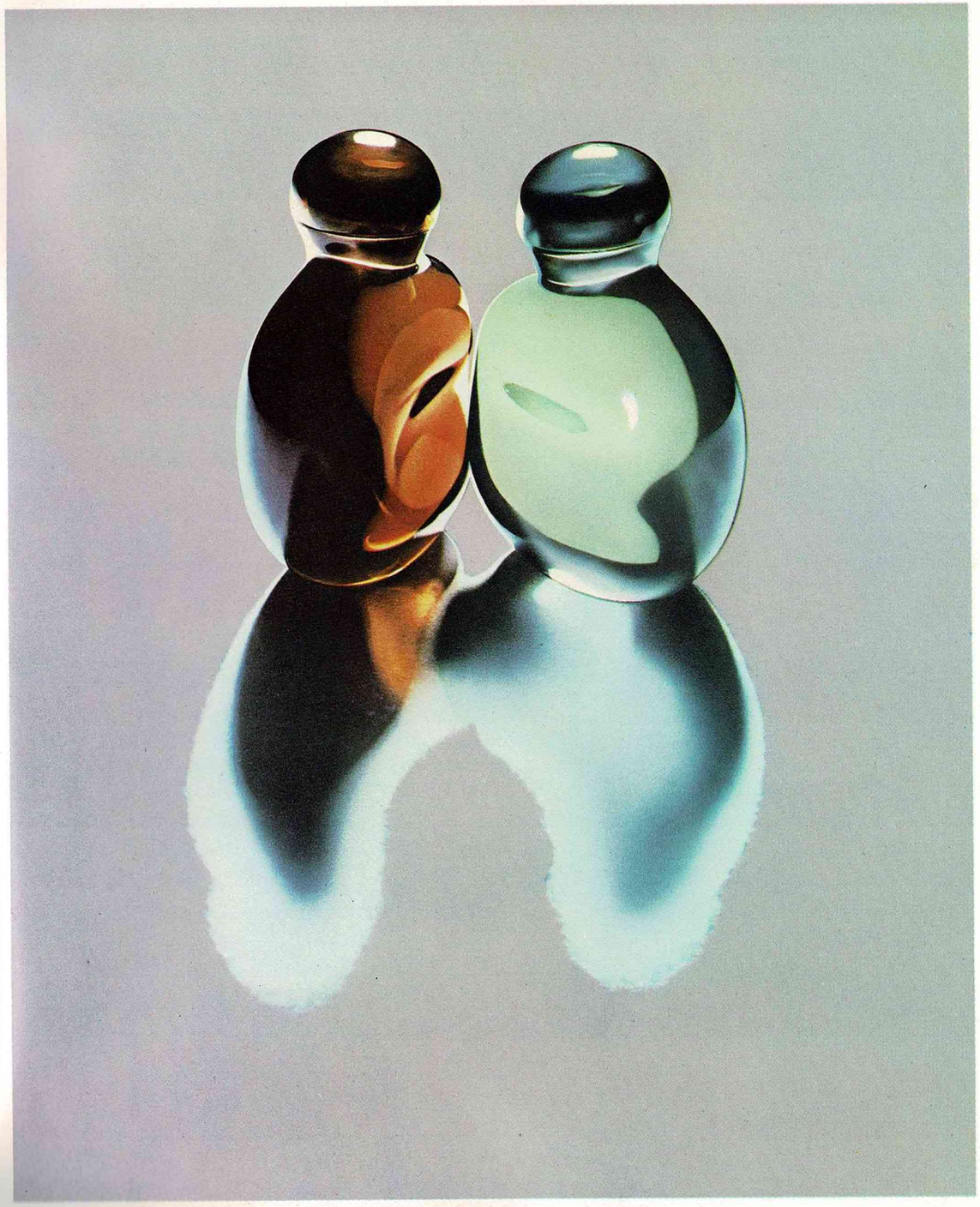
ROLL OVER, BEETHOVEN — AND LUDWIG PROBABLY WOULD IF HE WERE AROUND TODAY. PORTABLE CASSETTE PLAYERS ARE SIMPLY EVERYWHERE YOU GO — AND THAT'S WHERE **NORMAN EISENBERG** SAYS THEY SHOULD BE

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA WHERE? — A MIDDLE CLASS FLEET STREET HACK, DOWN TO HIS LAST NEW PENNY, WRITES OF A NATION HE HAS NEVER SEEN AND WONDERS HOW THE DELIGHTS OF BRITAIN'S LONG HERITAGE — BLACKPOOL, BUTLINS, WESTON SUPER MARE, CHIP BUTTIES ON A FRIDAY NIGHT, HARROGATE, HULL, BRUM AND THE GORBELS — CAN EVER COMPARE. HUMOR BY **ALAN COREN**

THE HEART OF THE CROSS — JOHNNY BYRELL, WRITER, SINGER AND RACONTEUR HAS LIVED IN KINGS CROSS FOR 25 YEARS, RUBBING SHOULDERS WITH THE LIKES OF BOUNCY BRENDA AND HEAVY HAROLD AND ALL THE OTHER MUG LAIRS AND FLASH SHEILAS. HE LOVES THEM AND SO WILL YOU.

SPLIT ENZ: REALLY ONE STEP AHEAD — NEW ZEALAND'S MOST FAMOUS POP BAND TALKS TO **CELIE GANNON** ABOUT TODAY'S ROCK 'N' ROLL SCENE AND HOW — AS THEIR HIT SONG TITLE STATES, "HISTORY NEVER REPEATS" — THEIR MUSIC IS CONSTANTLY EVOLVING

THE ELSINORE CAPER — YOU KNOW SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY ABOUT UNHAPPY HAMLET AND HIS HORRIBLE FAMILY. WELL, HOW WOULD THINGS HAVE GONE IF HE HAD HAD A PHILIP MARLOWE-TYPE TO FIX UP HIS FAMILY FEUD? UNUSUAL FICTION BY **DENIS WHITBURN**



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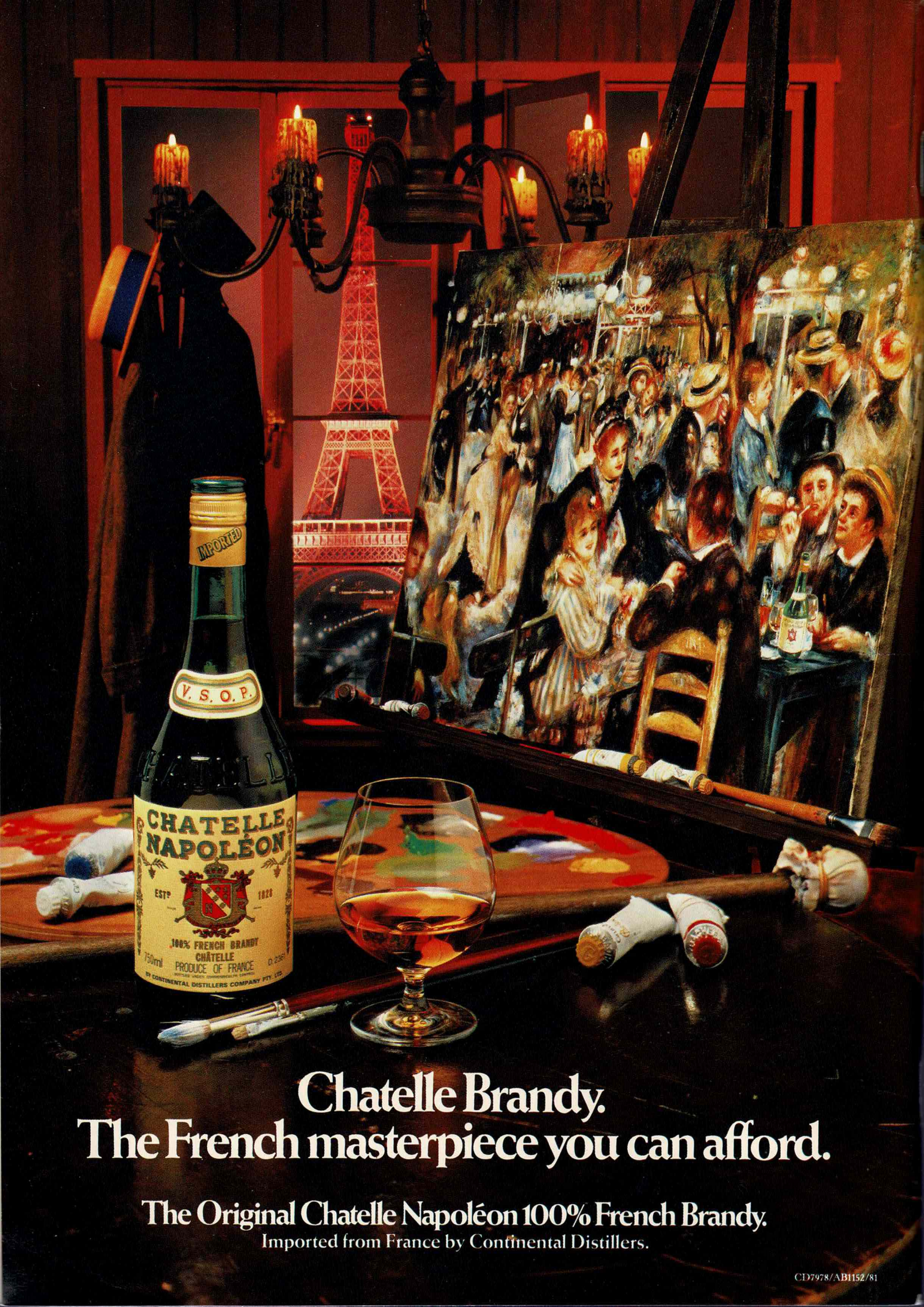

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